Jan. 29, 1990

THE NEW YORKER

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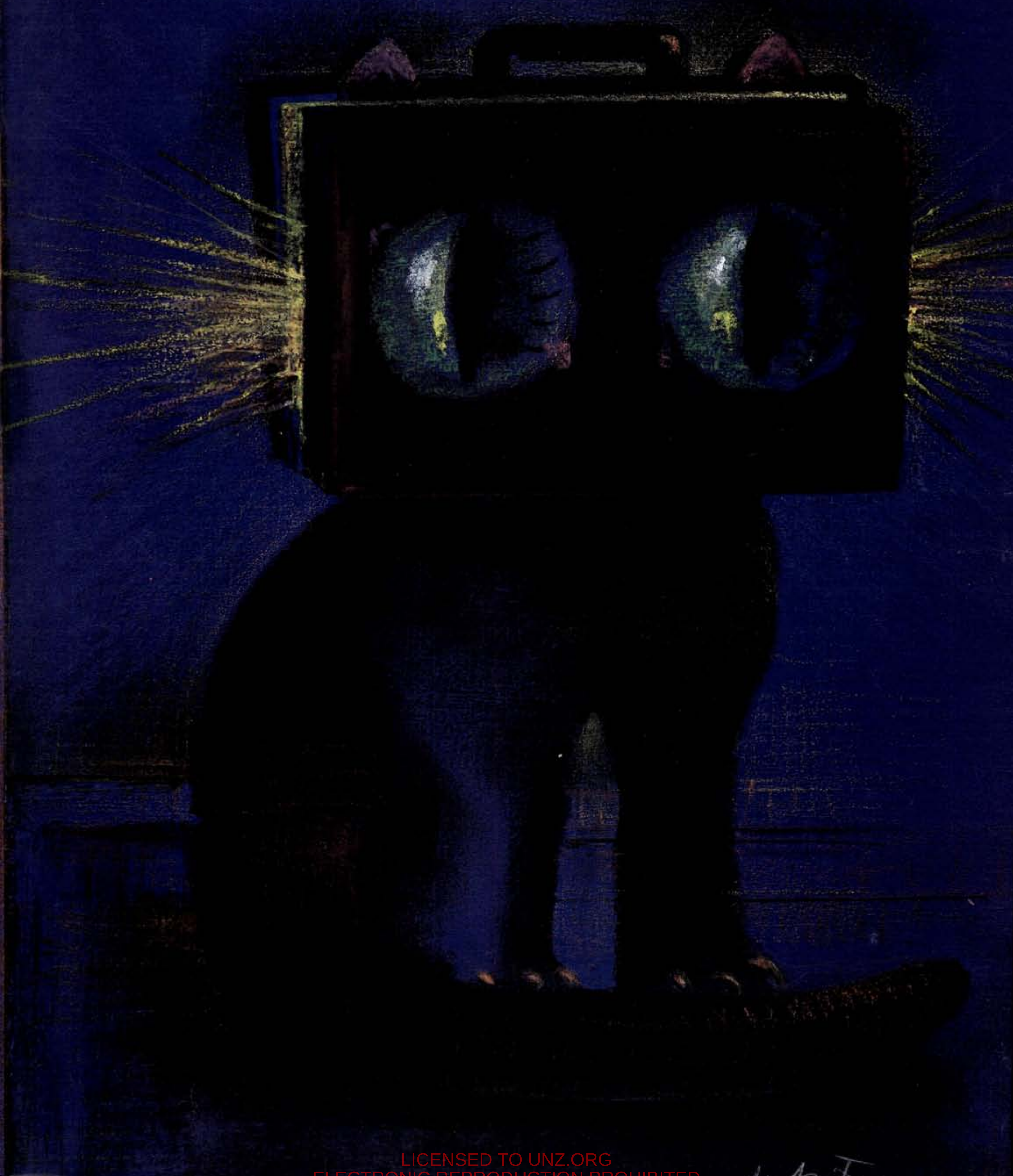

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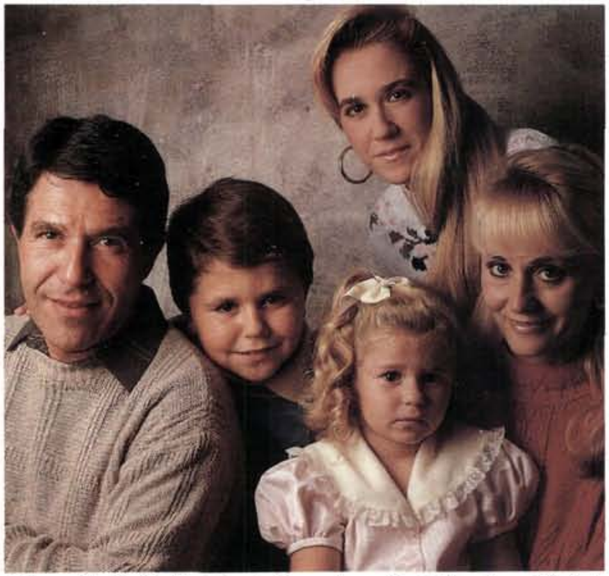

John and Lalla Centioni live in Georgetown, South Carolina, with their three children, Sara, 15; Vincent, 8; and Allesandra, 3. John moved his family from Bergamo, Italy, to become plant manager of 3-V Chemical in Georgetown. Lalla is a homemaker. They've been Nancy Blackwell Bourne's clients since 1986.

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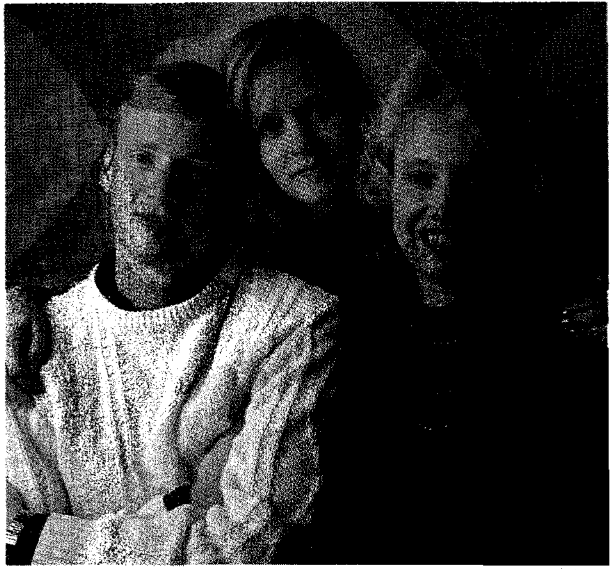

Nancy Blackwell Bourne, also of Georgetown, South Carolina, became a life insurance agent when her husband died. She has two grown children. Anna, 22, is a recent college graduate. David, 21, is about to become one. Nancy, a Chartered Life Underwriter and Chartered Financial Consultant, has been a New York Life agent since 1985.

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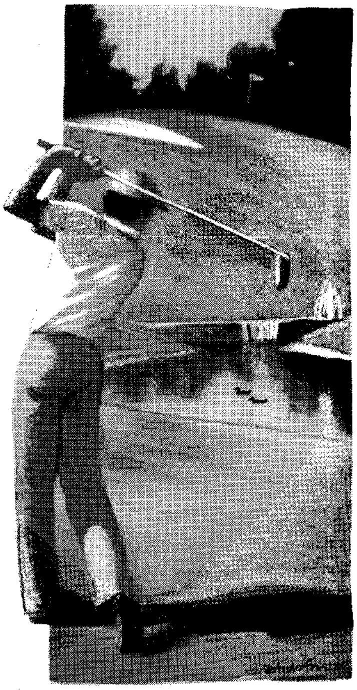

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

JANUARY 29, 1990

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 25

"THE PRAIRIE" (POEM) . . . . . *Amy Clampitt* 30

"MILLIONAIRES" . . . . . *Michael Chabon* 32

"THE FUNERAL" (POEM) . . . . . *Dabney Stuart* 38

ANNALS OF POLITICS
(LYNDON JOHNSON'S 1948 SENATE RACE—PART III) . . . . . *Robert A. Caro* 42

"IMMIGRANT" (POEM) . . . . . *Stephen Stepanchev* 60

THE THEATRE . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 83

IN FASHION . . . . . *Holly Brubach* 84

JAZZ . . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 88

BOOKS . . . . . *Brendan Gill* 90
BRIEFLY NOTED 95

COVER: *André François*

DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, Peter Steiner, Edward Frascino, Jack Ziegler, George Price, J. B. Handelsman, Robert Weber, Victoria Roberts, Michael Maslin, Roz Chast, Warren Miller, John O'Brien, Edward Koren, Arnie Levin, Mick Stevens, James Stevenson, Donald Reilly*

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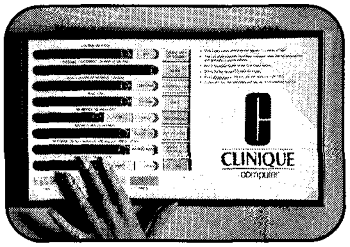
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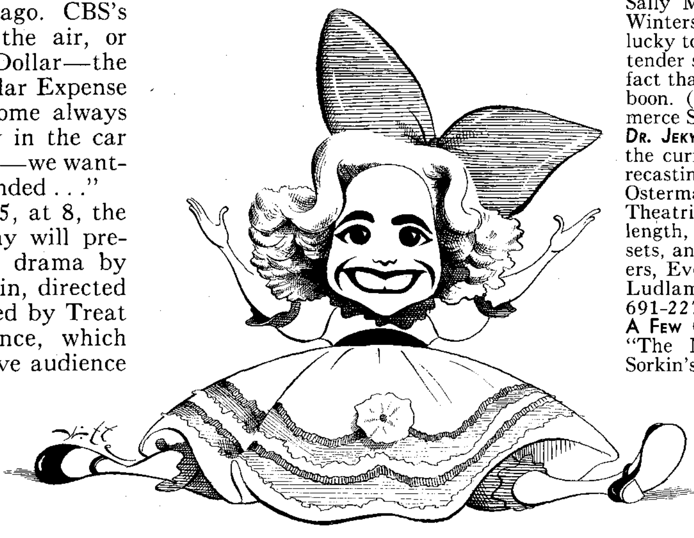
28	29	30	31			



Christen Tassin as Baby June in "Gypsy"

THE THEATRE

"SUNDAY nights we would go visiting," writes David Mamet in his essay "Radio Drama." "It was dark and we'd be rolling through the prairies outside of Chicago. CBS's 'Suspense' would be on the air, or 'Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar—the Man with the Million-Dollar Expense Account.' And the trip home always ended too soon; we'd stay in the car until my dad kicked us out—we wanted to hear how the story ended . . ."

On Monday, February 5, at 8, the Atlantic Theatre Company will present an evening of radio drama by Mamet and Shel Silverstein, directed by W. H. Macy and hosted by Treat Williams. The performance, which will take place before a live audience at the Empire Hotel, will be simultaneously broadcast on WBAI. The program will be followed, at 9, by a taped interview with members of the company on the nature of radio drama and why they do it.

"Radio Drama," which appears in Mamet's first book of essays, "Writing in Restaurants" (a new collection, "Some Freaks," is even better), is a passionate plea for the importance of the form. Invoking Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment," he argues that radio, by stripping drama of all but its essential elements, invites the audience to participate in the story on a subconscious level in the same way that fairy tales do: by offering character and event uncluttered by superimposed detail. The listener furnishes his own specifics; radio drama thus becomes a bring-your-own-beer sort of party.

The public radio station WNYC is also making an attempt to further the cause of radio drama. "The Radio Stage," a series of plays commissioned from various playwrights (some well known), made its début last spring and will resume later this year. We listened to most of the opening season, and found it almost unbearable. Each play was more gimmicky and pretentious than the last; the whole endeavor seemed to be about sound effects. Worst was the alienating laughter of the live audience, who often seemed to be responding to things the radio audience could not see. By contrast, we've listened to some of the work the Atlantic has done for public radio in Vermont—on a program that they rather endearingly call "Radio Free Burlington"—and think the WBAI audience is in for a pretty good time.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

The Doctor's Dilemma—Charles Keating stars in a revival of Shaw's comedy. Directed by Larry Carpenter. Previews Jan. 23-24. Opens Jan. 25 at 8. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

Lear—In this Mabou Mines adaptation of Shakespeare's "King Lear," the title character is a nineteen-fifties Southern woman (played by Ruth Maleczech) with three sons. Previews Jan. 23-24. Opens Jan. 25 at 8. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980.)

Manhattan Punch Line—Presenting a festival of new one-act comedies. Program A: "Philip Glass Buys a Loaf of Bread," by David Ives; "Portfolio," by Tom Donaghy; "The Show Must Go On," by Laurence Klavan; and "How Are Things in Costa Del Fuego?," by Rick Louis. Previews Jan. 22 and Jan. 29-30. Opens Jan. 31 at 6:45. . . . ¶ Program B: "The Fertilization Opera," by Peter Tolan; "Grunions," by Barbara Lindsay; "Brunch at Trudy and Paul's," by Michael Aschner; "Fellow Travelers," by Jeffrey Hatcher; and "Artistic Direction," by Roger Hedden. Previews Jan. 26-28. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Moving Targets—The umbrella title for several one-acters by Joe Pintauro. With Anita Gillette. Previews through Jan. 27. Opens Jan. 28 at 7:30. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 353-3874.)

Some Americans Abroad—A comedy by Richard Nelson, imported from London. The cast includes Bob Balaban, Kate Burton, Henderson Forsythe, and Elizabeth Shue. Previews begin Jan. 24. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Square One—Richard Thomas and Dianne Wiest have the leads in a new play by Steve Tesich, which Jerry Zaks directed. Previews begin Jan. 25. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

NEW THIS SEASON

The Art of Success—Tim Curry portrays William Hogarth in the American première of a 1986 comedy by Nick Dear. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes Feb. 11.)

The Circle—Rex Harrison, Glynis Johns, Stewart Granger, and an able supporting company have raised Somerset Maugham to the heights of Sheridan and Congreve. The play is about an elderly couple who pay a visit to the wife's middle-aged son, whom she deserted thirty years before. Brian Murray directed the fine production. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/4/89.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

City of Angels—Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in absolutely top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The spectacular settings and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (12/25/89) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

Closer than Ever—This charmer amounts to an anthology of songs and sketches by Richard Maltby, Jr. (words), and David Shire (music), as sung and performed by Brent Barrett, Sally Mayers, Richard Muenz, and Lynne Wintersteller. They are a gifted quartet, and lucky to have such attractive, humorous, and tender songs to sing and words to speak. The fact that there is no amplification is an extra boon. (11/13/89) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde—Another example of the current literary and dramatic vogue for recasting the strange case, this time by Georg Osterman. The production has the Ridiculous Theatrical Company's usual vices (excessive length, scattershot antics) and virtues (clever sets, animated performances by, among others, Everett Quinton and Eureka). (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

A Few Good Men—"Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series, but the performances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino's direction, are wonderful. (11/27/89) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Grand Hotel—The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (11/27/89) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

Gypsy—This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful—and the cast (led by Tyne Daly, Crista Moore, and Jonathan Hadary) so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). Trust Broadway; you'll have ample time to welcome Miss Daly when she mounts the steps and delivers her first onstage line. (12/4/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

Juan Darién—A revival of a 1988 Music-Theatre Group production, performed by an eighteen-member company of actors, dancers, musicians, and puppeteers. Conceived by Julie Taymor and Elliot Goldenthal (who also wrote the music), and based on a short story by Horacio Quiroga. Directed by Ms. Taymor. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200.)

Junon and Avos—A rock musical, presented by Moscow's Lenin Komsomol Theatre. In Russian, with English narration. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Closes Feb. 4.)

The Lisbon Traviata—This superb production of Terrence McNally's play about two fanatical opera aficionados (Anthony Heald and Nathan Lane) was staged by John Tillinger, and originated at the Manhattan Theatre Club. Since its run there, McNally has recast the ending so as to make it more plausible, less melodramatic. The result is that the serious second half (in which we get a life-behind-the-façade look at one of the characters from the comic first act) now bears out McNally's over-all point, which is something about the unrealistic, contrived, and upper-register level on which these characters live. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Closes Jan. 28.)

Macbeth—Raul Julia has the title role in the twelfth production of the Shakespeare Marathon. Directed by Richard Jordan. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—If you like the old M-G-M musical, you probably won't like this stage version, which combines the earnest, wholesome values of the movie with an aesthetic of surpassing vulgarity. In any case, why see the show when you can rent the movie? (11/20/89) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

The Merchant of Venice—This production, directed by Peter Hall, tries a little too hard to avoid anti-Semitism (by making Christians look awful) and seems more interested in the quality of male bonding than that of mercy. As Shylock, Dustin Hoffman is dignified but ultimately ineffective. Fortunately, the production is about great ensemble Shakespeare rather than about Hoffman's Shylock, and would be worth seeing if only for Michael Siberry (Gratiano) and Geraldine James (Portia). (1/1/90) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

Negro Ensemble Company—**jonquil** is the most recent work in Charles Fuller's cycle of plays about freed slaves. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Closes Feb. 4.)

Othello—Michael Rogers has the title role in this production by Theatre for a New Audience. Directed by William Gaskill. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 279-4200.)

Progress—A comedy by the British playwright Doug Lucie. With Anne Bobby, Edmund Lewis, Ray Virta, and John Curless. Directed by Geoffrey Sherman. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810.)

Sweeney Todd—Bob Gunton and Beth Fowler in the York Theatre Company's production of the Sondheim musical. Susan H. Schulman was the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Tru—Robert Morse gives a deeply thought-out, accomplished performance as Truman Capote—by turns funny, bitchy, ironic, and rueful—at the end of his life and his tether. The play was written by Jay Presson Allen. (1/1/90) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

York Theatre Company—Presenting Marsha Norman's **traveler in the dark**. With Dennis Parlato and Lynn Ritchie. Directed by D. Lynn Meyers. (2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Closes Jan. 28.)

NIGHT LIGHT

There is only one practical reason to light the top of a building at night: so that low-flying aircraft don't crash. Another reason, in New York City, is building owners' collective desire for self-promotion, which more and more is turning the night skyline into a field of glowing poppies. The biggest blooms are concentrated in midtown and downtown, but a few interesting examples have managed to sprout up in between. For example, one of the city's oldest continuously night-lit structures is Metropolitan Life's tower on 23rd Street; it has been shining for about eighty years. On 26th Street stands New York Life Insurance's headquarters, whose gilded peak was built in 1928 but not illuminated until 1985, when ornate building tops became fashionable again. Several blocks south, hovering over Union Square, are the four golden pyramids of Zeckendorf Towers. They seemed unique when they were completed, in 1987, but now a half-dozen more pyramids, including those atop Park Avenue Tower and WorldWide Plaza, have appeared on the skyline.

Finally, there is the peak of the Empire State Building, whose hues change about fifteen times a year to reflect a variety of religious, national, and ethnic holidays. Not all of them are universally familiar: the building turns blue and white on both Steuben Day and United Nations Day and red and white on Pulaski Day. Basic white is its uniform about three hundred days a year.

LONG RUNS

black and blue: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **cats:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **driving miss daisy:** Frances Sternhagen and Arthur French star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **the fantasticks:** The longest-running long run turns thirty this year. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **forbidden broadway 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **the heidi chronicles:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Brooke Adams. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **jerome robbins' broadway:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. Whether Robbins' era—the fifties—was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **lend me a tenor:** The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **m. butterfly:** Tony Randall and A. Mapa in David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **les misérables:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **other people's money:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **the phantom of the opera:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **rumors:** This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. Directed by Gene Saks. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.) . . . **steel magnolias:** This first play by Robert Harling takes place in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)

DANCE

As far as evenings of world-class acrobatics and big-animal acts go, this year's edition of the Moscow Circus, at Radio City Music Hall through February 4, ranks among the fastest—and most balletic—we have ever seen. All of the acts and many of the performers are different from last year's; we missed a couple of things from that version, but the over-all pacing seems much tighter. The excellence and authority of the clowning, which bridges the big numbers, is one reason: the mercurial Ivan character of Valery Serebriakov (making his New York début) sets a formidable standard in Russian circus mime of the old school, and he is well complemented by contemporary standup routines from last year's discovery, the comic Alexander Frish, around whom this year's show is built.

Speed is essential to such acts as the Gibadulin Jugglers, who bill themselves as "the fastest in the world." One of them catches plates faster than you can count the pitches in your head. Actual dance steps at peppy tempos are also incorporated into nearly every act at some point, even for the animals: there is a prancing horse and a bunny-hopping tiger, as well as various kinds of dancing bears. (One does a cancan with his trainer; another, wearing a tutu, does grands pliés and grands battements at a barre.) The aerialists and tumblers would seem more closely related to high divers than to dancers, although in this country the champion diver Greg Louganis has made a strong case for the links between dancing and diving. Certainly, the moment when a member of the Hertz flyers floats more than seventy feet through thin air, from one wall of the house to the other, in a maneuver called the Torch, has an effect that hasn't been felt in a New York theatre since the early nineteen-sixties, when the young Rudolf Nureyev sent shivers through ballet audiences with his amazing slow-motion jumps.

New York City Ballet—Jan. 23 at 8: "Square Dance," "In Memory of . . .," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 8: "Coppélia" (a benefit). . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 8: "Square Dance," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 8: "Kammermusik No. 2," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," "In Memory of . . .," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 2: "La Source," "Kammermusik No. 2," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 8: "La Source," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 1 and 7, and Jan. 30 at 8: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 8: "Square Dance," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Brahms/Schoenberg Quartet." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. The winter season continues through Feb. 25.)

Don Cossacks—A company from the Soviet Union. (Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102. Jan. 23 at 6:30; Jan. 24-26 at 8; Jan. 27 at 2 and 8; Jan. 28 at 3 and 7:30; and Jan. 30-31 at 8. Through Feb. 4.)

Jamison Project—Jan. 23 at 7:30, Jan. 25 and Jan. 27 at 8, and Jan. 28 at 7:30: "Divining," "Forgotten Time," "Tease," and "Read Matthew 11:28." . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 8: "Time Out," "Forgotten Time," "Tease," and "Read Matthew 11:28." . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 8 and Jan. 28 at 2: "Time Out," "Forgotten Time," "Easter Freeway Processional," and "Read Matthew 11:28." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

NIGHT LIFE

We had gone to Condon's to hear Abbey Lincoln sing, and she was trying to. Unfortunately, the club's sound system was crackling, buzzing, and feeding back, and for quite a while all one could hear from the frustrated singer was "At the sound check, I had me some *sound*," and several refrains of "Lord, have mercy on me."

Condon's, a snug, candlelit catacomb just east of Union Square, opened about a month ago and already has bookings to rival those of the Village's most ancient jazz rooms. We expect that Condon's bookings—Jimmy Heath is currently in residence, and Roland Hanna, Ahmad Jamal, and Tommy Flanagan will follow—are largely the work of partner Dwain Tedford, who was previously the owner of Sweet Basil and, later, the manager of another of New York's upstart jazz clubs, Indigo Blues.

Our visit to Condon's fell on what was admittedly an off night, but our fellow-diners—who, quite rightly, expected great things of this club—remained even-tempered. Toward the end of "How High the Moon," a young man sitting at the side of the stage looked up at Ms. Lincoln and, apparently forgetting where he was, told her, "You look beautiful. You really do." The singer, whose fine, easy voice was still being butchered by the club's sound system, looked at him in disbelief and replied, "Yeah? Well, that ain't gonna help me none."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The Oak Room, which recently underwent a face-lift and which now boasts a higher, acoustically superior ceiling and a better quality of oak panelling, is currently home to **DAUGHERTY & FIELD.** At nine-fifteen, the music-and-comedy duo present a new revue entitled "Two Guys and a Piano." At eleven-fifteen, they reach back into their repertory with "From Bach to Rock." Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-fifteen, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. **JEFF HARNAR,** a young singer who has cabaret-scene watchers beating the drum and whose engagement here has been extended to Feb. 10, will sing a number with a quiet, gentle lilt, then drop his voice down low and belt out the next with a vibrato that could shake a diploma off a wall. His show, a manic evening of Comden and Green called "Carried Away," includes just the right amount of bad jokes and over-the-top theatrics, as well as some nice musical surprises (a doo-wop version of "Never, Never Land," for one) and some extended medleys that are inventive to the point of being pathological. Harnar performs with a ceaseless, count-my-fillings-I-don't-care smile, and does some great mugging with his accompanist and musical director, Alex Rybeck. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—A fledgling jazz operation that could easily be mistaken for a yuppie bar. The scenery includes a rainbow-colored Wurlitzer jukebox and some nice-looking neon wading birds. The sax and flugelhorn man **CLARK TERRY,** who was an Ellington-band star in the fifties, leads a quartet Jan. 25-27. Other events: Peggy Stern on Jan. 23; the Rodney Jones quartet on Jan. 24; Ira Coleman and Summit on Jan. 28; Jim Balagurchik on Jan. 30; and **HUGH MASEKELA** on Jan. 31. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A glitzy, color-coördinated jazz house, designed for maximum seating efficiency, where blue-suspendered waitresses sweep by your table bearing shrimp cocktails, champagne, and other trappings of the good life. After the show, out-of-towners flock to the upstairs souvenir shop, where, at last check, Blue Note golf balls were still available. Trumpet ace **FREDDIE HUBBARD** claims Jan. 23-28; **STANLEY JORDAN,** a young guitarist who has figured out how to play two-part inventions on his instrument, steps in on Jan. 30. Music from nine. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A Village bar that has long featured first-rate piano-bass teams and pro conversationalists and that now also features Bradley's T-shirts, Bradley's sweatshirts, Bradley's customized coasters, a person to take an admission fee, and a person to seat you and shush you. It's an institution. Pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS** are in residence through Jan. 27. **MICHAEL WEISS,** a young pianist working in the hallowed tradition of Bud Powell, leads a trio here as of Jan. 29. With him will be **PETER WASHINGTON** on bass and **KENNY WASHINGTON** on drums. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to the venerable **MODERN JAZZ QUARTET.** Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.... ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, **FRANK OWENS** presides at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—Tenor saxophonist **JIMMY HEATH,** who has worked with Art Farmer and Miles Davis, not to mention a couple of very talented Heath brothers, leads a quartet here through Jan. 28; pianist **ROLAND HANNA** starts up on Jan. 30. Mondays belong to Kysia Bostic. Music after ten.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—On Mondays, the back room of this Irish bar is given over to an informal, after-hours-style jam session during which silver-haired singers, fiddlers, and concertina players rumble dreamily through a catalogue of ancient songs about sea captains, sea captains' wives, and others. Other Tavern events: fiddler Andy McGann and singer-guitarist Billy Mulligan will perform on Jan. 26.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A low-ceilinged, belowstairs jazz room, its walls decorated with alternating bands of mirror and red plush, which will seem intimate to some people and too intimate to tall people, who may want to remove their top hats before entering. **CHARLIE BYRD,** a classically trained guitarist who, along with Stan Getz, helped to bring north the bossa nova in the sixties, leads a trio Jan. 23-28. Mondays remain in the hands of **LES PAUL,** the guitarist, guitar-builder, and overdubbing pioneer. Music from eight. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—This is such a gorgeous, thirties-ish movie set of a place, you expect gunmen to burst in at any moment. The restaurant and bar—forested and twilit—are about the size of a football field, with the piano at the fifty-yard line. If your seats are good enough, you'll hear some able entertainers, including **HAL SCHAEFER** (Jan. 23-25 and Jan. 27) and **PETE MALINVERNI** (Jan. 29-31).

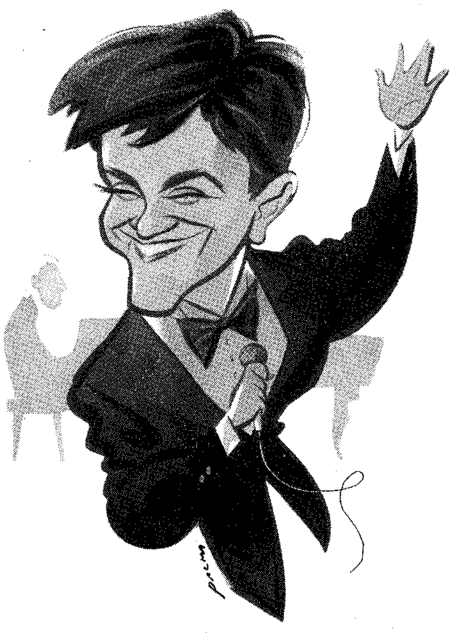
J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room where the tenth letter of the alphabet (uncapped and disguised as a quarter note) turns up often: on doors, window shades, matchbooks. It's also a room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). On the bandstand: **BILL MAYS** on Jan. 24; seven-stringer **JOHN PIZZARELLI'S** trio on Jan. 25; **KEN PEPLOWSKI'S** quartet on Jan. 26; the Rebecca Parris quartet on Jan. 27; pianist **DICK HYMAN** on Jan. 29; Joel Forrester on Jan. 30; and the Mike Renzi trio on Jan. 31. Music from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. **JOHN COLIANNI,** a twenty-five-year-old pianist who was one of Lionel Hampton's All-Stars by the time he was eighteen, is here with bassist **BILL MORING** through Jan. 27. **CAROL BRITTO** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** start up on Jan. 30. Music from about nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music-and-performance space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the post-ness of postmodernism. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin, whose views on such things as cover charges are enlightened. The Phillip Johnston quintet presides on Jan. 22 and Jan. 29; **ELLIOTT SHARP,** the pop-rock-noise-art guitarist and downtown-scene heavy, propels his group **CARBON** on Jan. 26. Music after nine.

Lauterbach's Brooklyn Beat, 335 Prospect Ave., at Sixth Ave., Brooklyn. (1-718 788-9140)—A grungy but well-intentioned watering hole devoted to homegrown Brooklyn bands. The emphasis here is on exposed cement, although one wall is decorated with Polaroids—"St. Patty's 1986" (people in green hats and leis), "New Year's 1988-89" (people in red hats and leis). Lauterbach's microwave menu includes shepherd's pie and chicken parmigiana, but the musical menu is almost always a better bet.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the Hoboken Sound and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. Manhattanites who stay through the second set will need all their Scout training to get home, but the smell of the nearby Maxwell House factory might give them a boost.



Jeff Harnar at the Ballroom

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret, where a club soda costs about eight dollars. There are plenty of niceties if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and rest-room attendants who hover near the sink asking, "Is the water too warm?" Brooklyn-born singer-actress **LAINIE KAZAN**—who started out on Broadway as Barbra Streisand's understudy in "Funny Girl," and who has since shown up in such movies as "Lust in the Dust" and "My Favorite Year"—is here through Jan. 27, tackling everything from Harold Arlen to Bob Dylan. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Vince Giordano and the Nighthawks are appearing on Jan. 30 at this low-key theatre-district establishment. Giordano, who commutes from the doghouse to the crooner's mike, has taken pains to re-create the look and sound of a thirties combo, with period instruments and arrangements.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—Chief among Bob Geldof's greatest acts of charity was letting the **HOOTERS** onstage during Live Aid. The Philadelphia-based band, which began as an experiment in reggae (read: terror)

NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

and which, a few years back, was responsible for the monumentally stupid song "All You Zombies" (it went, roughly, "Moses took the ten commandments/ Yeah, he broke 'em in half!"), will be here on Jan. 26. A group called Overkill comes in on Jan. 27. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. Pianist-about-town **TOMMY FLANAGAN** begins a two-week residency on Jan. 23. The electrified big band of the late Gil Evans, now under the direction of his son, the trumpeter Miles Evans, is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Located on a Chelsea block that has become an urban Disneyland (a pool hall, indoor miniature golf, a trendy all-night diner, Limelight around the corner), this roller-rink-size bar-and-restaurant is slicker than the original Tramps, but the emphasis on solid rock and blues remains. Nathan & the Zydeco Cha-Chas hold forth through Jan. 27.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment was once described by the late Max Gordon as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." The **MINGUS DYNASTY BAND** concentrates on the late bassist's compositions through Jan. 28. Pianist **KENNY BARRON'S** quintet starts up on Jan. 30. Mondays are reserved for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (662-8830)—This café—for years a well-known haven for those studying pinball, jazz, and other unofficial Columbia University requirements—reopened last week; Jan. 25-26 it will be home to a quartet led by pianist **SAMMY PRICE,** an eighty-one-year-old blues and boogie-woogie man hailing from Honey Grove, Texas. Music after nine.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke-veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. A few coming atttractions: Schooly D. on Jan. 24; Blues Traveler on Jan. 25; and I-tal on Jan. 29.

Woody's in the Village, 82 E. 4th St. (982-3686)—Rolling Stones guitarist Ron Wood's recently opened club is a basic-black basement with mirrors, comfy couches, and rotating spotlights. Stones memorabilia, with an emphasis on Ronnie himself, provide the primary decoration. At this club you can learn about subtle nuances of heavy-metal history. A band that played here recently honored all Bad Company requests, whereas one for Led Zeppelin received the disdainful reply "Come on, this is New York." There's a five-band bonanza here on Jan. 25: Terry Kennedy, Executive Slacks, Racket, New World Visions, and the Sea Monsters. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays from about eleven.

Zanzibar & Grill, 550 Third Ave., at 36th St. (779-0606)—A Murray Hill jazz resort, where the ceiling fans turn slowly, and the palm trees rustle tropically, and the jukebox contains Xavier Cugat and Perez Prado, and a waiter, delivering a plate of fried chicken and maple-pear corn bread to a customer, sings "It's suppertime" (to the tune of "Summertime"). The professional musicians tend to come on at around nine. **WARREN VACHÉ** performs Jan. 23-24, with Vinnie Corrao; the **MICROSCOPIC SEPTET** is in action on Jan. 25; and the **LEW SOLOFF** All-Stars claim Jan. 26-27. Also: the Bopera House on Jan. 28; Brazz on Jan. 29; and the Joe Morello trio Jan. 30-31.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, lightly forested bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. **JOHN BUNCH,** a pianist whose many credits include a stint as Tony Bennett's musical director between 1966 and 1972, finishes up here on Jan. 27. Performing with him is bassist **STEVE LA SPINA.** Music from eight weeknights and Sundays from seven.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

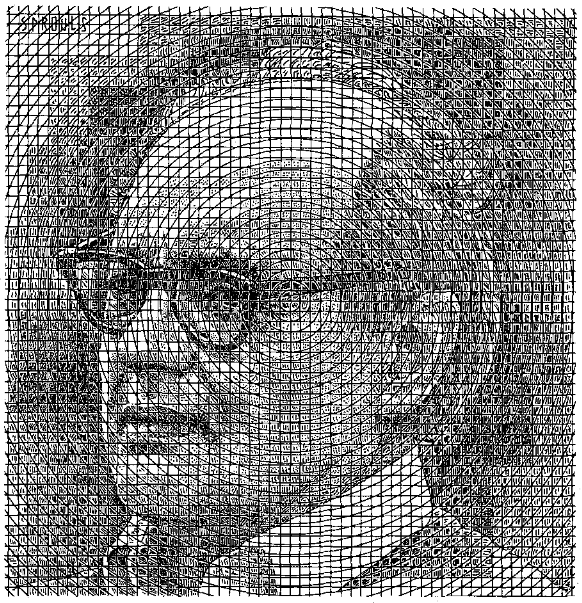
GOOD news travels fast. Evidently, trivial news takes a little longer, because it wasn't until this month that Miami Beach got its very own version of the New York night club Nell's. Semper's (as in the Latin title of Steven Spielberg's latest film) is something new for the land that Don Johnson repainted: an un-Decorated club that hasn't forgotten that there was life before "Vice."

Located with appropriate contrariness down a winding flight of steps on a side street off South Beach's Ocean Drive, the restored Deco District's Appian Way, Semper's is not exactly, as several cooing models giggled on opening weekend, "just like New York, without the shittiness." True, they may have the last part right. Everyone is very friendly, especially the manager and part owner, Louis, and his maîtresse d', Jūdd, pronounced as in Hey, though you wouldn't say that to her, because, unlike her red-headed counterpart up north, she doesn't ignore you even if she doesn't know you. And the models—there are as many of them hanging out on the Drive as at a Herb Ritts party in L.A.—may have some of the first part right: you'd never think that so many people with suntans owned so many turtlenecks and motorcycle jackets in guess what color.

But expecting understatement in Miami is like waiting for Mitzi Gaynor to tackle Hedda. Then again, would you want either? So a New Yorker shouldn't sneer at Semper's too coral walls, which have the same hardware-store stencilling that goes across the overhead mirror and around the grand piano, or snicker at the too long fringe on the not-as-old-as-they-seem table lamps, the lugubrious bolts of lamé swagging windows, the chandeliers with flickering candle bulbs, or the not-bad-at-all singer with earrings that could hang from a dining-room fixture in Bal Harbour. For the one thing that Semper's has that no Manhattan pseudo speak-easy does is a waiter with a voice gruff enough to bring a tear to Damon Runyan's eye, and the one thing that Semper's blissfully lacks is the sense that they're doing you a favor. "Louis and I don't forget faces, ever," said Jūdd as we left. "You come back again the next time you're in town. You're welcome anytime." Maybe it wouldn't hurt for a little good news to travel up north for a change. Wouldn't it be nice if a few more New Yorkers knew that it's not just at Semper's where a little fidelisness goes a long way?

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY

Ice Capades—This year's show celebrates the skating troupe's fiftieth season and stars Barbie and Super Mario Bros. (Madison Square Garden. Jan. 24-28. For information about show times and tickets, call 563-8300.)



Sol LeWitt

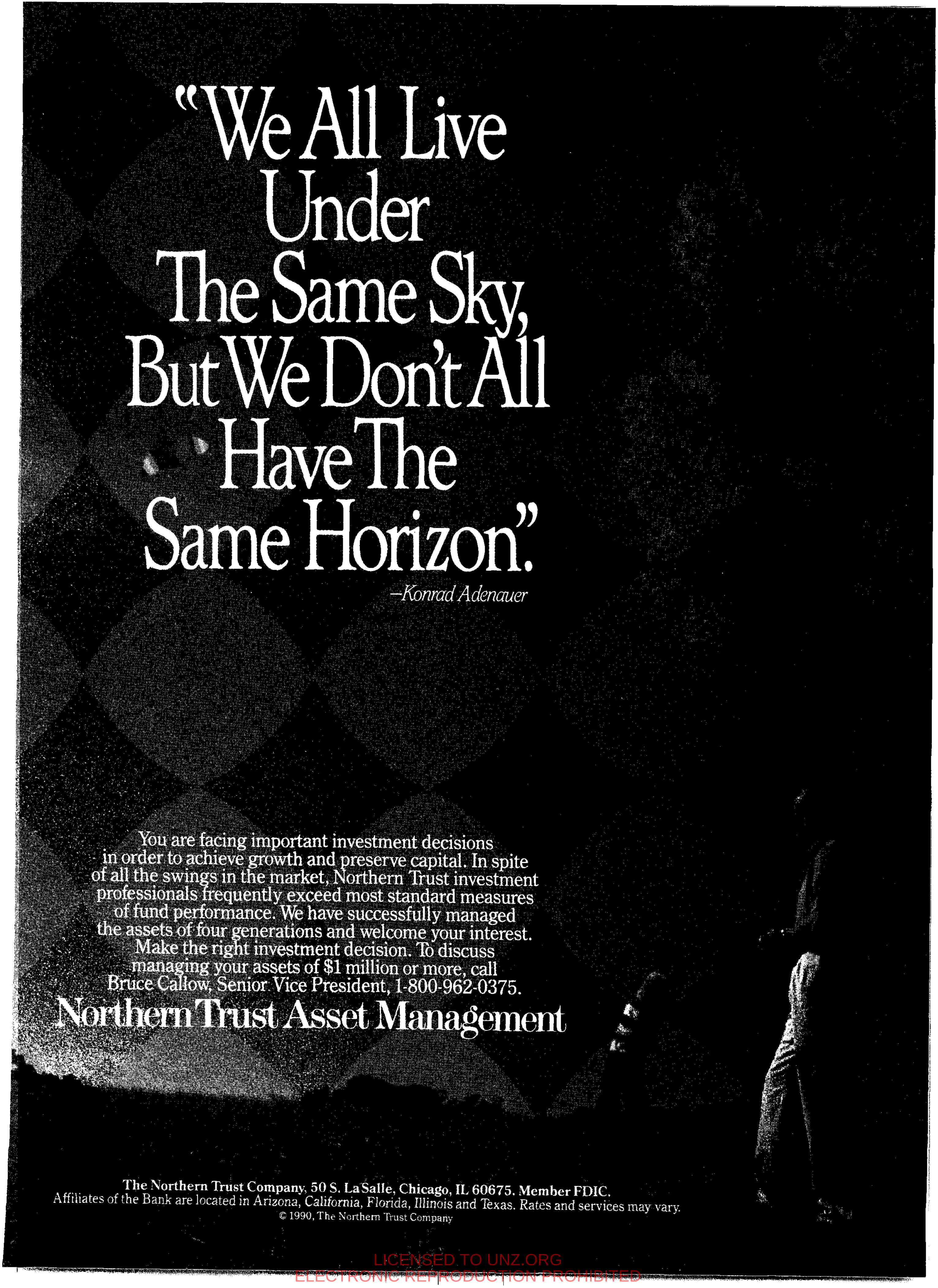
ART

WHEN the elevator door opens on the second floor of 32 East 57th Street, and you step into the Pace Gallery, don't be surprised if it feels as if you were still being transported up in the air. The paintings on view, done by Mark Rothko in the late forties, sucked us so quickly into their world of floating shapes and clear colors that we didn't quite feel grounded. Such a light feeling is unexpected with this artist, whose tragic death and best-known paintings usually have such an influence on the way his work is seen that it is hard to experience his canvases as joyful. Some of these, though, have a brightness. Rothko's use of yellow, for example, is as cheery as de Kooning's late canvases emphasizing a sunny palette. All Rothko's paintings here were made before he arrived at his classic rectilinear form, and they are full of a sense of options, change, trying things out. If you're looking for hints of what would come later, there are plenty. There is already that masterful ability to treat paint as if it were air, and there is, of course, that boxy shape, announcing itself. Also, these paintings could certainly encourage spiritualists as much as his later work does, but the energy of looking and discovering that they project is what comes across most of all.

We get so used to an artist's most famous work that often we miss out on what came before, and what came afterward. To see some of what Rothko made before he hit on his climactic paintings is a wonderful opportunity.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Perhaps the most evocative thing in the museum's wonderful, low-key Pierre Bonnard exhibition (mostly of early graphic work, but some paintings are included as well) is a program cover he drew for a concert at the Villa Bach, in the classic French family resort of Arcachon, near Bordeaux. Villa Bach was the house of his sister Andrée and her husband, the composer Claude Terrasse, and Bonnard's invitation shows you the driveway that lets you in. Through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ "The Age of Napoleon" is the best exhibition the


"We All Live
Under
The Same Sky,
But We Don't All
Have The
Same Horizon."
–Konrad Adenauer

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Costume Institute has put on in some time. Katell Le Bourhis, the Institute's talented new curator, worked with Diana Vreeland, and it shows. Through April 15. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A fine, small show of Kayserzinn pewter including unfussy teapots and biscuit jars made between 1900 and 1904 by the German firm J. P. Kayser Sohn. Through Feb. 6.... ¶ Photographs by Tina Barney. Through April 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Jenny Holzer illumines Mr. Wright's daunting space with her aphorisms, which are engraved on both red and white granite benches and displayed on a five-hundred-and-thirty-five-foot electronic message unit that follows the contours of the museum's spiralling wall. Through Feb. 11. (Another of Holzer's installation works, "Laments," can be seen at Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St.) (Open Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The premise of "Image World: Art and Media Culture"—"that the overpowering presence of the media has produced an 'image world' "—is about as sprightly as the Oldest Living Confederate Widow could expect to be. Nevertheless, many individual pieces, such as the lobby "Ticket Booth," by Dennis Adams, which puts the Whitney's ticket-taking docents in a "homeless" frieze, are terrific. Through Feb. 18.... ¶ A retrospective of paintings by Thomas Hart Benton (1889-1975). Through Feb. 11. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of seventy costumes from three leading Belle Époque Paris couture houses: Worth, Doucet, and Pingat. Through Feb. 26.... ¶ "A Hair's Breadth," David Mach's site-specific installation (it incorporates two of the museum's columns), made of fifty tons of magazines, is on view in the lobby through March 5. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of six complete Ice Age skeletons—including those of two wolves, a sabre-toothed cat, and a giant, thirty-five-hundred-pound sloth—that were exhumed from the La Brea Tar Pits, in Los Angeles. Also on display are smaller fossils of reptiles, birds, plants, and the cast skull of the nine-thousand-year-old La Brea Woman, the only human representative from the tar pits. Starts Jan. 26. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—An exhibition of Buddhist art from Bhutan's temples and monasteries. Included are several *thankas* (large hanging scrolls), two cast-bronze prayer wheels, and a painted altar created specifically for the show. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of Alexander Calder's homemade art: jewelry, toys, tools, and furnishings he whipped up for himself, his family, and his friends. Included are necklaces and brooches made with precious metals, and rude tin roasting pans and spatulas. Through March 11. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Gardens and Ghettos," an exhibition of more than three hundred works made by or for Italian Jews, is best at the two ends of the long period it spans—the Roman Empire to the rise of Mussolini. Through Feb. 1. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of all things Gilbert and Sullivan, including handwritten librettos, original-cast photographs, recorded music, and all the surviving original scores for the dynamic duo's operas. Through Feb. 18. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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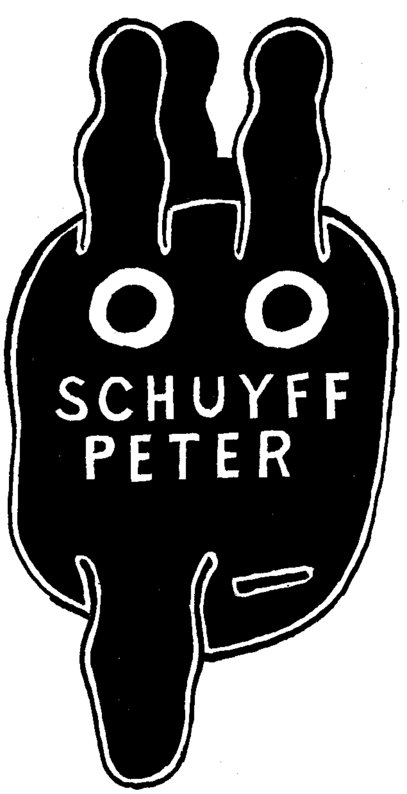


Self-portrait by Peter Schuyff

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—This travelling sampler, from the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge University, is an epicure's delight. One of the world's best-loved small museums, the Fitzwilliam covers a lot of bases, and objects ranging from Celtic and Roman coins to a sketch by the Futurist Umberto Boccioni are currently on view here. Ford Madox Brown's famous Pre-Raphaelite tondo "The Last of England" is included, along with a charming rococo genre scene painted by Marguerite Gérard and her brother-in-law Fragonard. There are a pair of lovely early watercolors by Turner, two dramatic and typical "Death" themes by Blake, a marvellously heroic sketch of two male figures by the usually ethereal Puvis de Chavannes, and a vivid, tiny watercolor by J. S. Cotman, titled "Postwick Grove, Norfolk." The scene-stealer might just be the almost inconceivably sweet porcelain "Hen and Chickens Tureen," manufactured at the Chelsea factory around 1755—but there's plenty of strong competition. Through Jan. 28. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A show of poignant large-scale photographs on canvas, with minimal painted interventions, by Annette Lemieux. They depict the "appearance" of sound—deaf children with their heads on a piano, say, or a waterfall, the bomb, Edgar Bergen and his wooden other. Even the noise from an adjacent screening of Australian videos is somehow silenced by these humbly beautiful works about memory and loss.... ¶ A collaborative installation by Martha Fleming and Lyne Lapointe that was inspired by a poem by Christina Rossetti and is intended to be about women's pleasures. However, with its use of Adirondack rusticity—paintings of bugs, squirrels, and bats, a mosaic floor, log benches, a worn balustrade, cozy country floor lamps, and much bark—it looks like an elaborate reprocessing of stick art. Through Feb. 4. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Weathervanes and whirligigs, carousel animals and cigar-store Indians—these are among the hundred-plus works of folk art on loan from the Shelburne Museum, in Vermont. Through March 18. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—An exhibition of seventy-eight paintings, sculptures, and prints, made between 1984 and 1989, by nine men and women artists from the Ivory Coast, Ghana, Kenya, Senegal, Nigeria, and Zimbabwe. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

John Walker—Muscular abstract paintings that depend upon occupying a lot of space to produce their charge. Through Feb. 1. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

"Helen Serger, 1901-89: A Memorial Exhibition"—This dealer of interwar European art (the emphasis here is on the Viennese and the German avant-garde) is honored with an exhibition from her private collection of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper. As a collector she was not concerned with amassing masterpieces or constructing a historical view but was clearly committed to a personal experience with art. Among the many fine works on paper are those by Léger, Schiele, Rouault, Chagall, and Kokoschka. Through Feb. 10. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St.)

Short List—**aaron harry gorson,** Spanierman, 50 E. 78th St. (through Jan. 27); **bruno lucchesi,** Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (through Feb. 3); **john moore,** Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (open Mondays, through Feb. 2); **hedda sterne,** CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. (through Jan. 27); **bob thompson,** Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St. (through Feb. 24).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Many minor watercolor landscapes and some fine figure drawings. Through Feb. 3. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Wim Delvoye—This artist is a member of a younger generation of Duchampists and Broodthaersians, and while some may recall his presence in recent group shows (big, goofy "delft" gas cans, for instance, last season) this is his first solo exhibition in New York. A series of genre scenes from medieval Flemish village life—in stained glass, "gutted" into tennis racquets—and a group of metal ironing boards decorated with traditional heraldry are among works attesting to Delvoye's talent for deadpan humor. But what once seemed to be rich, bleak Belgian situation comedy is beginning to seem more like a lowlander's one-liner. Through Jan. 31. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

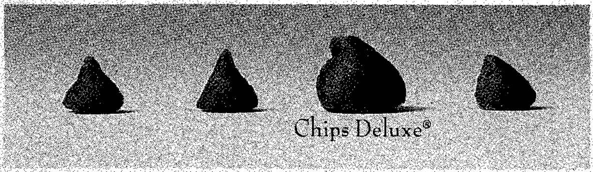
Al Held—These cake-frosting-thick paintings in deep colors were made between 1953 and 1955, after the artist had returned to New York from Paris, and are chock-full of youth and possibility. They owe some of their boundless virility to the Abstract Expressionists and the postwar Parisian painters. Through Feb. 3. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Shirley Jaffe—Joyful paintings bearing the strong influence of Matisse's cutouts, by a sixty-six-year-old American living in Paris. Through Feb. 3. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Yayoi Kusama—Among the irresistible works in this not very attractively installed show are a dazzling watercolor, "Phosphorescence in the Day"; a marvellously weird and fanciful collaged self-portrait that suggests a color reprise of Ernst's "Une Semaine de Bonté"; and "Farewell Supper," a dinner table and chairs, all upholstered within an inch of their lives with little beanbag-penis shapes, in red, white, black, blue, and green polka-dot cotton. Through Jan. 27. (Center for International Contemporary Arts, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Doris Lee (1905-83)—Paintings and works on paper spanning several decades. In the thirties and forties, the artist painted portraits of the American scene—sentimentalia of

The curious size relationship between chocolate chips and the bakers of chocolate chip cookies.



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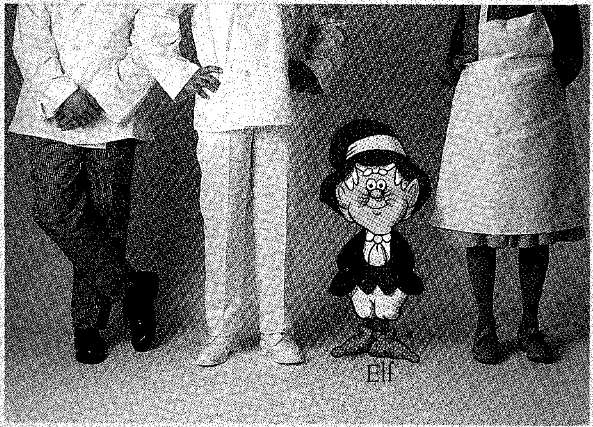

Elf

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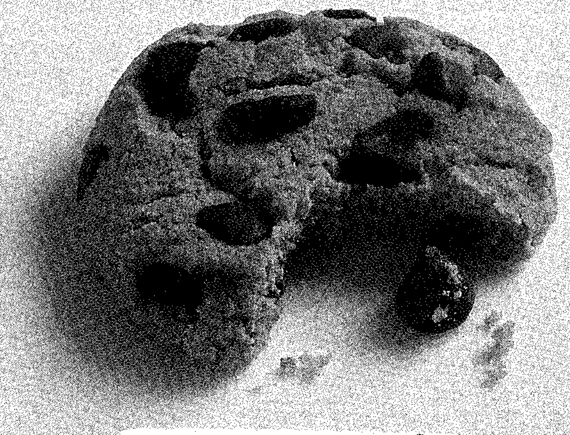

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ART—Cont'd

women and their baked goods, in the spirit of cozy samplers. But there's also an occasional fly in the ointment, including a little Ensorian mask that crops up in a sea of flags and balloons, and in one instance there is a depiction of a woman triumphing above the saccharine Americana. The gouaches of the forties depict a range of emotion and image that the oil paintings do not. Through Jan. 26. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Altoon Sultan—Rich, pleasant, and very traditional farmscapes of Vermont and Maine. Through Jan. 27. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Not Vital—Nine "sculpture multiples," each consisting of ten bronze noses contained within an irregularly formed alabaster vessel. The set of noses was cast from the faces of live Egyptians, by means of the lost-wax technique, but any single proboscis may vary slightly from number to number in the edition, as the artist may have prodded a little differently here, or given an extra pinch somewhere else. (The sculptured alabaster cocoons vary more dramatically.) Through Jan 27. (Baron-Boisanté, 50 W. 57th St.)

"The Children's Pavilion"—*Exhibited in the* form of a half-scale model of the interior of a proposed pavilion, this exemplary collaboration between Dan Graham and Jeff Wall is a jungle gym for the imagination. Children can sit on tiered steps surrounded by a frieze of nine round color transparencies, each of a child looking heavenward with a cloud-filled blue sky behind. At the pavilion's apex a curved two-way-mirror oculus collapses the interior into a reflected projection. According to the artists' plans, the exterior is to be stepped, so that children can also look down from above; here the suggested inversions can only be intuited. The pavilion is full of referents, among them the perfect geometries of Brunelleschi and the visionary structures of Boullée. Through Jan. 27. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Show—The critic John Yau here has selected—with varying degrees of success—six lesser-known artists who borrow from other sources to make their work. Bill Barrette's pseudo-Victorian constructions with photographs are among the most interesting and least likable. They look like instruments of wonder and repression and are both nostalgic and somewhat sinister. Andrew Masullo has a great eye for flea-market paintings, which he makes his own through minimal painted interventions. Anna Bialobroda's handsome paintings wander down the well-trod word-as-image path. Through Jan. 27. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Short List—**STANLEY BOXER** (through Feb. 3) and **HANS HOFMANN** (through Jan. 27), Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.; **JOHN BUTTON,** Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 31); **KENNETH CALLAHAN** and **GIFFORD BEAL,** Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Feb. 10); **WILLIAM CROZIER** and **EDVARD LIEBER,** McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through Jan. 27); **MARK ROTHKO,** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through Feb. 10).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Suzanne Anker—A craggy twig cast in bronze, a fan-shaped section of honeycomb, and a copper bowl filled with ash-encrusted duck eggs are among the beautiful objects that pluck nostalgia's strings and then fade from memory. Through Feb. 10. (Greenberg Wilson, 560 Broadway.)

Jennifer Bartlett—In the past, the artist gained a reputation for creating exhaustive studies of style, by painting a simple image such as a house or a garden statue over and over in every lush way imaginable. In her new paintings and sculptures, the technique is fairly standardized and the worldly variety comes through the diversity of her images. Tables, cones, fish, plaid patterns, iron grilles, birds, beavers, and hatchets are part of the artist's new "primal" lexicon. They are presented as if they were loaded with suggestion, but the focussed control of her past work is lacking. Here, Bartlett is too facile for her own good. Through Jan. 31. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Ed Baynard—"AIDS Requiem" is a series of "precariously balanced sculptures," such as a large iron cross held erect by three strands of rope connected to three distant rocks. It's a nice idea, as we know from Richard Serra, and it's particularly appropriate to AIDS and the precariousness of life, and, in another sense, to the fragility of art in the face of a mortal threat. However, a good idea does not an art work make. Equally thin are scratch paintings of urns and constructions with daggers. Through Feb. 8. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Beverly Buchanan—At the front of this exhibition are two photographs of an elderly black woman on the porch of her backwoods shack and a text by the artist that eloquently explains her own interest in shacks. The remaining works, however, which are drawings and sculptures of similar structures, do no further justice to the artist's fascination with her subject. Through Feb. 6. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Minna Citron—Paintings, drawings, and prints covering six decades. In the thirties, the artist—who is in her nineties and who continues to paint—was a member of the Fourteenth Street group and was a highly accomplished, if minor, practitioner of neo-Renaissance urban realism. Her involvement with psychoanalysis is evident in her Surrealism-inspired abstractions of the forties. Through Jan. 31. (Teller, 568 Broadway.)

Hanne Darboven—An installation, "Requiem for M. Oppenheimer," that honors an Austrian Jew who painted pictures of orchestras before escaping to the United States during the Second World War. The display includes a Schiele-like *self-portrait* by Oppenheimer; an arrangement of musical instruments of the sort that Jews, in order to survive the camps, played for their Nazi captors; and the soothing recording of an organ work Darboven co-composed in a style reminiscent of Steve Reich's music. The most mesmerizing aspect of the grouping, though, is the continuous wall of workmanlike calligraphic drawings that is the focus of all Darboven's works—one for each day of the year (in this case 1985). Through Jan. 27. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Anne Doran—Aluminum wall reliefs, some with nifty honeycomb edges, incorporating Ektacolor photographs. Doran seems to have looked at Frank Stella with one eye and at John Baldessari with the other. Perhaps as a result, there is something unfocussed about the content of this work, and something unsatisfying about its scale. Through Jan. 27. (303 Gallery, 127 Spring St.)

Moira Dryer—This artist's level of evident energy has always been so low and her compositions so artless that the work is initially disorienting: is anything going on here? These new, more or less monochrome abstractions, with their barely apparent textures and subtle strokes, elegize enervation. Through Jan. 27. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

David Hacker—Abstract, sort of opulent, heavily framed drawings in a vaguely Schnabelesque vein. These new works are fluent and good-looking, but seem not to have got beyond some narcissistic phase of internal development. Through Feb. 3. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Kim Jones—A very consistent vision of a life spent musing on the subject of war, from a peculiar and earnest mind. The work includes rows of balls of twigs; complicated, ever-evolving aerial-view drawings of dot-men and x-men in battle; snaps from Vietnam; and, periodically, the artist himself, a Vietnam-vet marine, moving slowly through the gallery, wearing an elaborate branch-and-feather headpiece and coated in mud. Through Jan. 27. (Lorence-Monk, 578 Broadway.)

Ilya Kabakov—This influential Soviet conceptualist's sequence of three highly ambitious installations is undoubtedly the most captivating and communicative of the recent spate of New York *perestroika* shows. The subjects are the duty-bound Soviets and the unyielding system to which Kabakov's good soldiers of the revolution remain devoted—even when, in one poetically tragic instance, the only escape is insanity. The works are visually rich and distinct, their tone passionate and ironic. One consists of a seemingly endless labyrinth of crumbling hallways, lined with pages from the artist's mother's diary, coupled with snapshots of a picturesque tourism at odds with her difficult life. Through Feb. 3. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Corrado Levi—Much of Levi's work tends to be tricky—especially his collages, many of which are homoerotic. However, he also takes on issues of taste and quality by dressing up his assemblages in glib, luxurious ways, and thereby wittily refusing to play the games of the market. The most compelling works consist of found paintings—some endearingly naïve, others of the dime-store and tourist varieties—covered in plastic. Through Jan. 27. (Wessel O'Connor, 580 Broadway.)

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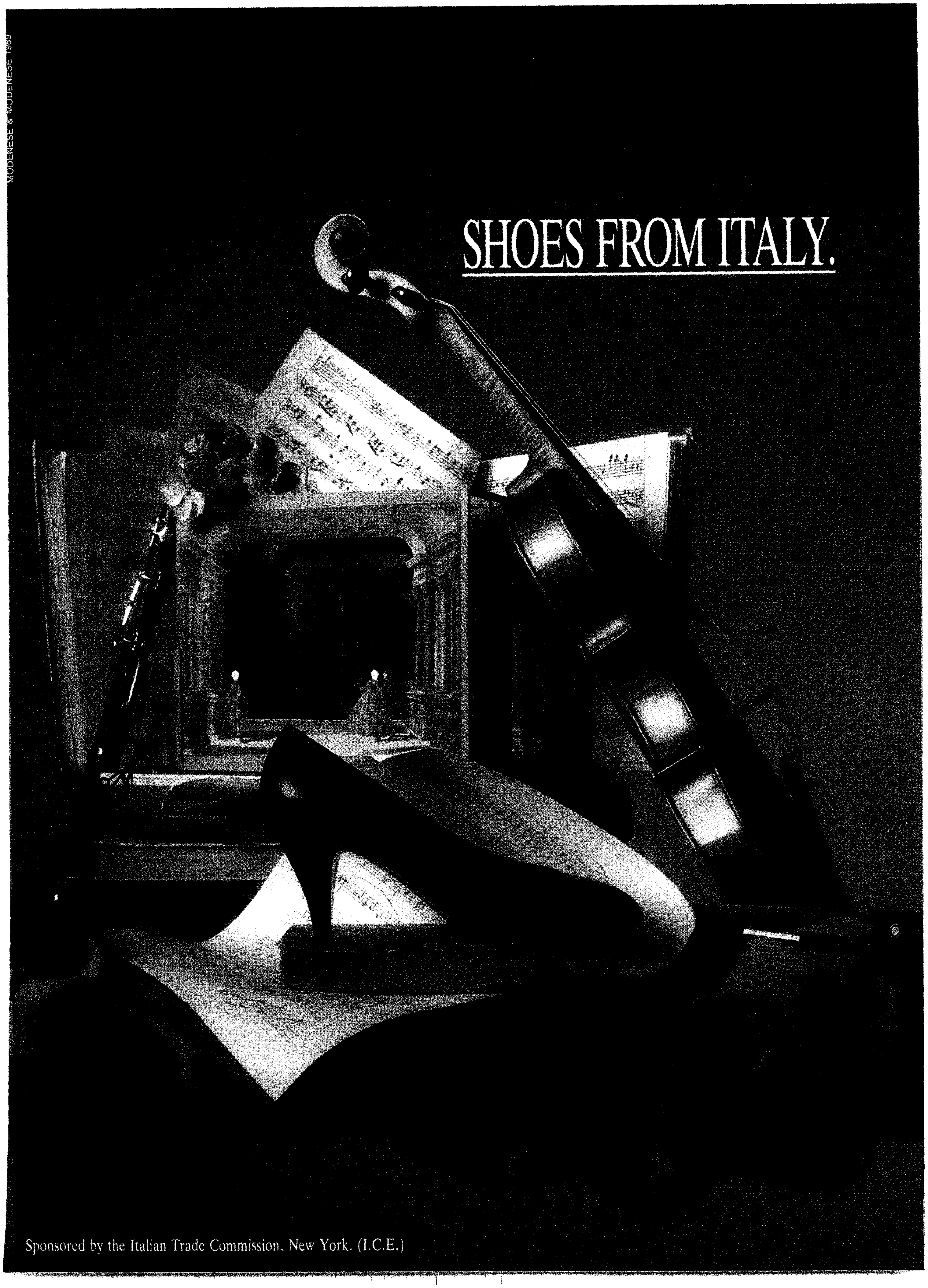
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SHOES FROM ITALY.
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Sol LeWitt—Big tonal shifts are momentous occasions when it comes to this artist, who, *with the help of his mobile atelier of inspired* assistants, has always managed to achieve a prodigious output at a seemingly unhurried rate. So it is exciting to announce "Wall Drawing #629; Within a Square As Large as Possible, Color Ink Washes Superimposed, and Straight Pencil Lines in Four Directions. The Border Is the White Wall." The harmonic variations on this theme—most visibly, different proportions of color ink in each realization—produce dusky, subtle, slightly mottled grounds that evoke the tactile seductiveness of beautiful, soft old leather bindings. Through Jan. 27. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Giulio Paolini—This is hardly the artist's most sumptuous work, but it communicates efficiently his role as magician. In a cycle of drawings and slide projections, sight lines radiate from the eyes of a figure, lifted from an eighteenth-century etching, to rectangles drawn in space. Each drawing is a marker for a work yet to be made, and the whole is a touching, if somewhat detached, portrait of melancholy. Through Feb. 24. (SteinGladstone, 99 Wooster St.)

Alexis Rockman—The artist's reptilian world of paintings gets richer and more beautiful with every show. The high-key, orchidaceous flora and fauna make him the Martin Johnson Heade of the new faux-Romantic landscape, with a none too compelling dash of Boschlike moralism. Rockman's decadent, moist world includes very likable daddy longlegs, centipedes, and slugs. Through Jan. 27. (Gorney, 100 Greene St.)

Peter Shelton—A sculptor who has a real knack for depicting mass, weight, and their ethereality. Upon entering the gallery the viewer is confronted with two cast-iron objects—both suspended by cables that disappear over a wall blocking the view into the main gallery. They are wonderfully suggestive. Beyond the wall, however, is a massive, suspended shoji-screen structure shaped like a human body, which sways as viewers walk through its corridors. The construction is surrounded by steel and cast-iron objects—a cot, a chest of drawers, a skeleton, a heap of "A"s and "H"s, and other, more abstract forms—that fail to lift the handsome work above its own gimmickry. Through Feb. 3. (Louver, 130 Prince St.)

Kevin Wolff and Peter Huttinger—An interesting double show of works by two younger artists, both quite academic but in very different ways. Wolff paints nude figures in strenuous, sometimes startling poses, which display both Philip Pearlstein's naked-bulb verismo and kinky touches à la David Salle—a male nude wearing socks, for instance. Huttinger's small, tense assemblages, made from animal "guts," have the colors and textures of parchment and dried blood, and suggest the possible influence of Hermann Nitsch, the late Paul Thek, and other high priests of carny gore. Through Feb. 3. (Feature, 484 Broome St.)

"The Last Laugh"—Subtitled "Irony, Humor, Self-Mockery, and Derision," this group show has the generally pleasant effect of an etherized giggle. Its goofier passages include a charming early inflatable flower by Jeff Koons, a couple of Donald Baechler's lyrically textured paintings, a more aggressively zany multi-panelled cartoon painting by Julie Wachtel, a blue plastic floor "puddle" by Tyler Turkle, and some oldies but goodies, such as a mirrorlike painting by Roy Lichtenstein and a comic strip by Ad Reinhardt. Through Jan. 27. (Audiello, 142 Greene St.)

"Before the Field"—"Color-field painting" has been the punch line of many a joke in the last decade or so, but—brace yourselves—it's back, and, given the art market's exhaustive search, neglected works are likely to undergo reconsideration, or at least that is what this show of paintings from the early sixties is banking on. John McLaughlin's two white bars separated by a black field, Ralph Humphrey's somewhat derivative chalky-gray atmosphere, Larry Poons' dancing blips, and Paul Feeley's liturgical arches all look quite good. Through Jan. 27. (Newburg, 580 Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **ALA,** 560 Broadway: A fine show of dreamy installation works made by four major Arte Povera artists between 1977 and 1980, which includes a brooding Kounellis about banditry, youth, and truncated memory; a typical Paolini classical-art murder mystery; an anxiety-filled Merz virility obsession; and a wacky, straight-faced Fabro. Through Feb. 3. . . . **GERMANS VAN ECK,** *420 West Broadway: Works by artists who* use drawing as a primary medium. Included are Nancy Spero's alarming examination of torture in Chile and some very minor Jonathan Borofskys. Through Feb. 10. . . . **GLADSTONE,** 99 Greene St.: A high-class gathering of works by masters of European funk—Dieter Roth and the late great Marcels, Duchamp and Broodthaers. Some of the more scrumptious entries include Broodthaers' brown leather doctor's bag full of white eggshells, and a fading, flaking chocolate puppy dog by Roth. Through Feb. 10.

Short List—**GREG COLSON,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (through Jan. 27); **GRETCHEN FAUST,** Hearn, 39 Wooster St. (through Feb. 3); **FARIBA HAJAMADI,** Burgin, 130 Prince St. (through Feb. 10); **KEN KIFF,** Auchincloss, 558 Broadway (through Feb. 3); **BARRY LE VA,** Nolan, 560 Broadway (through Feb. 3); **PETER SCHUYFF,** Kasmin, 580 Broadway (through Feb. 8).

OTHER GALLERIES

Dara Birnbaum—Video and sculpture come together in a subtle, ethereal way in this show, and the results are glorious—the artist's finest work. In four groupings, minuscule liquid-crystal Sony monitors and videodisk decks hang on L-shaped tubular structures, like airy Bauhaus lighting fixtures, and are flanked by suspended wedge-shaped speakers. The videos' subject is the student protests in Tiananmen Square, and a different aspect of these events is offered in each grouping. Through Feb. 10. (Baer, 270 Lafayette St.)

"The Clinic"—This well-varied show brings together many different kinds of art whose subject is hyperconsciousness about the human body. The works span a dozen years (the earliest is a Cindy Sherman photo still) and include bronze plaques by Jenny Holzer and photographs by Andres Serrano and by Thomas Ruff. Nayland Blake's neat construction of cleaning materials with a sexual edge conjures up "A Clockwork Orange"; Lutz Bacher's videotape of a uterine operation, with a soundtrack that has the bedtime tone of a self-hypnosis tape, is the most perverse work; Robert Gober's sculpture of a corner sink with unplugged orifices is the most brooding. Through Feb. 10. (Watson, 241 Lafayette St.)

"Ancien Régime"—The fact that the Kyoto Costume Institute would so meticulously preserve the extravagant, bustle-backed embroidery of eighteenth-century France and England is a curious one. Here are the fruits of such a labor, including an elaborate display of literally breathtaking corsets, dresses wider than the wearer's height, and a mammoth, curlicued coiffure topped by a small frigate. Through Feb. 17. . . . ¶ "The Historical Mode"—However indulgent the garb of the ancien régime may seem, ours seems more so in a companion exhibition of contemporary fashion that has mined history for its inspiration. From Mary McFadden's pleated Byzantine evening gown to Thierry Mugler's mod bell-bottom updates, the show makes clear the fashion industry's frenetic and exhaustive reprocessing of style. Through Jan. 27. (Fashion Institute of Technology, Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

THERE are two large, important exhibitions in New York of photographs taken over the past twenty-five years by the team of Bernd and Hilla Becher. One show, including sixty-four works, is at Dia Art Foundation through the end of the year, and the other, more compact, is at the Sonnabend Gallery until the end of the month. As always, the Bechers' images are of familiar-looking exposed industrial structures—blast furnaces, gas tanks, grain elevators, water towers—and of the equally familiar dwellings and other closed buildings that go with anyone's idea of a factory town. Most of the subjects are from West Germany's notoriously industrialized Ruhr Valley, but comparable areas of Belgium, France, Wales, England, and the American Midwest and coal-mining regions are also represented. The photographs are in black and white and are exquisitely printed. Explicitly or implicitly, they are grouped into "typologies" that are determined by function or form, and usually by both. At Sonnabend, for instance, one bravura passage consists of a grid made up of pictures of modest, half-timbered houses whose bold geometries seem to leap out of their uniformly wan settings to form the sort of dazzling, semi-random graphic composition that we associate with some of the best of Sol LeWitt's wall drawings. At Dia, an equally compelling group of fifteen "Blast Furnaces" hits you with the emotional impact of an epic series of figure studies by Philip Guston. The furnaces seem alternately pneumatic or hard; may seem to straddle their supports like arresting policemen, like conquering heroes, or like sadistic lovers; or may loom up like golems.

The Bechers' single-mindedness of purpose and their steadfast insistence both on impeccable production values and on beauty—a beauty all the more powerful for having been dredged from gray landscapes and rust, then redeclared without sentiment—are dumbfounding. This ongoing project, their life's work, resembles August Sander's necessarily incomplete documentation of Germans between the wars, "types" who were similarly grouped by profession and by class. But where Sander's people today tend to make one feel safely contemporary, or historically connected, or non-German, or literary in one's impulse to supply each figure with a story, the Bechers' unpopulated visions, with their chilling, thrilling human echoes, put viewers into the Beckettian roles of God and dog—between a rock and a hard, fast place.

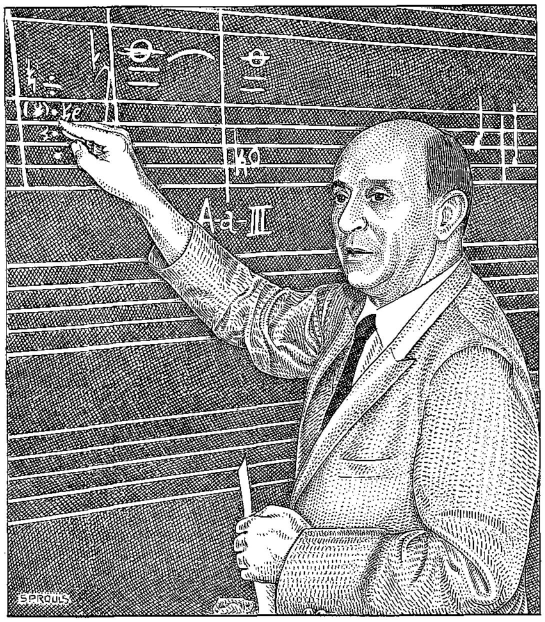
William Eggleston—Although this show is too small to demonstrate the artist's range (his latest book, "The Democratic Forest," is helpful in this respect), one can still see how Eggleston uses light and the colors of modern life as creatively as a painter, and as calculatedly as an advertising whiz. Through Jan. 27. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Sylvia Plachy—A disappointing show of work from 1965 to 1989, which covers two topics—animals and pet cemeteries. The artist, whose photographs in the *Village Voice* often have a light-handed, lyrical texture, comes off here like a weak Elliott Erwitt. Through Jan. 27. (Twining, 568 Broadway.)

Cindy Sherman—You don't have to go to the Met this week in order to see Renaissance art. Photography's Renaissance woman has come up with a group of pictures that suggest that, for the duration of this show, her gallery, Metro Pictures, should change its name to Museum Pictures. Each photograph looks like a famous masterpiece (by, say, Raphael, Ingres, Caravaggio, or Holbein) but in fact isn't a copy of any existing work. As usual, she uses herself as her model, and even though her props—false noses, falsies, masks, drapes—are low budget, she somehow manages to come up with finished products that are beyond trompe-l'oeil. Through Feb. 3. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Magnum Photographers—More than three hundred black-and-white and color works by sixty past and present members of the coöperative. Through Feb. 4. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**BERND AND HILLA BECHER,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through Jan. 27), and Dia Art Foundation, 548 W. 22nd St. (opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays, through June 22); **NANCY BURSON,** Baum, 588 Broadway (open Mondays, through Feb. 10); **JOHN COPLANS,** Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (through Feb. 10); **HANS DANUSER,** Marcus, 578 Broadway (through Feb. 3); **MARIO GIACOMELLI,** Photofind, 138 Spring St. (through Feb. 10); **JAN GROOVER,** Borden, 560 Broadway (through Feb. 12); **PETER HUJAR,** Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. (opens Saturdays at 1, through Feb. 24); **HENRY PEACH ROBINSON** and **DOUGLAS KIRKLAND,** International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (open daily except Mondays, through Feb. 25).



An Arnold Schoenberg festival at Juilliard

MUSIC

ERICH LEINSDORF'S penchant for thematic programming has become something of a trademark in the autumn of his distinguished career. The bill for his New York Philharmonic concerts, beginning on the 25th, runs like this: Liszt's "Orpheus," Stravinsky's "Orpheus," Poulenc's Sinfonietta, Offenbach's Overture to "Orpheus in the Underworld." It is easy enough to catch the drift of the program, and interesting already, but what has Poulenc's Sinfonietta got to do with it?

We have to admit that we don't even know the Sinfonietta. It isn't often played. The Schwann catalogue lists no recording, and Patelson's music store didn't have a score on hand when we called. We looked the piece up in the New Grove Dictionary and found that it was composed on commission, in 1947, to celebrate the first anniversary of the British Broadcasting Corporation's Third Programme, and that some of the music came from an abandoned string quartet dating from the same year. Poulenc had no confidence in his ability to write for strings, and the quartet "ended up in the Paris sewers," according to the dictionary. There is also this concise evaluation of the Sinfonietta: "garrulous, uncoördinated and unmemorable." But no hint of an "Orpheus" connection.

Someone we know who knew the composer chuckled at Grove's description and said, "I can tell you the piece didn't mean a thing to Poulenc." Something to do with money, he thought. But he didn't know of any mythological associations. Meanwhile, we remembered seeing a Sinfonietta excerpt reproduced in Norman Del Mar's wonderful book "Anatomy of the Orchestra." (Poulenc used a combination of notational symbols that are, as string players read them, unplayable, lending some credence to his own doubts about this branch of activity.)

Finally, we called Frank Milburn, the Philharmonic's music administrator, with whom we knew that Mr. Leinsdorf was in the habit of discussing all his program ideas. What has the Sinfonietta to do with "Orpheus"? we asked. Nothing at all, Mr. Milburn said. "Erich just put it in for contrast. And, if I remember correctly, he thought that too much 'Orpheus' music would be too much."

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for the Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St., 874-7515; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**PORGY AND BESS,** with Leona Mitchell, Gwendolyn Bradley, Karen Williams, Simon Estes, and Charles Williams; conducted by James Levine. (Jan. 22 at 8.) . . . With Leona Mitchell, Gwendolyn Bradley, Camellia Johnson, Simon Estes, and Ben Holt; James Levine. (Jan. 24 at 8 and Jan. 27 at 1:30.) . . . **LA GIOCONDA,** with Ghena Dimitrova, Stefania Toczyska, Bruno Beccaria, and Paul Plishka; Nello Santi. (Jan. 23; Jan. 27, when Franco De Grandis will sing the role of Alvise; and Jan 30, all at 8.) . . . **DER FLIEGENDE HOLLÄNDER,** final performance this season, with Janis Martin, Gary Lakes, Robert Hale, and Matti Salminen; Donald Runnicles. (Jan. 25 at 8.) . . . **COSÌ FAN TUTTE,** with Marilyn Mims, Tatiana Troyanos, Hei-Kyung Hong, Stanford Olsen, and Thomas Hampson; James Levine. (Jan. 26 at 8.) . . . With Marilyn Mims, Tatiana Troyanos, Hei-Kyung Hong, Jerry Hadley, and Thomas Hampson; Richard Woitach. (Jan. 31 at 8.) . . . **LA TRAVIATA,** with Edita Gruberova, Alfredo Kraus, Paolo Coni, and James Courtney; Michelangelo Veltri. (Jan. 29 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Erich Leinsdorf conducting works by Liszt, Stravinsky, Poulenc, and Offenbach. (Jan. 25 at 8, Jan. 26 at 2, Jan. 27 at 8, and Jan. 30 at 7:30.)

Philharmonia Orchestra—Giuseppe Sinopoli conducting. Jan. 24 at 8: Berlioz's "Les Nuits d'Été," and Mahler's First Symphony. With June Anderson, soprano. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 8: Performing an all-Brahms program. With André Watts, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall.)

Toronto Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Gunther Herbig conducting. Jan. 26 at 8: Works by Webern, Mahler, and Shostakovich. With Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 8: Works by Eugène-Prosper Prévost, Mozart, and Brahms. With Maria João Pires, piano.

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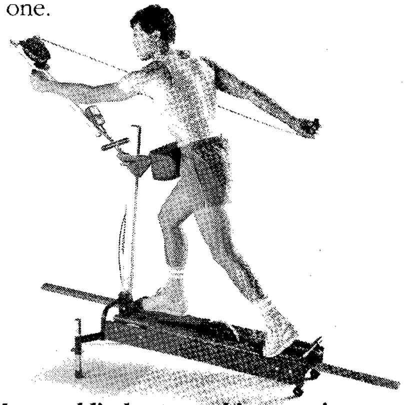

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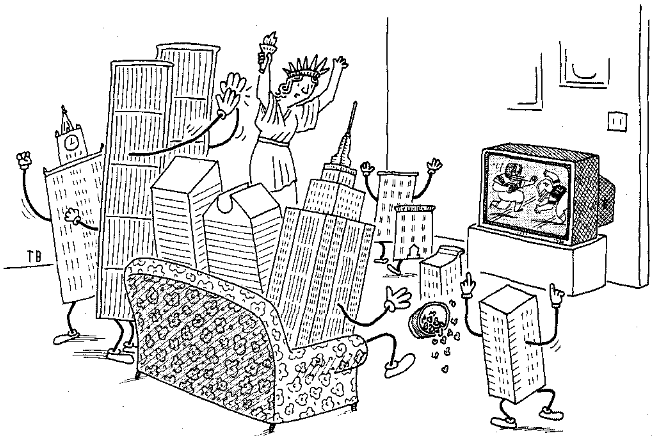


American Composers Orchestra—Hugh Wolff conducting works by John Adams, Gerald Levinson, Joan Tower, and Walter Piston. With Carol Wincenc, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 28 at 3.)

Manhattan Chamber Orchestra—Richard Auldon Clark conducting works by Szymanowski, Hindemith, and Barber. With Richard Woitach, piano, and Naomi Youngstein, violin. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Jan. 23 at 8.)

Concert Royal Orchestra—Presented by On Original Instruments. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 25 at 8.)

RECITALS

Marie-Pierre Langlamet—Harp. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 23 at 8.)

Ruth Laredo—Playing piano, and speaking about Chopin's life and work. (Metropolitan Museum. Jan. 23 at 8.)

Parnassus—In a program of chamber music, including the New York première of Ursula Mamlok's "Rhapsody" and Kurt Weill's "Frauentanz." With Nancy Wertsch, mezzo-soprano. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Jan. 24 at 8.)

Janos Starker—Cello. (Metropolitan Museum. Jan. 25 at 8.)

New Music Consort—Performing a program of premières by the composers Milton Babbitt, Charles Wuorinen, and Kathryn Alexander. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Jan. 25 at 8.)

Western Wind—A vocal sextet in an a-cappella program. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Jan. 26 at 8.)

Galimir String Quartet—In a Brahms-Hindemith program. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. 580-0210. Jan. 26 at 8.)

James Graseck—Violin. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. Jan. 26 at 6. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

"The World of Arnold Schoenberg"—A six-evening festival devoted to music by the composer, by those who influenced him, and by those he influenced. For tickets, which are free, call 874-7515. Jan. 26 at 8: JoAnn Falletta conducting the Juilliard Symphony in a Schoenberg-Mahler program. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 8: Various student chamber ensembles playing works by Schoenberg, Berg, Webern, and others. (Juilliard Theatre.) . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 8: Student ensembles performing chamber works by Schoenberg, Marc Blitzstein, and Roberto Gerhard, among others. (Juilliard Theatre.) . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 8: Student ensembles playing chamber works by Schoenberg and Cage, among others. (Juilliard Theatre.) The series continues through Feb. 2.

Donald Joyce—Organ. (St. John's in the Village, 218 W. 11th St., at Waverly Pl. Jan. 27 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Mischa Maisky—Cello. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Jan. 27 at 8.)

Virtuosi Quintet—In a program that includes the première of "Thrall," by Margaret DeWys. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. 873-3400. Jan. 28 at 2.)

Ensemble for Early Music—Presenting a work of music, mime, and more, entitled "Le Roman de Fauvel." (Florence Gould Hall, French Institute–Alliance Française, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Jan. 27 at 8 and Jan. 28 at 3.)

Håkan Hagegård—Baritone. With Warren Jones, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Jan. 28 at 3.)

Music Before 1800—Presenting the medieval-music ensemble (consisting of voices, harp, and fiddle) Sequentia. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St. just east of Broadway. Jan. 28 at 4. Tickets available at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Goliard Soloists—Performing a program of chamber works by Bruch, Messiaen, and Mátyás Seiber. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 28 at 7:30.)

New York New Music Ensemble—With guest artist Lois Martin, viola. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 29 at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—In an all-Beethoven program. (Metropolitan Museum. Jan. 31 at 8.)

Downtown Chamber Players—Mimi Stern-Wolfe conducting and playing the piano in a program of works by Erwin Schulhoff and Kurt Weill. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 31 at 8.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

The Cult—With "Love," a hard-rockin', thunderously produced, flower-power first album, the Cult looked to be an original band with a fresh, cool sound. But with their third, and most recent, record, "Sonic Temple," they've opted to be, alternately, the Doors without Ray Manzarek, Led Zeppelin without Robert Plant, and Cream without Clapton—it's a small, stiff, and derivative record. (It was also popular.) Still, in concert, if the group is loud enough, their fans probably won't mind that they've heard it all before. (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 422-9222. Jan. 26 at 8.)

Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers—From the release of his single "American Girl" to his cover, on his latest, and best, album, "Full Moon Fever," of the Byrds' "Feel a Whole Lot Better," Tom Petty has made no secret of the debt he owes Roger McGuinn. Petty also owes a great deal to Heartbreakers guitarist Mike Campbell, with whom he's written some great songs. But it's a stint with the Traveling Wilburys, particularly with Jeff Lynne (formerly of ELO), that has brought out the best in Petty. His music is now streamlined, with superb melodic guitar strumming and airier harmonies. A Heartbreakers show, which was always powerful, now seems more spontaneous, instinctual, and fun. (Nassau Coliseum. Jan. 31 at 8.)

Nelly and Cesar Vuksic—Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Jan. 25 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Stanley Turrentine—Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 864-0372. Jan. 27 at 7:30 and midnight.

"Heavenly Jazz"—Presenting the Scott Hamilton quintet and Buddy Tate. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Jan. 28 at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

"Vintage Jazz at the Vineyard"—Presenting Gail Wynters, with Roger Kellaway, Jay Leonhart, and Terry Clarke. (108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Jan. 28 at 7.)

The Kitchen—A monthlong music and film series. Jan. 25: "Words for the Dying," a film about John Cale (with Brian Eno), directed by Rob Nilsson. . . . ¶ Jan. 26: D'Extreme, a Brooklyn-based band. . . . ¶ Jan. 27: Music from Indian films, performed by two vocal groups, Swar-Tarang and Many Moods. . . . ¶ Jan. 28: American Festival of Microtonal Music, with Johnny Reinhard, Ron Kozak, and others. . . . ¶ Jan. 31: Karen Black (not the actress but the performance group) and Worlds of Love (Cinnie Cole, David Garland, and Ikue Mori). (512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Evenings at 8:30.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Rangers—Vs. the St. Louis Blues, Jan. 31 at 7:30.

Islanders—Vs. the Pittsburgh Penguins, Jan. 27 at 2:05. . . . ¶ Vs. the Devils, Jan. 28 at 1:05. . . . ¶ Vs. the St. Louis Blues, Jan. 30 at 7:35.

Devils—Vs. the Washington Capitals, Jan. 24. . . . ¶ Vs. the Toronto Maple Leafs, Jan. 26. (Game time, 7:45.)

Knicks—Vs. Magic Johnson and the Los Angeles Lakers, Jan. 23 at 8.

Nets—Vs. the Orlando Magic, Jan. 25 at 7:30. (The Devils and the Nets play at the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-3900; the Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; and the Islanders play at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 422-9222.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . **Trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights, except Wednesdays, at 8, and Tuesdays at 1. . . . ¶ At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30.

CHAMPIONSHIP—FOOTBALL

The San Francisco 49ers and the Denver Broncos will meet in Super Bowl XXIV on Jan. 28, at five o'clock, at the Louisiana Superdome, in New Orleans.

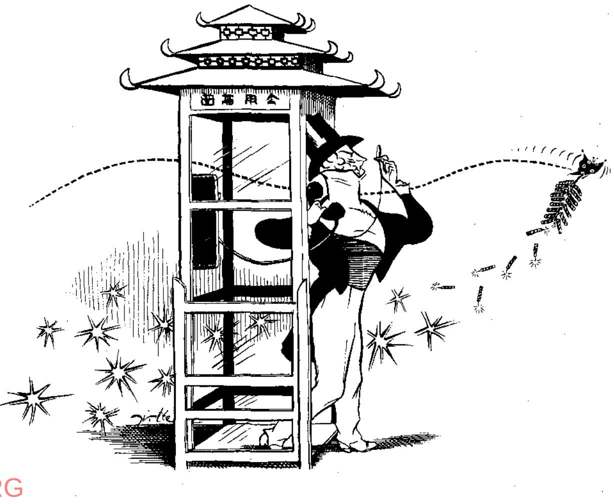
ABOVE AND BEYOND

Winter Antiques Show—Chiffoniers, credenzas, commodes, coffers, davenports, dumbwaiters, porringers, *écuelles*, and pearlware. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Jan. 22-27 from 11 to 9, and Jan. 28 from 11 to 6. A benefit for the East Side House Settlement.)

Beckett—A two-week presentation of his works for radio and television. Beckett fans can see and hear all the media works in one weekend (Jan. 27-28, from 11 to 6) or little by little, in three separate programs, through Feb. 10. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway. 966-7745. Admission is free.)

Readings—Jan. 24 at 6:30: Irene Worth, David Margulies, and John Shea reading short stories by Virginia Woolf, Bernard Malamud, and Italo Calvino. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.) . . . ¶ Jan. 29 at 8:15: Derek Walcott reading his poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.) . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 8: Richard Bausch, Ann Beattie, and Ralph Lombreglia reading from their own works. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the readings.)

Chinese New Year—So you've cleared your kitchen of corks, confetti, and caviar. Now unwrap the firecrackers and oil the wok, because the Year of the Horse begins on Jan. 27, ushered in at midnight, of course, with the annual Chinatown parade. Also, the China Institute offers dumpling and tea tastings, and calligraphy, paper-cutting, and T'ai Chi demonstrations (Jan. 27, from 12:30 to 5; 744-8181); and the people at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden will show off a collection of raw and cooked Chinese vegetables (Jan. 27, from 2 to 4; 1-718 622-4433).



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 21.

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Enemies, A Love Story" (†).
Theatre 2: "Valmont" (directed by Miloš Forman), with Colin Firth, Annette Bening, and Meg Tilly.
Theatre 3: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (Steve Kloves), with Jeff Bridges, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Beau Bridges.
Theatre 4: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).
Theatre 5: "Enemies, A Love Story" (†).
Theatre 6: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through Jan. 25: Two short documentaries by Martin Scorsese—"Italianamerican" (1974) and "American Boy" (1978).
From Jan. 26: "L'Etat Sauvage" (1978, Francis Girod; in French), with Claude Brasseur and Marie-Christine Barrault.

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Roger & Me" (†).
Theatre 2: "Music Box" (†).
Theatre 3: "Glory" (Edward Zwick), with Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Cary Elwes.

SECOND AVENUE THEATRE, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (673-4046)
"Internal Affairs" (Michael Figgis), with Richard Gere and Andy Garcia.

BIJOU CINEMA, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"The War of the Roses" (†).

LOEWS 19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.
Theatre 2: "Roger & Me" (†).
Theatre 3: "Music Box" (†).
Theatre 4: "Everybody Wins" (Karel Reisz), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.
Theatre 5: "Glory" (Edward Zwick), with Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Cary Elwes.
Theatre 6: "Internal Affairs" (Michael Figgis), with Richard Gere and Andy Garcia.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Blaze" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Always" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Raging Bull" (†).
Theatre 2: "Everybody Wins" (Karel Reisz), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.
Theatre 3: "Internal Affairs" (Michael Figgis), with Richard Gere and Andy Garcia.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The War of the Roses" (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, Olympia Dukakis, and George Segal.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Tango & Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Enemies, A Love Story" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Music Box" (†).

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Tremors" (Ron Underwood), with Kevin Bacon and Fred Ward.
Theatre 2: "Born on the 4th of July" (†).

59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Family Business" (Sidney Lumet), with Sean Connery, Dustin Hoffman, and Matthew Broderick.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Born on the 4th of July" (†).
Theatre 2: "The War of the Roses" (†).

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Roger & Me" (†).
Theatre 2: "Blaze" (†).
Theatre 3: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.
Theatre 2: "Glory" (Edward Zwick), with Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Cary Elwes.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Jan. 25: "Always" (†).
From Jan. 26: "Strike It Rich" (James Scott), with Robert Lindsay, Molly Ringwald, and John Gielgud.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Everybody Wins" (Karel Reisz), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.
Theatre 2: "Internal Affairs" (Michael Figgis), with Richard Gere and Andy Garcia.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (Woody Allen), with Martin Landau, Mia Farrow, Alan Alda, Jerry Orbach, Sam Waterston, Anjelica Huston, Claire Bloom, and Allen.

U.A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Born on the 4th of July" (†).

PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Tremors" (Ron Underwood), with Kevin Bacon and Fred Ward.
Theatre 2: "The War of the Roses" (†).

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "The Little Mermaid" (†).

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER STREET CINEMA I AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Labyrinth of Passion" (1982, directed by Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "A Flame in My Heart" (Alain Tanner; in French).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The War of the Roses" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 25: "Bloodhounds of Broadway" (Howard Brookner). From Jan. 26: "Strike It Rich" (James Scott), with Robert Lindsay, Molly Ringwald, and John Gielgud.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Born on the 4th of July" (†).
Theatre 2: "Always" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Everybody Wins" (Karel Reisz), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.
Theatre 2: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (Woody Allen), with Martin Landau, Mia Farrow, Alan Alda, Jerry Orbach, Sam Waterston, Anjelica Huston, Claire Bloom, and Allen.
Theatre 3: "Henry V" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Little Mermaid" (†).

CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Born on the 4th of July" (†).
Theatre 2: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.
Theatre 3: "Always" (†).
Theatre 4: "The War of the Roses" (†).
Theatre 5: "Enemies, A Love Story" (†).
Theatre 6: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 7: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 8: "Back to the Future Part II" (†).
Theatre 9: "Born on the 4th of July" (†).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Downtown" (Richard Benjamin), with Forest Whitaker and Anthony Edwards.
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "The Little Mermaid" (†); and (evenings only) "Leatherface: The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 3" (Jeff Burr).
Theatre 3: "Tremors" (Ron Underwood), with Kevin Bacon and Fred Ward.

WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 25: "Ski Patrol" (Richard Correll). From Jan. 26: "Strike It Rich" (James Scott), with Robert Lindsay, Molly Ringwald, and John Gielgud.
Theatre 3: "Do the Right Thing" (Spike Lee), with Danny Aiello, Ossie Davis, Ruby Dee, Giancarlo Esposito, Bill Nunn, Rosie Perez, Joie Lee, John Turturro, Richard Edson, and Lee.
Theatre 4: "Always" (†).
Theatre 5: "True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.
Theatre 6: "Field of Dreams" (Phil Alden Robinson), with Kevin Costner, Ray Liotta, Amy Madigan, James Earl Jones, Burt Lancaster, and Dwier Brown.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Little Mermaid" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Born on the 4th of July" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Henry V" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Driving Miss Daisy" (†).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Enemies, A Love Story" (†).

CARNEGIE SCREENING ROOM, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (Woody Allen), with Martin Landau, Mia Farrow, Alan Alda, Jerry Orbach, Sam Waterston, Anjelica Huston, Claire Bloom, and Allen.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Camille Claudel" (†).

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Triumph of the Spirit" (Robert M. Young), with Willem Dafoe, Edward James Olmos, and Robert Loggia.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Music Box" (†).

62ND & BROADWAY, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"The War of the Roses" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sweetie" (Jane Campion).
Theatre 3: "Story of Women" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Mystery Train" (Jim Jarmusch).
Theatre 2: "The Plot Against Harry" (Michael Roemer).

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Always" (†).

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Everybody Wins" (Karel Reisz), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.
Theatre 2: "Internal Affairs" (Michael Figgis), with Richard Gere and Andy Garcia.
Theatre 3: "Driving Miss Daisy" (†).
Theatre 4: "Roger & Me" (†).
Theatre 5: "Glory" (Edward Zwick), with Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Cary Elwes.
Theatre 6: (Matinées only) "The Little Mermaid" (†); and (evenings only) "Blaze" (†).

METRO CINEMA I AND 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Born on the 4th of July" (†).
Theatre 2: "Downtown" (Richard Benjamin), with Forest Whitaker and Anthony Edwards.

OLYMPIA I AND II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Tremors" (Ron Underwood), with Kevin Bacon and Fred Ward.
Theatre 2: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Glory" (directed by Edward Zwick), with Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, Morgan Freeman, and Cary Elwes.
Theatre 2: "The War of the Roses" (†).
Theatre 3: "Leatherface: The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 3" (Jeff Burr).
Theatre 4: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie

The

OH, WHAT A THORNY BUSINESS this thing called money can be.

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Alley, Olympia Dukakis, George Segal, and Abe Vigoda.

Theatre 5: "Tango and Cash" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Sylvester Stallone and Kurt Russell.

Theatre 6: "The War of the Roses" (†).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"Everybody Wins" (Karel Reisz), with Nick Nolte and Debra Winger.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "We're No Angels" (Neil Jordan), with Robert De Niro, Sean Penn, and Demi Moore.

Theatre 3: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.

Theatre 4: "Blaze" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Internal Affairs" (Michael Figgis), with Richard Gere and Andy Garcia.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Downtown" (Richard Benjamin), with Forest Whitaker and Anthony Edwards.

Theatre 2: "Tremors" (Ron Underwood), with Kevin Bacon and Fred Ward.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"Back to the Future Part II" (†).

West Side Cinema I and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, Olympia Dukakis, Tom Skerritt, Sam Shepard, Dylan McDermott, and Kevin J. O'Connor.

Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "The Little Mermaid" (†); and (evenings only) "Lethal Weapon 2" (Richard Donner), with Mel Gibson and Danny Glover.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Jan. 22: "Julius Caesar" (1953, directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with James Mason, John Gielgud, Marlon Brando, and Edmond O'Brien; and "The Men" (1950, Fred Zinnemann), with Teresa Wright, Brando, Jack Webb, and Everett Sloane.

Jan. 23-24: "Sayonara" (1957, Joshua Logan), with Marlon Brando and Red Buttons; and "The Teahouse of the August Moon" (1956, Daniel Mann), with Brando, Glenn Ford, Machiko Kyo, and Eddie Albert.

Jan. 25-27: "Apocalypse Now" (†).

Jan. 28-30: "Jean de Florette" (1985, Claude Berri; in French), with Yves Montand, Gérard Depardieu, Elisabeth Depardieu, and Daniel Auteuil; and "The Woman Next Door" (1981, François Truffaut; in French), with Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

From Jan. 31: "Loulou" (1980, Maurice Pialat; in French), with Isabelle Huppert, Gérard Depardieu, and Guy Marchand; and "Police" (1986, Pialat; in French), with Depardieu.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Jan. 23: "A Dry White Season" (1989, Euzhan Palcy), with Donald Sutherland, Janet Suzmann, Jurgen Prochnow, Zakes Mokae, Susan Sarandon, and Marlon Brando; and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951, Elia Kazan), with Vivien Leigh, Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden.

Jan. 24-25: "The Killing" (1956, Stanley Kubrick), with Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray, and Vince Edwards; and "Killer's Kiss" (1955, Kubrick), with Frank Silvera.

Jan. 26-27: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970, in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972, in English and Italian), both directed by Federico Fellini.

Jan. 28: "Just Before Nightfall" (1971, Claude Chabrol; in French), with Michel Bouquet, Stéphane Audran, and François Périer; and "Bob le Flambeur" (1955, Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne.

Jan. 29-30: "Bells Are Ringing" (1960, Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Holliday and Dean Martin; and "The Solid Gold Cadillac" (†).

From Jan. 31: "Repo Man" (1984, Alex Cox), with Emilio Estevez and Harry Dean Stanton; and "Wizard of Speed and Time" (1988, Mike Jittlov).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Through Jan. 23: "Full Metal Jacket" (1987, Stanley Kubrick), with Matthew Modine, Vincent D'Onofrio, and Lee Ermey; and "Platoon" (1986, Oliver Stone), with Tom Berenger, Willem Dafoe, Charlie Sheen, Keith David, Forest Whitaker, and Kevin Dillon.

Jan. 24-25: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966, Mike Nichols), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis; and "Doctor Faustus" (1967, Richard Burton and Nevill Coghill), with Burton and Elizabeth Taylor.

Jan. 26-27: "Married to the Mob" (1988, Jonathan Demme), with Michelle Pfeiffer, Matthew Modine, Dean Stockwell, Alec Baldwin, and Mercedes Ruehl; and "Bull Durham" (1988, Ron Shelton), with Kevin Costner, Susan Sarandon, and Tim Robbins.

Jan. 28: "The Tin Drum" (1980, Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "Swan in Love" (1984, Schlöndorff; in French), with Jeremy Irons, Ornella Muti, and Alain Delon.

Jan. 29-30: "Five Easy Pieces" (†); and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1981, Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson, Jessica Lange, and John Colicos.

From Jan. 31: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (1986, Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow, Barbara Hershey, and Dianne Wiest; "Broadway Danny Rose" (1984, Allen), with Allen, Farrow, and Nick Apollo Forte; and "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (1985, Allen), with Farrow and Jeff Daniels.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 22: "Le Corbeau" (1943, Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Pierre Fresnay and Ginette Leclerc; and "The Wages of Fear" (1953, Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck.

Jan. 23: "Mean Streets" (1973, Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, and Amy Robinson; and "Bang the Drum Slowly" (1973, John Hancock), with Michael Moriarty and De Niro.

Jan. 24: "The Sound and the Fury" (1959, Martin Ritt), with Yul Brynner, Joanne Woodward, and Margaret Leighton; and "Intruder in the Dust" (1949, Clarence Brown), with Claude Jarman, Jr., and Juano Hernández.

Jan. 25: "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" (1939, Alfred L. Werker), with Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson; and "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (†).

Jan. 26-27: "All About Eve" (1950, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950, Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

Jan. 28: "Sweet Bird of Youth" (1962, Richard Brooks), with Paul Newman, Geraldine Page, Shirley Knight, Ed Begley, and Rip Torn; and "Summer and Smoke" (1961, Peter Glenville), with Page, Laurence Harvey, Rita Moreno, and Una Merkel.

Jan. 29: "Circle of Deceit" (1982, Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla; and "The Tin Drum" (1980, Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent.

Jan. 30: "Hold Your Man" (1933, Sam Wood), with Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, and Stuart Erwin; and "Riffraff" (1935, J. Walter Ruben), with Jean Harlow, Spencer Tracy, and Joseph Calleia.

Jan. 31: "How the West Was Won" (†).

Jean-Pierre Melville, who died in 1973, was one of the French cinema's all-time eccentrics. For starters, he changed his last name from Grumbach after reading "Moby Dick." He won international acclaim for the expressive, low-budget techniques he used when he filmed Jean Cocteau's "Les Enfants Terribles" (1950). Later, he devoted himself to quirky gangster films, like 1955's "Bob le Flambeur" (playing January 28 at the Cinema Village).

You may get restless during "Bob" 's long, elaborate setup, which makes this oddball caper movie, set largely in Montmartre, resemble a conventional essay on cops, crooks, and the dames who cause dishonor among thieves. But the cinematographer, Henri Decae, working in black and white, moves from subtle gray hues of dawn and twilight to a Cheapside chiaroscuro, giving every camera move a lovely shape, every image a gritty beauty. Melville puts a languorous twist on a plot straight out of "The Asphalt Jungle" or "The Killing": a down-on-his-luck pro gambler (played by the suavely world-weary Roger Duchesne) prepares to rob the Deauville casino, and is put at risk by the flapping mouths of his partners and their women.

The movie is slight, even silly, but charming in a preening masculine way. It's like the aphorisms contained in the 1971 book "Melville on Melville"—e.g., "The uphill road to failure is a very human thing." To Melville, "a man before a mirror means a stock-taking." "Bob le Flambeur" itself is a mirror that reflects a saturnine wit who called himself Melville, taking stock.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

Theatre I: Films directed by Vincente Minnelli. Jan. 22 at 2:30: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1962), with Glenn Ford, Ingrid Thulin, and Charles Boyer. . . . Jan. 22 at 6: "The Sandpiper" (1965), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, and Eva Marie Saint. . . . Jan. 23 at 2:30: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1952), with Kirk Douglas, Lana Turner, and Dick Powell. . . . Jan. 23 at 6: "Designing Woman" (1957), with Gregory Peck, Lauren Bacall, and Dolores Gray. . . . Jan. 25 at 2:30: "Home from the Hill" (1960), with Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker, George Peppard, and George Hamilton. . . . Jan. 25 at 6: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944), Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, and Mary Astor. . . . Jan. 26 at 2:30: "A Matter of Time" (1976), with Liza Minnelli, Ingrid Bergman, and Boyer; and the "Mademoiselle" episode of "The Story of Three Loves" (1952), with Leslie Caron, Ethel Barrymore, and Farley Granger. . . . Jan. 26 at 6: "Lust for Life" (1956), with Douglas, Anthony Quinn, and James Donald. . . . Jan. 27 at 2: "Some Came Running" (1958), with Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, and Shirley MacLaine. . . . Jan. 27 at 5: "Father of the Bride" (1950), with Spencer Tracy, Taylor, and Joan Bennett. . . . Jan. 28 at 2: "A Matter of Time." . . . Jan. 28 at 5: "The Reluctant Debutante" (1958), with Rex Harrison, Kay Kendall, and Angela Lansbury. . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 6:30: "Cabiria" (1914, Giovanni Pastrone; a silent film).

Theatre 2: Jan. 22 at 6:30: A program of films by the German director Penelope Buitenhuis. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 3 and 6: "Before We Knew Nothing" (1988, Diane Kitchen), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 3: "The Jew on the Land" (1926, Abram Room; a Russian silent film) and "Frontier" (1936, Mikhail Dubson; in Russian). . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 6: "Goodbye, Boys" (1966, Mikhail Kalik; in Russian). . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 2:30: "A Familiar Face" (1929, Nikolai Shpikovsky; a Russian silent film). . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 5 and Jan. 28 at 2:30: "Spring" (1929, Mikhail Kaufman; in Russian) and "Two-Buldi-Two" (1929, Lev Kuleshov; a Russian silent film). . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 5: "The Jew on the Land" and "Frontier." . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 3: "A Familiar Face." . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 6: "Goodbye, Boys."

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the past thirty or so years. Jan. 23-27: Willa Cather's "Paul's Case" (1980, Lamont Johnson; PBS), with Eric Roberts, Michael Higgins, and Lindsay Crouse. . . . From Jan.

30: F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Bernice Bobs Her Hair" (1977, Joan Micklin Silver; PBS), with Shelley Duvall, Bud Cort, and Polly Holliday; and James Thurber's "The Greatest Man in the World" (1980, Ralph Rosenblum; PBS), with Brad Davis, Carol Kane, and Howard Da Silva. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ "Twenty Years of Monty Python." Jan. 23-27: A compilation of Python appearances on American television, including segments from "Saturday Night Live," "Late Night with David Letterman," and "The Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson." . . . From Jan. 30: An episode of "Fawlty Towers," with John Cleese; and a 1987 episode of "Cheers," with Cleese. Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15. . . . ¶ "The New York World Television Festival." From Jan. 23: Two weeks of award-winning international documentary and entertainment programs. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In the Riklis Theatre. "Images and Obsessions: The Cinematography of Vilmos Zsigmond." Jan. 24 at 2:30: "Obsession" (1976, Brian De Palma), with Cliff Robertson, Geneviève Bujold, and John Lithgow. . . . Jan. 25 at 2:30: "Blow Out" (1981, De Palma), with John Travolta, Nancy Allen, and Lithgow. . . . Jan. 26 at 2:30: "Deliverance" (1972, John Boorman), with Burt Reynolds, Jon Voight, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox. . . . ¶ Films directed by John Ford. Jan. 26 at 7:30: "Hell Bent" (1918, silent), with Harry Carey; "A Gun Fightin' Gentleman" (1919, silent), with Carey; and "The Last Outlaw" (1919, silent), with Ed (King Fisher) Jones. . . . Jan. 27 at 1: "Pilgrimage" (1933), with Henrietta Grosman and Heather Angel. . . . Jan. 27 at 4: "7 Women" (1965), with Anne Bancroft, Sue Lyon, Margaret Leighton, and Flora Robson. . . . Jan. 28 at 1: "Salute" (1929), with George O'Brien. . . . Jan. 28 at 4 and Jan. 31 at 2:30: "The Long Grey Line" (1955), with Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara, and Robert Francis.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. Jan. 24 at 7: "Race" (1941, José Saenz de Heredia; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 9: "Life in Shadows" (1948, Lorenzo Llobet Gracia; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 7: "Furrows" (1951, José Antonio Nieves Conde; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 7: "Thanksgiving with Mom" (1985) and "Studio 8" (1985), both by George Kuchar. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 9: "Death of a Cyclist" (1955, Juan Antonio Bardem; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 9: Three George Kuchar films. . . . ¶ Jan. 25 and Jan. 27 at 10:30: Seven short films by Nick Zedd. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 7: "Dressed in Blue" (1983, Antonio Giménez Rico; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 7: "Sleazy in the Year 3000" (1989, Alan Sondheim). Mr. Sondheim will be present. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 9: "Hooligans" (1959, Carlos Saura; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 9: Two films by Sondheim, who will be present. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 and Jan. 28 at 10:30: Seventeen short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 27-28 at 5: "Hotel Electric" (1905, Segundo de Chomón) and "The Cursed Village" (1929, Florían Rey; a silent Spanish film). . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 7: "The Strange Journey" (1964, Fernando Fernán Gómez; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 7: Five short films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 9: "Placido" (1964, Luis Berlanga; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 9: "Everything's for You" (1989, Abraham Ravett). Mr. Ravett will be present. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 7: "Aunt Tula" (1964, Miguel Picazo; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 9: "At the Service of Spanish Womanhood" (1978, Jaime de Armiñán; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 9: Five George Kuchar films. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 7: "Bilbao, A Story of Love" (1978, José Juan Bigas Luna; in Spanish). . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 9: "The Death of Mikel" (1984, Imanol Uribe; in Spanish).

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Jan. 23 at 1:30: "Airplane!" (1980, Jim Abrahams, Jerry Zucker, and David Zucker), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 3:30: "Routine Pleasures" (1984, Jean-Pierre Gorin) and "Standard Gauge" (1984, Morgan Fisher). . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 6: "Pennies from Heaven" (1981, Herbert Ross), with Steve Martin and Bernadette Peters. . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at noon: "Born to Film" (1982, Danny Lyon) and "The Atomic Café" (1982, Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty). . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 2:30: "Halloween II" (1981, Rick Rosenthal). . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at noon: "Illusions" (1982, Julie Dash), "Filmmaker: A Diary" (1982, George Lucas), and "Adynata: Murder Is Not a Story" (1983, Leslie Thornton). . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 2:30: "My Favorite Year" (1982, Richard Benjamin), with Peter O'Toole, Jessica Harper, Joseph Bologna, and Mark Linn-Baker. . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at noon: "Born in Flames" (1983, Lizzie Borden). . . . ¶ Jan. 26 at 2:30: "Repo Man" (1984, Alex Cox), with Emilio Estevez and Harry Dean Stanton. . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at noon: "Cross-Cultural TV" (1987, Antonio Muntadas) and "The Philippines: Life, Death and Revolution" (1987, Jon Alpert and Keiko Tsuno). . . . ¶ Jan. 27 at 2:30: "Ethnic Notions" (1987, Marlon Riggs) and "Racism on Main Street: A Look Around Your Corner" (1987). . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 1: "Production Notes: Fast Food for Thought" (1987, Jason Simon) and two other short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 28 at 3:30: "Hitchcock Trilogy: Vertigo, Psycho, Torn Curtain" (1987, Rea Tajiri) and "The Art of Memory" (1987, Woody Vasulka). . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 1:30: "I Do Not Know What It Is I Am Like" (1986, Bill Viola). . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 3:30: "Testing the Limits" (1987) and four other short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 30 at 6: "Seize Control of the FDA" (1988, Gregg Bordowitz and Jean Carlomusto) and two other short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at noon: "Doctors, Liars, and Women" (1988, Jean Carlomusto and Maria Maggenti) and "Born to Be Sold: Martha Rosler Reads the Strange Case of Baby M" (1988, Martha Rosler and Paper Tiger Television). . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 2:30: "Albert Pastor's First Video Project" (1988, Juan Garza and Daniel Villareal) and "The Man in the Mirror" (1989, Aimee Rankin).

FRENCH INSTITUTE–ALLIANCE FRANÇAISE, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—Jan. 24 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Princess Tam Tam" (1935, Edmond T. Gréville; in French), with Josephine Baker, Albert Préjean, Germaine Aussey, and Viviane Romance. . . . ¶ Jan. 31 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Zou Zou" (1934, Marc Allégret; in French), with Baker, Jean Gabin, and Yvette Lebon.

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Jan. 26 at 6:30: "Hunting Rifle" (1961, Heinosuke Gosho; in Japanese) and "Mother, Get Married" (1962, Gosho; in Japanese).

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—Jan. 28 at noon: "The Duellists" (1977, Ridley Scott), with Keith Carradine, Harvey Keitel, Albert Finney, Edward Fox, Cristina Raines, Tom Conti, Robert Stephens, and John McEnery.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Veronica Geng.)

ALWAYS—"A Guy Named Joe" made Steven Spielberg cry when he was twelve; his remake can make you want to cry at the waste of his talent and your time. All he seems to want to do in each scene is get an audience reaction; almost everything is grandiloquent, rushed, confusing. And the whole idea has a voyeuristic queasiness. A miscast Richard Dreyfuss is the daredevil hero. The ace pilot of the wilderness-fire-fighting service, he is in love with Holly Hunter. He dies, but returns to serve as the spiritual guide of a shy young pilot (amateurish Brad Johnson), who replaces him in her (grief-stricken) affections. As Dreyfuss's supervisory angel, Audrey Hepburn delivers transcendental inanities in the cadences that have stoned audiences at the Academy Awards; she's become a ceremonial icon. As Dreyfuss's best friend, John Goodman is turned into a fat-jolly-buddy icon; he saves himself from darlingness, but just barely. The new screenplay is credited to Jerry Belson, though it plays like an amalgam.—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/8/90.) (Bay Cinema, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Regency. . . . ¶ Beekman; through Jan. 25.)

APOCALYPSE NOW (1979)—The beautiful, classical structure—a journey upriver through a place of evil—comes from Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," but the tone comes from reporter Michael Herr's "Dispatches," which sees the heart of the Vietnam War's darkness as "that joke at the deepest part of the blackest kernel of fear." Francis Coppola, the director, does not just balance comedy and horror—he breeds a mutation, and displays it with the physical brilliance and amplitude of "2001." (The cinematographer is Vittorio Storaro, who had done four movies for Bertolucci.) The characters, like the people in Herr's reporting, are living through Vietnam as pulp adventure fantasy, as movie, as stoned humor. Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) travels upriver to Cambodia, on a mission to kill the "unsound" Green Beret Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando); the movie progresses from deadly efficiency controlled by a bizarre Air Cavalry officer named Kilgore (Robert Duvall) to chaos controlled by no one. For two hours, this is an inspired reimagining of Conrad, but it collapses, like "2001," in a final attempt to show the unshowable—not just evil but Evil. With Frederic Forrest, Albert Hall, Sam Bottoms, Larry Fishburne, and Dennis Hopper. Narration written by Michael Herr.—V.G. (Biograph Cinema; Jan. 25-27.)

BACK TO THE FUTURE PART II—It's all manic and wacky; it's all twists. The amiably mad inventor Doc Brown (Christopher Lloyd) rushes into the frame to tell teen-age Marty McFly (Michael J. Fox) about new emergencies in the year 2015 or 1955 or an alternate 1985 (brought about by their disrupting the space-time continuum), and they go hurtling off to set things right. The picture is fast and furious, but low in spirit; the inventiveness of the director, Robert Zemeckis, and his writing partner, Bob Gale, seems to be on a treadmill in a void. And yet the construction keeps you going—it's like a frenzied daydream that you don't want to break off. With Thomas F. Wilson as the bullies Biff and Griff.—P.K. (12/11/89) (Chelsea Cinemas and Warner.)

BLAZE—The love story of that old raspy-voiced rooster Earl K. Long, three-time governor of Louisiana, and the young red-headed stripper Blaze Starr is bawdy and satirical—it's Rabelaisian. Life was a banquet for Earl, and when he met Blaze he'd found the centerpiece. Ron Shelton, who wrote and directed, cherishes Blaze (Lolita Davidovich, in her first major screen role), and he adores Ol' Earl (Paul Newman), who used his swamp smarts to fight the white supremacists. But Shelton doesn't quite engage with the material; the picture is lame and rhythmless. Still, it's never boring, and it offers a ribald view of Southern politics that contrasts with the stern, melodramatic portrait of Earl's older brother Huey as a fascistic demagogue in the 1949 film "All the King's Men." Newman, using the low, hoarse voice of a lifelong stump speaker, seems an eccentric husk of a man. He begins too far into the character; we have to catch up. By the end, we're with him. With Robert Wuhl, Jerry Hardin, Gailard Sartain, Jeffrey DeMunn, Garland Bunting, and, in one scene, the real Blaze Starr.—P.K. (12/11/89) (Gramercy, Cinema II, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex. Evenings only.)

BORN ON THE 4TH OF JULY—An antiwar epic, it's like one of those commemorative issues of *Life*. This one covers 1956 to 1976, and the counterculture is presented in a nostalgic, aesthetically reactionary way: it's made part of our certified public memories. The director, Oliver Stone, plays bumper cars with the camera and uses cutting to jam you into the action, and you can't even enjoy his uncouthness, because it's put at the service of sanctimony. The pure of heart, Catholic and patriotic hero Ron Kovic (Tom Cruise) thinks war is how he'll prove himself a man. He joins the

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

Marine Corps and is sent to Vietnam; in 1968, his spine is severed, and he's left in a wheelchair, impotent, paralyzed from the chest down. The movie is a scream of rage at how he was betrayed, mutilated, neglected; it's also an uplifting account of how he boozed, quarrelled with everyone, and despaired until he stopped being contemptuous of the war protesters and became active in Vietnam Veterans Against the War. Overblown right from the start, this story is constructed as a series of blackout episodes that suggest the Stations of the Cross; rising strings alert you to the heavy stuff. Then the finale—Resurrection—takes Ron into white light, and John Williams lays on the trumpets. The script, by Stone and Kovic, is based on Kovic's autobiography. With Willem Dafoe, Tom Berenger, Raymond J. Barry as the gentle father, Caroline Kava as the castrating Mom, Kyra Sedgwick as Donna, Frank Whaley as Timmy, Cordelia Gonzalez as the whore, Tony Frank as Mr. Wilson, and Abbie Hoffman. Cinematography by Robert Richardson.—P.K. (1/22/90) (Manhattan Twin, Baronet, U. A. East, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Metro Cinema.)

Camille Claudel—She lived, she loved, she sculpted, she went nuts. Bruno Nuytten's first film is a de-luxe biography of a nearly forgotten (but attractive!) artist, who studied with the great Rodin, became his assistant and lover, and then struggled to break free of his influence and discover her own identity as a sculptor. Willful (and comely) as she is, Camille never manages to shake her obsession with Rodin, and makes a mess of her life and her career. This is rich material, but the movie is a real chore to sit through: it's two and a half hours long, and the pace is sluggish. Nuytten, a superb cinematographer ("French Provincial," "Barocco"), doesn't seem to know how to tell a story—not one as complex as this, anyway. Isabelle Adjani plays Camille (there are obvious similarities to her role in "The Story of Adèle H.") with terrific abandon and intensity, yet the performance isn't satisfying; the film is so poorly shaped as drama that even her most striking moments seem to come out of nowhere. Essentially, "Camille Claudel" is no more than a series of faded tableaux on the themes of *l'art, l'amour, la folie*. It's a deadly mixture of hysteria and inertia. Also with Gérard Depardieu as Rodin, Laurent Grevill as Paul Claudel (Camille's younger brother, who became a well-known writer), and Alain Cuny. The script, by Nuytten and Marilyn Goldin, is based on a biography by Reine-Marie Paris. In French.—T.R. (Paris.)

Driving Miss Daisy—Alfred Uhry's adaptation of his much honored play is still full of manipulative bits—it's virtually all manipulative bits—but the director, Bruce Beresford, understands how to work them while cutting down on their obviousness. Set in Atlanta, starting in 1948, the movie is the story of the companionship that develops between stubborn, suspicious Miss Daisy (Jessica Tandy), a wealthy Jewish widow of seventy-two, and her resilient chauffeur, Hoke (Morgan Freeman), a widower about a decade younger than she is. Essentially, it's about how he changes her. He's made upright, considerate, humane—he's made perfect—so that nothing will disturb our appreciation of the gentle, bittersweet reverie we're watching. But it's acted (and directed) eloquently. Tandy and Freeman achieve a beautiful equilibrium. And Dan Aykroyd comes through with a fine performance as Miss Daisy's good-old-boy son. With Esther Rolle and Patti LuPone.—P.K. (12/25/89) (68th St. Playhouse, 8th St. Playhouse, Chelsea Cinemas, 57th St. Playhouse, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Drugstore Cowboy—Nihilistic humor rarely bubbles up in a movie as freely as it does here. Set in Portland, Oregon, in 1971, the story is about two couples who live together and travel around the Pacific Northwest robbing hospitals and pharmacies, grabbing fistfuls of pills and capsules. They're like a junkie version of Clyde Barrow's gang. The director, Gus Van Sant, takes us inside a lot of underground attitudes: the druggies are monomaniacal about leading an aimless existence—they see themselves as romantic figures. They're comic, but they're not put down for being comic. The picture keeps you laughing because it's so nonjudgmental. Van Sant is half in and half out of the desire of adolescents to remain kids forever. As the gang's twenty-six-year-old leader, Matt Dillon brings the role a light self-mockery that helps set the tone of the film, and Kelly Lynch is strikingly effective as the leader's wife. Also with James Le Gros, Heather Graham, James Remar, Max Perlich, Beah Richards, Grace Zabriskie, and William Burroughs. The script, by the director and Daniel Yost, was based on an unpublished novel by James Fogle, who's in prison for drug-related robberies.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Enemies, A Love Story—Emotionally overwhelming. Adapted from Isaac Bashevis Singer's New York City novel, set in 1949—a post-Holocaust sex farce in which three passionately jealous women are in love with a guilt-ridden, self-effacing man. The director, Paul Mazursky, has gathered a superbly balanced cast and kept the action so smooth that the viewer is carried along on a tide of mystical slyness. Ron Silver is the Polish-Jewish intellectual who survived the Final Solution by hiding in a hayloft. Margaret Sophie Stein is the Gentile peasant (now his wife) who risked her life to take care of him. Lena Olin is his diabolically willful mistress, a survivor of the camps. Anjelica Huston is the wife (with an erotic aura) he thought was killed by the Nazis. This richly satisfying movie is restrained, yet it has its own deeply crazy turmoil. Mazursky pulls the rug out from under us, and we drop through the farce. With Alan King, Judith Malina, Phil Leeds, and Mazursky. The script is by Roger L. Simon and the director.—P.K. (12/25/89) (Angelika Film Center, Gotham Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

CZECHOWSKI

Robert Lindsay in "Strike It Rich"

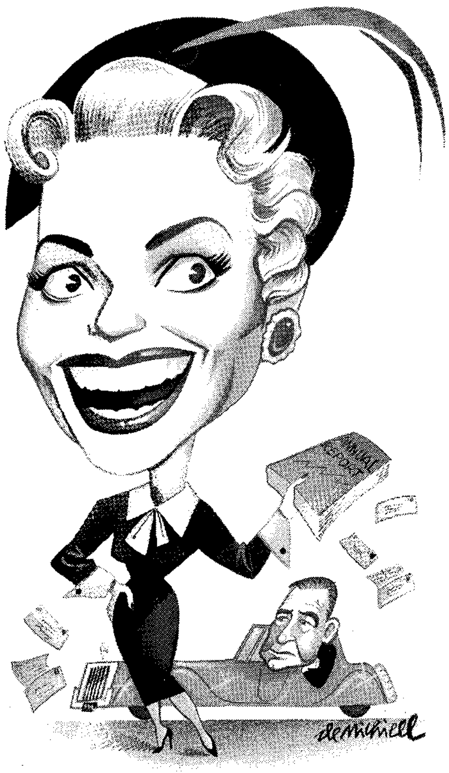
Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays a drifter named Bobby Dupea, who, as the movie opens, is holding down a grimy job in an oil field, hanging out in bowling alleys and trailer parks, and squabbling with his childlike, clinging girlfriend, Rayette (Karen Black). His relationship to this life is edgy, remote: he'll look as if he's having a good time and then abruptly withdraw into an unreadable silence, or explode with anger at some trivial irritation. We later learn that Bobby is a dropout from a somewhat higher-toned world—the black sheep of a family of classical musicians who live the cultured life on an island retreat in the Pacific Northwest. He's persuaded by his sister (Lois Smith) to return home to see his father (William Challee), who has been paralyzed by a couple of strokes, and the movie, along with its protagonist, tries to make the leap from Tammy Wynette country to someplace in Ingmar Bergman's neighborhood. (Challee's white-bearded patriarch—speechless, immobilized, and imposing—turns out to be our old Scandinavian friend, The Silence of God.) "Five Easy Pieces," directed by Bob Rafelson from a script by Carol Eastman (writing under the name Adrien Joyce), is a very self-conscious attempt to apply a European art-film sensibility to American realities, and it doesn't succeed. The picture—perhaps reflecting its times better than it knows—has an air of complexity, even profundity, but it's really just schizophrenia with a literary shine. Rafelson and Eastman don't know what to make of the provocative opposition they've set out between the worlds of the working class and the educated, so each group is in turn condescended to and ringingly endorsed (and then put down again). Every attitude in the movie is struck emphatically, and emphatically cancelled out elsewhere; this dazing barrage of self-contradiction is a poor substitute for ambiguity. Nicholson, who's in every scene, is so good that he almost manages to mask the film's confusions. He plays a nearly unplayable role with unforced brilliance, a varied and thrillingly confident attack. Also with Susan Anspach and Billy (Green) Bush. Cinematography by Laszlo Kovacs.—T.R. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 29-30.)

Henry V—This fast-paced version, adapted and directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, isn't exultant, like the version made forty-five years earlier by Laurence Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the conniving, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic noir doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's intensely likable, with a beautiful, expressive voice, and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars: Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as the herald Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as the Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, Alec McCowen as Ely, Robert Stephens as Pistol, Emma Thompson as Katherine, Geraldine McEwan as Alice, Christian Bale as Falstaff's boy, and, best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)

The Hound of the Baskervilles (1939)—"Murder, my dear Watson," Holmes announces, with undisguised satisfaction, in this handsome, gripping, semi-serious version of the Conan Doyle story—the first appearance of Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. Immaculately right in the role, Rathbone played Holmes suavely (though with diminishing wit) for the next eight years, always with Nigel Bruce as his bumbling Dr. Watson. Here, among the moors and mists, Holmes investigates the mystery involving "the footprints of a gigantic hound," and at the end he actually says, "Quick, Watson, the needle." The cast includes fatuously dimpled Richard Greene, and Lionel Atwill, Wendy Barrie, John Carradine, E. E. Clive, Beryl Mercer, and Ralph Forbes. Sidney Lanfield directed.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 25.)

How the West Was Won (1963)—"How the West Was Lost" would be a more appropriate title for this dud epic, since, as conceived by the writer, James R. Webb, the pioneers seem to be dim-witted bunglers who can't do anything right. The film is in segments, directed by John Ford, Henry Hathaway, and George Marshall, and the cast includes John Wayne, Gregory Peck, James Stewart, Spencer Tracy, Debbie Reynolds, Eli Wallach, Thelma Ritter, Carroll Baker, Richard Widmark, Karl Malden, Robert Preston, Lee J. Cobb, George Peppard, and Raymond Massey as Lincoln, and Henry Fonda, in a walrus mustache, as a buffalo hunter.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 31.)

The Little Mermaid—Disney-style kitsch. It's technologically sophisticated, but with just about all the simpering old Disney values in place. They're just slightly updated: the Little Mermaid—a teen-age tootsie in a flirty seashell bra—is like Sleeping Beauty plus tomboy spunk. The film does have a cheerful calypso number ("Under the Sea," by Howard Ashman and Alan Menken), and the color is bright—at least, until the mermaid goes



Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas in "The Solid Gold Cadillac"

on land, when everything seems to dull out. Pat Carroll provides the voice of Ursula, the Sea Witch; Samuel E. Wright provides the voice of Sebastian.—P.K. (12/11/89) (86th Street East Twin, Quad Cinema, and Guild. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and West Side Cinema. Matinées only.)

Music Box—When the cast and the script are right for Costa-Gavras—as they are here—he can give a courtroom melodrama the pull and excitement of a thriller. Jessica Lange is the Chicago lawyer defending her retired steelworker father (Armin Mueller-Stahl) against deportation to Hungary, where the Communist government is waiting to try him for war crimes. The emotional core of the movie is that during the trial, as the Second World War victims give their accounts, the daughter begins to lose faith in her father's innocence. There are no flashbacks; there's no shock apparatus. We simply take in what they're saying, and we watch her take it in. Lange verges on the astounding. Costa-Gavras provides a low-key, controlled atmosphere, and she fills it with passion. The final plot developments feel fake, but this is a remarkably lucid piece of storytelling. The script is by Joe Eszterhas; with Frederic Forrest, Donald Moffat, Lukas Haas, Michael Rooker, and Sol Frieder as the bald old man with the goatee, and Elzbieta Czyzewska as the precise, closed-faced woman who describes how she was raped.—P.K. (1/8/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Plaza, and Loews Paramount.)

My Left Foot—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker, Ray MacAnally, Fiona Shaw, Ruth McCabe, and Hugh O'Conor playing Christy as a child.—P.K. (10/2/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Raging Bull (1980)—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro) is a biography of the prizefight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese and De Niro's trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (De Niro won the Academy Award for Best Actor.)—P.K. (Loews 34th Street Showplace.)

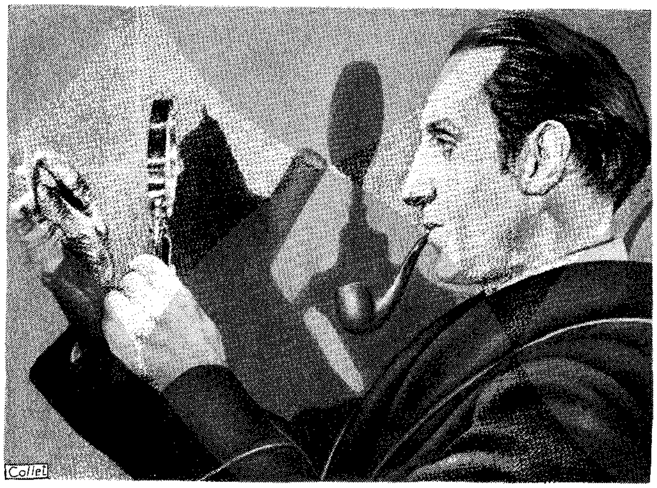
Roger & Me—Michael Moore's widely praised muckraking documentary is about his two-and-a-half-year pursuit of Roger Smith, the chairman of General Motors, who, according to the film, is directly responsible for closing eleven plants and bringing about the destruction of Flint, Michigan—GM's birthplace and Moore's home town. The film purports to show what was happening in Flint from February, 1987, to August, 1989, but what happens is that Moore, a big shambling joker who's the director, producer, writer, and star, deadpans his way through interviews with an assortment of unlikely people, who are used as stooges. He chases gags and improvises his own version of history: in his account of the plant closings, the worker layoffs, and the construction of tourist attractions, he compresses the events of many years and fiddles with the time sequence. He comes on in a give-'em-hell style, but he breaks faith with the audience. And he does something that is humanly very offensive: "Roger & Me" uses its leftism as a superior attitude. Members of the audience can laugh at ordinary working people and still feel that they're taking a politically correct position.—P.K. (1/8/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Cinema I, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

sex, lies, and videotape—Steven Soderbergh's smooth, handsome first feature generates a fair degree of psychological tension out of next to nothing. It's a triangle drama with a cunning little kink in it. The triangle consists of Ann (Andie MacDowell), a beautiful young Southern woman who has "never really been that much into sex"; her husband, John (Peter Gallagher), a sleazy yuppie lawyer; and her younger sister, Cynthia (Laura San Giacomo), who's sleeping with John. The kink is an old college pal of John's, named Graham (James Spader), a soft-spoken drifter who comes to town and changes everybody's life. Graham has sworn off sex, because, he says, it's the only way for him to stay honest: he's impotent, except when he's watching one of his dozens of home videos—all of them interviews he has conducted with women about sex. He's like a retired gunslinger, a laconic hombre who won't pull his artillery out of its holster because he's seen too much killin' already. This is "Shane" remade as a Southern psychodrama. But there's some real conviction in it—a mixed-up fervor that keeps us watching.—T.R. (8/7/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Cinema 3rd Avenue.)

The Solid Gold Cadillac (1956)—Richard Quine directed Abe Burrows' adaptation of the George S. Kaufman–Howard Teichmann Broadway play about the little-old-lady stockholder in a giant corporation; though her holdings are minuscule, her questions about corporate salaries cause an uproar at the annual meeting, and pretty soon she has enough proxies to take over the business. In the movie, this eccentric stockholder becomes a woman of marriageable age, and Judy Holliday brings the role her familiar cartoon mixture of wide-eyed primordial simplicity and complacent urban abrasiveness. She's a funny woman, yet lacking in variety; her truculent voice and glassy eyes and shrewd innocence are wonderful in a sketch but a little monotonous in a starring role like this one. However, the fault here isn't primarily hers: it's in the formula Broadway comedy, with its predictable situations and sledgehammer laugh lines. With Paul Douglas, Fred Clark, Hiram Sherman, John Williams, and Arthur O'Connell.—P.K. (Cinema Village; Jan. 29-30.)

Story of Women—Actually, it's the story of one woman, Marie Latour (Isabelle Huppert), a provincial wife and mother struggling to get by during the German Occupation of France. To help make ends meet, she provides rooms for the use of prostitutes and performs an occasional abortion; bored with her husband (François Cluzet), she takes a young collaborator (Nils Tavernier) as her lover, and then arranges an affair for her husband so he'll stop bothering her. For a while she thrives, but when the French authorities learn of her activities as an abortionist they decide to make an example of her: they condemn her to death, as a demonstration of the moral strength of their subjugated nation. The director, Claude Chabrol, and his co-writer, Colo Tavernier O'Hagan, have drawn their material from the true story of Marie-Louise Giraud, who was executed in 1943. At first, we're grateful for Chabrol's matter-of-fact approach: he respects the ambiguities of his heroine's character. But after a while his objectivity becomes frustrating: it doesn't have the chilling rigor of Louis Malle's 1974 portrait of a collaborator, "Lacombe, Lucien." Huppert, livelier than usual, gives a nice performance, but "Story of Women," finally, seems like just about every other prestigious French movie of the past few years: a well-crafted star vehicle in the guise of something more serious. Also with Marie Trintignant. In French.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

The War of the Roses—Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner play Oliver and Barbara Rose, a yuppie couple whose banally "perfect" marriage isn't strong enough to survive their individual mid-life crises. When they decide to divorce, things get real ugly: the Roses' hatred and pettiness keep escalating, to the point of absurdity and far beyond. These successful, eighties-style people are revealed as greedy, self-centered, infantile: they'd rather die than have to sacrifice either their egos or their possessions. (This social observation may not come as a surprise to everybody.) "The War of the Roses," written by Michael Leeson (from a novel by Warren Adler), is one of Hollywood's periodic attempts at black comedy, and, like most of its predecessors, it's not quite black enough and not quite funny enough. The director, Danny DeVito, who also acts in the film, seems a bit too pleased with his own outrageousness. The picture has a peculiar, not very satisfying tone: but.—T.R. (Bijou Cinema, 34th St. East, Coronet, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and Criterion Center.)



At Theatre 80 St. Marks, Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FEW years ago, the neurologist Dr. Oliver Sacks, who is the author of such books as "The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat," published a case study, entitled "Cold Storage," in the British quarterly *Granta*. In it Dr. Sacks recalled a patient he identified as Uncle Toby, whom he encountered in 1957, when he was studying at Central Middlesex Hospital, in London. A doctor there had happened upon Uncle Toby during a house call to see a sick child. While treating the child, he noticed a silent, motionless figure sitting in a corner, and when he asked about the figure the family explained matter-of-factly, "That's Uncle Toby—'e's hardly moved in seven years."

Uncle Toby's initial slowing down had been so gradual as to go almost unnoticed. Later, it became so profound that it was just accepted by the family. "He was fed and watered daily," Dr. Sacks reports. "He was really no trouble. . . . Most people never noticed him, still, silent in the corner. He was not regarded as ill: he had just come to a stop." Uncle Toby, it turned out, was suffering from a thyroid malfunction, and his metabolic rate had been reduced almost to zero. His temperature, which had to be measured on a special thermometer, proved to be sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit—thirty degrees below normal. He was, in Dr. Sacks' words, "alive, but not alive; in abeyance, in cold storage." Over a period of weeks, doctors administered progressively larger doses of thyroxine to Uncle Toby, and his temperature rose steadily; soon he was walking and talking. Within a month, Dr. Sacks says, Uncle Toby had "awakened."

Most of the rest of the case study details the remarkable situations of both Uncle Toby, for whom not a moment seemed to have passed—for whom it was still 1950—and his doctors, who were trying to decide how they might best coax their patient toward a realization of his predicament. But then the case took a darkly ironic turn. The doctors discovered that Uncle Toby had a highly malignant, rapidly proliferating "oat-cell" carcinoma. "We managed to find chest films, routine x-rays, from 1950, and there we saw, small and overlooked at the time, the cancer he now had." Such cancers ordinarily kill within a few months, but "it seemed evident that this cancer, like the rest of him, had been arrested, in cold storage," Dr. Sacks writes. "Now he was warmed up, the cancer raged furiously," and he "expired, in a fit of coughing, a matter of days later."

Uncle Toby's story came to mind last week as we followed the news percolating out of Soviet Central Asia and parts of Eastern Europe. Last year, like a lot of other people, we briefly entertained the notion that, thanks to *glasnost* and *perestroika*, history might be coming to an end. If Joyce's Stephen Dedalus described history as a nightmare from which he'd been vainly struggling to awaken—well, here we all were, awakening. The State Department's Francis Fukuyama, whose essay along these lines, "The End of History?," enjoyed an enormous vogue last summer, argued by way of Hegelian categories that all the conflicts of prior ages were, in our own time, beginning to resolve themselves into the triumph of liberal, more or less free-market, technocratic democracy. Fukuyama himself greeted this outcome with almost wistful misgivings, but his argument did seem to jibe with much of what was going on.

As the year came to an end, however, so, it seemed, did "the end of history": it had had an unusually brief life. Far from having ended, history seemed to be resurging—and with a vengeance. Not only did events in Rumania, Bulgaria, the Baltic States, the Caucasus, the Transcaucasus, and elsewhere plunge us deep in the bowels of history once more but the history we were deep in was, uncannily, that of 1913, 1914, 1915, involving, among other things, the legacies of the breakup of the Ottoman Empire. It suddenly began to seem as if the Soviet Communist experiment that came along a few years later had succeeded only in momentarily suspending history—thrusting age-old enmities into an artificially induced cold storage. For years, the world went on about its business, virtually ignoring Transylvania, Armenia, Azerbaijan, and Uzbekistan as they moldered away silently over there in their corners. But now, with the waning of Soviet hegemony, those distant provinces have been reviving, and, with them, some long-arrested cancers. Back in 1915, for example, the Turks embarked on a genocide of their Armenian minority, and now many Turkic-speaking Azerbaijanis seem intent on resuming the vendetta. Meanwhile, Bulgarian nationalists seem set on evicting their own Turkish minority. It's like 1915 all over again, only the situation is both less and more dangerous. Nobody can really imagine that the world's great powers will today be drawn into these arcane, atavistic bickerings, but the old blood feuds are reviving across a terrain that has become littered with nuclear weapons. (Nuclear weapons, too, it will be recalled, were at one time thought to have brought an end to a certain kind of history, and the age of war itself was supposed to be over.) Uncle Toby has awakened, but what has he awakened to?

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Museumgoers

THE old yellow school bus rumbled along the potholed streets of the Bronx through a tall forest of high-rise apartment buildings and public-housing projects. "It feels good not to be cooped up in the same place every day," Naturé Finch said as he looked out one of the bus windows. Like virtually all the other children on the bus—thirty-two fourth graders in Class 4-312 at Public School 100—he lives in the Soundview section of the Bronx. "It's a bad neighborhood—there's a lot of shoot-outs and drug wars," he said. His friends sitting nearby nodded in agreement, and told stories of finding crack vials and junkies in the stairwells and of hearing gunfire at night. "If I were Superman, I would squeeze dirt into diamonds and blow all the drugs off the earth," Naturé said.

Light-years might appear to separate this part of the Bronx from the Whitney Museum, which is where the children were headed, but actually the members of Class 4-312 feel a strong connection to art. P.S. 100, on Taylor Avenue, had already sent the class to five different museums since school opened last fall, and this would be their second visit to the Whitney. The first time, they had admired the playfulness of Claes Oldenburg's "Soft Toilet"—a sagging vinyl rendition of the usual porcelain model—and had especially liked a work by Nam June Paik in which forty television sets were stacked up in a pyramid.

When the children arrived at the museum this time, they stood around, looking at the Calder circus until their guide, Lynne Shapiro, arrived. They greeted her like an old friend. "Shall we dance?" she said as she led them toward the elevator.

Among the many groups Ms. Shapiro takes through the museum, Class 4-312 is one of her favorites. "Kids from lower-income, largely minority schools are much more wide-eyed, interested, and open to art than kids from more middle-class or upper-middle-class backgrounds," she says. "These kids don't have a lot of preconceptions, so they respond very emotionally."

On this occasion, Ms. Shapiro took them first to see some more or less traditional paintings by Thomas Hart Benton and then to a Calder mobile—an elaborate web of wires with small pieces of white-painted sheet metal at their ends. She walked past the mobile, and the motion of her body made it come alive in a kaleidoscope of white shapes.

"It's like a running man," one child said.

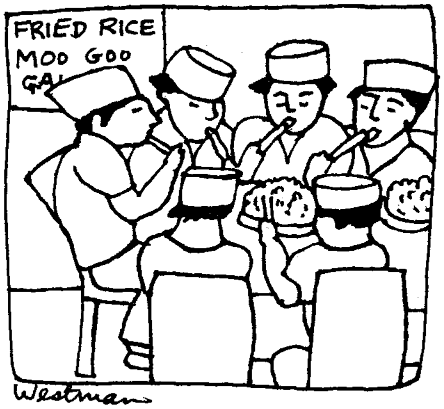
"It's like a snowstorm," said another.

Ms. Shapiro was expecting difficulties when she led the class over to a Cubist painting—"Chinese Restaurant," by Max Weber—that has defeated many devoted museumgoers. But it took the class about ten seconds to guess the painting's subject.

"It's a restaurant!" one of the children exclaimed.

"It's like a restaurant that's been destroyed," another said.

Before Ms. Shapiro had a chance to explain Cubism, one of the children, Fran Ramos, came up with an explanation of his own: "It looks like a big puzzle where all the pieces have been scrambled."



The children paused a long while before Arshile Gorky's portrait of himself as a child with his mother. Ms. Shapiro told them that the portrait was based closely on a photograph taken before the mother's premature death, and showed them the photo in a book about Gorky. She asked why they thought the artist would bother to make a painting when he already had the photograph.

"The painting is bigger," one girl answered.

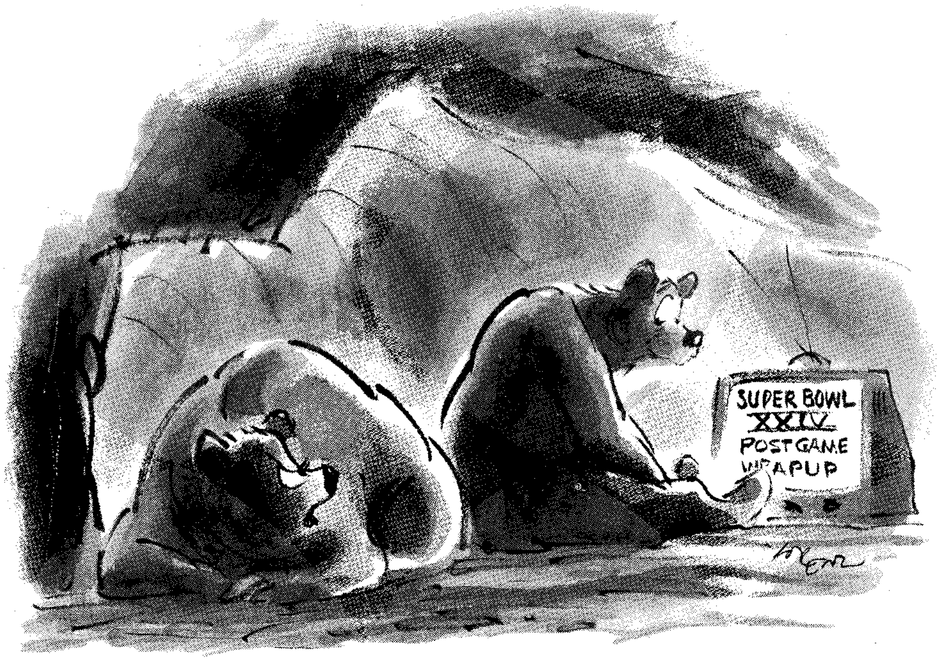
"The painting is the way it was. The picture could be a memory," Glenn Soto said.

Carl Lipscombe, whose mother died not long ago, pointed to a telling difference between the photograph and the painting: instead of drawing his mother's hands realistically, Gorky made them fuzzy and indistinct, like a pair of white mittens. "He might have remembered his mother's hands as so soft that he painted them like cotton," Carl said.

The tour ended with a visit to "The Sleep of Reason," a video "environment" created by Bill Viola. Even before entering "The Sleep of Reason," the children could hear strange noises. "It sounds like a monster burping," one of them suggested cautiously. Once inside the space, they found a quiet bedroom, furnished with soft carpeting, a night table, a clock, and a vase of flowers. A television set showed the face of a woman sleeping. Suddenly, the room went dark and was filled with images and sounds of snarling dogs. "She's having a nightmare," one child said. "We're inside her mind." Just as suddenly, the lights went back on, restoring the quiet bedroom and the image of the sleeping woman. Then came another nightmare: an X-ray of a human skeleton accompanied by eerie noises. And so it went.

After the class returned to the Bronx, the children were asked to pick their favorites among the things they had seen. A couple of them chose "Chinese Restaurant." Several, including Carl Lipscombe, voted for Gorky's portrait of his mother. But the overwhelming favorite was "The Sleep of Reason."

"They really like horror," their teacher, Judith Ann Johnson, said, in a tone of concern, and she added that she couldn't help wondering whether there was some connection between Viola's image world and some of the things the children see and hear in the neighborhood—another place where reason often sleeps.



"Now can we turn in?"

Exceptional

Jim D'Aquisto's decision to work for the guitar maker John D'Angelico, whose shop was on Kenmare Street, in lower Manhattan, took him out of the running for a promotion from pocketbooks to men's wear at Lord & Taylor. That occurred in 1952, when Jim was seventeen years old. Had he demonstrated the same abilities as a salesman of suits that he exhibits as a maker of guitars, there is no telling how far he might have gone; his guitars are regarded as the finest arched-top guitars made anywhere in the world today.

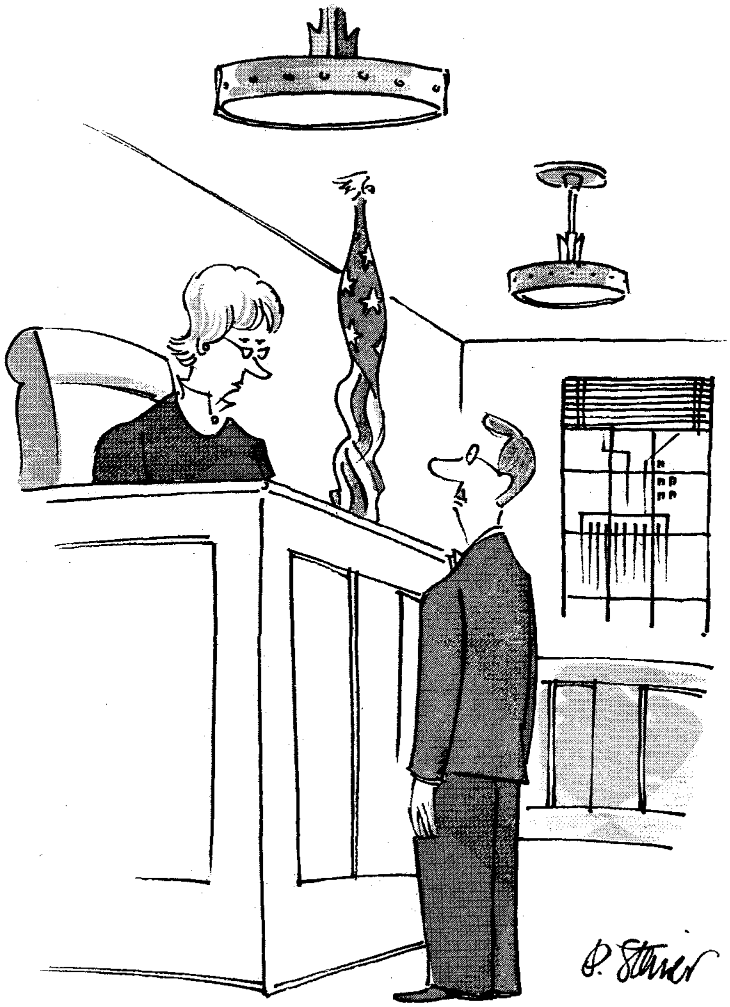
Mr. D'Aquisto is now fifty-four. He is small and has dark hair with a small amount of gray. He looks like one of the Little Rascals grown up. He lives, and makes guitars, in Greenport, Long Island, near the Stirling Harbor Shipyard & Marina. His manner is shy and thoughtful and obsessive and generous. People who bring him their guitars for attention sometimes have difficulty getting him to accept money; they often end up leaving checks in his workshop or beside the toaster in the kitchen or somewhere else in his house where they will later be found. He makes ten or fifteen guitars a year, ranging in price between six thousand five hundred dollars and twelve thousand dollars, and he has a waiting list of at least a year and a half. Building guitars is close, painstaking, watch-mending labor. Days that Mr. D'Aquisto doesn't feel like working, he does something else, in the belief that a few slipshod hours can undo several days' progress. He estimates that since 1964, when he took over the Kenmare Street workshop, following John D'Angelico's death, he has made between three and four hundred guitars. His instruments are especially popular with Europeans and with Japanese. (A collector in Japan once paid twenty-five thousand dollars for a D'Aquisto.)

Arched-top guitars have tops that are carved from a single piece of wood. Instead of having a round sound hole at the base of the fingerboard, like a flat-top guitar, an arched-top has f holes, like a violin. Flat-top guitars have tops that are made from two pieces of wood, joined at the middle, and their tone is warm and soft, compared with arched-tops'. Arched-tops are used mainly by jazz guitarists and are trickier and more difficult to build than flat-tops.

The tops of Mr. D'Aquisto's guitars are carved from spruce; the backs, sides, and necks are maple; and the fingerboards and tailpieces are fashioned from ebony. The spruce and the maple come from the Tyrol—the region where the great violin makers got their wood. The ebony he uses comes from Madagascar, India, Gabon, and Ujung Pandang. Fingerboards on guitars are often cut from rosewood, but Mr. D'Aquisto believes that ebony sustains a note longer and provides a clearer sound.

If you drive out to Greenport and ask Mr. D'Aquisto how he spent the early years of his life, he will say that he was always dreaming and staring out the window from a seat near the back of the room in his grade school, in Brooklyn. Or he will say, "I come from a creative family. One grandfather was a custom tailor, the other was a blacksmith, a great-grandfather was a furniture maker, my father was a tool-and-die maker—he invented three machines for Westinghouse—and my mother was a patternmaker. They were always doing things, making things, and I was always watching them, so while the teacher was saying 'One and one equals two' and 'ABC' it didn't relate to what I was seeing at home." He attended a commercial-arts high school, where he skipped all the academics he could and did all the arts, and eventually he was invited to leave. His mother got him a job as a runner on the stock exchange; it lasted two months, and then she arranged the job in pocketbooks, through a friend. Mr. D'Aquisto was learning to play the guitar at the time, and one afternoon an acquaintance said he wanted to show him where the best guitars in the world were made, and took him to John D'Angelico's shop, at 40 Kenmare Street, between Elizabeth and Mott. (The site is a parking lot now.) Mr. D'Aquisto returned four or five times over the next two months. Each time, he would take something he had made—a model airplane, a bridge he had built for the railroad he had in his room, a part he had made for a guitar—because he knew that Mr. D'Angelico liked gadgets. He never stayed long, because Mr. D'Angelico was not the sort of person who enjoyed having people hang around in his shop. Mr. D'Angelico liked Mr. D'Aquisto because he was quiet and when he was told something he listened and never disputed. Eventually, Mr. D'Angelico asked him if he would like to work in the shop.

When Mr. D'Aquisto gave notice at Lord & Taylor, his mother's friend told him it was a shame he was leaving, because he had good taste, and then she told him she had planned to make him her assistant. He had been earning fifty dollars a week at the store, and he went to work for Mr. D'Angelico at fifteen. He ran errands and swept floors and spent the rest of his time with his chin on his hands, and his elbows on his knees, watching Mr. D'Angelico. Guitar making was a very hard trade to pick up, because Mr. D'Angelico would cut a fingerboard, or carve a top, and Mr. D'Aquisto wouldn't see the process again for several months—not until the next guitar. After a few months, he was assigned to make some pick guards. Mr. D'Angelico fell sick in 1959, and Mr. D'Aquisto began doing more complicated tasks—shaping necks, for example—and as Mr. D'Angelico's health failed he showed Mr. D'Aquisto more, and suddenly Mr. D'Aquisto found himself doing the bulk of the guitar making. The first ten guitars he made after Mr. D'Angelico died were exactly like Mr. D'Angelico's. Everybody still called them D'Angelicos; they would say, "Hey, you're making D'Angelicos now?" Mr. D'Aquisto decided then that it was time to establish an identity of his own, and he began to change the shape of the sound holes and the headpiece and, later, other things, more basic to the design. For a while, he will say, he was just trying to be as good as Mr. D'Angelico, to match his standard, and then he was just trying to be himself. He may say that once he started building guitars he never wanted to do anything else. He may add that he knows the whereabouts of few of the guitars he has made. He would never say that his guitars are coveted by musicians for the richness of their sound, the sensitivity and precision of their response, and the way it feels to hold them. Or that all are exceptionally handsome.



"I sentence you to five years in prison. For your information, that's fifteen thousand billable hours."

Pep

WE eyeballed the old gang from Riverdale High recently, and were they *together*, for people about to celebrate their fiftieth reunion! Moose has trimmed away his jowls to arrive at a runner's jawline; he also undergoes therapy for the dyslexia that used to set him back in school. Jughead is still as thin as a rail, but he has broadened his shoulders and acquired a real wardrobe; sometimes he even looks awake. Reggie has moved that old center part in his hair to the side, and he has traded in the Brylcreem for mousse. Veronica is much nicer now that she's globe-trotting to places like the Serengeti and the Soviet Union. Betty has been working out; she has all the familiar curves plus great quads. Archie has traded in his bow tie and checked pants for sharp leisurewear. But what really got to us was their speech. Archie drops quotations from "Hamlet," "A Tale of Two Cities," Byron, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. That is, when he isn't engaged in this kind of conversation:

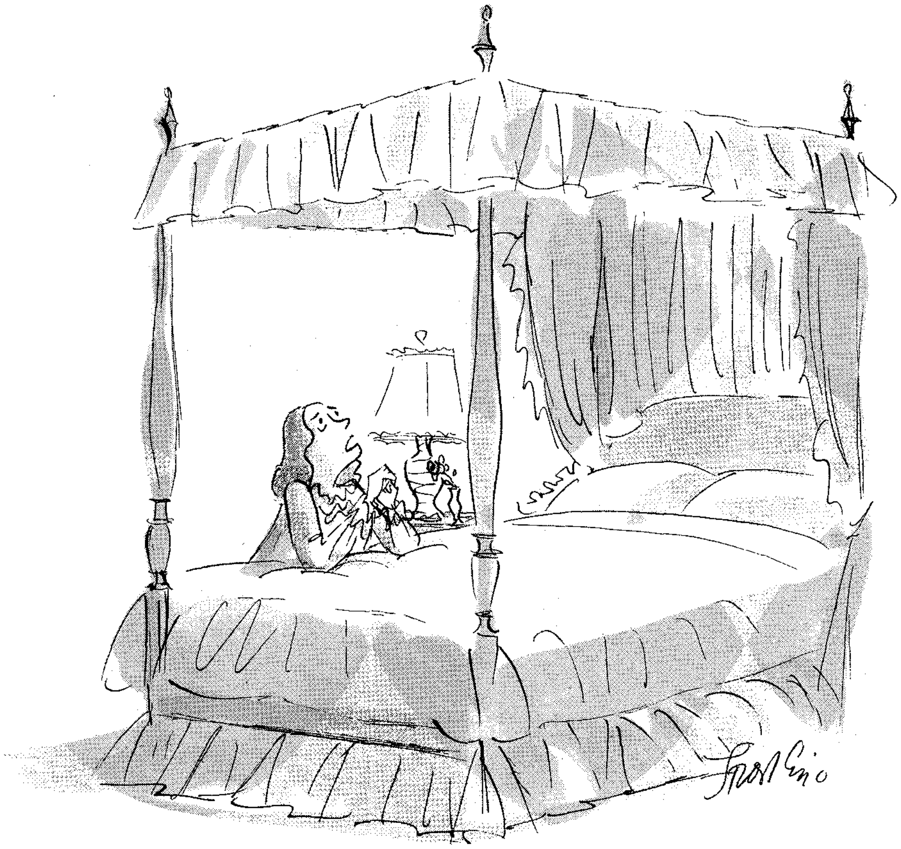
> MR. WEATHERBEE: Archie, I do believe we're making educational history!
>
> ARCHIE: Yes, sir! We have to be the only school where the students refuse to leave when the dismissal bell rings!

But all that's in the funny papers. When we heard that Archie, Betty, and Veronica would join Jug and Reg *live* in a skit to promote literacy at Fred Greenberg's semiannual New York Comic Book Convention, held at the Penta Hotel a couple of Saturdays ago, we hotfooted it over for a glimpse. By noon, when we got there, convention registrants were jamming the escalator from the lobby to the mezzanine. They were mostly teen-agers, and nearly all the teen-agers, as far as the eye could see, were boys.

The mezzanine, where the convention sprawled into every corner, was jammed, too. En route to the Archie Comics nook, we elbowed our way past a lot of material that is definitely not part of the Archie experience, like the Pinhead Cenobite Hellraiser Model Kit, Collector's Edition, "with puzzle box, torture tools, hooks and chains, straight pins not included." Finally, we saw a group of kids, from maybe eight to maybe twelve years old, mobbing a table while their parents hovered in the background. More than half of *these* kids were girls. Behind the table, a young woman wearing an

Archie button was having the kids fill out Archie trivia questionnaires as she stuffed Archie pens and Archie calendars into Archie shopping bags.

Also at the table was the Archie crew: Victor Gorelick, the managing editor of Archie Comics; Dan DeCarlo and Stan Goldberg, artists who have been with Archie for decades; two young artists, Dan Parent and Amanda Conner; a longtime Archie writer, Harold Smith; and people responsible for direct sales, licensing, and public relations. Although the basic mission of Archie—"good, clean, believable fun"—is the same as it was when Archie, under the slogan "The Mirth of a Nation," moved from minor-character status to a comic book of his own, and although the business is still owned and operated by the families who founded it, in Mamaroneck, New York, the Archie image has been enhanced quite a bit since you last checked into the Choklit Shoppe. Archie now appears in comic books around the world, and in hundreds of daily and Sunday newspapers throughout the United States. He and his pals speak seven languages. On paper, the characters have endorsed God, lamented the plight of missing children, counselled readers to say no to drugs, and attended a class in AIDS education, conducted by Principal Weatherbee. There are Archie dolls, and next fall Archie clothes will be available. But the big merchandising push is planned for 1991, the year of Archie's fiftieth anniversary. There will be a full-length Archie feature film from Hollywood, a made-for-TV Archie movie, lots of new Archie Comics titles, and, the company hopes, a national chain of restaurant franchises. All these enterprises must subscribe to Archie's strict moral codes. Most of the Archie crew will tell you that the absence of violence, sadism, and hot sex is one of the reasons that the comic attracts girls, and that girls make up sixty per cent of its readership.



"Why Bloomie's?"

• •

We made our way to the Penta's Georgian Ballroom, where the Archie skit was about to begin. There we ran into Dan Wesler, carrying a concrete block under each arm; when he dropped them cheerfully on his foot later, we could see that they were hunks of plastic foam. Mr. Wesler *is* Archie, as they say in the theatre. He explained that he is the founder of High Voltage Entertainment, a performing group based in Bayside, Queens, and that he approached Archie Comics six years ago with the concept of creating costumes and outsize head masks of Archie characters for actors to use in skits for parties, hospitals, and so forth. He added that Archie is especially popular at bar mitzvahs right now. "Even at generic fifties bar mitzvahs," he said. "Imagine being at the Plaza, the Pierre, Regine's. We do six or seven bar mitzvahs a weekend. You go from the room with the cocktail party into the main room. The lights and music come on, and you see the Archie characters frozen on the dance floor. They unfreeze and bring people in, get them to dance. Since these are bar mitzvahs, they also help out with the candle-lighting ceremony."

The literacy skit focussed on Jughead, who decides not to read "The Grapes of Wrath" for his book report and falls asleep watching the movie on his VCR. In his dream, he keeps getting into scrapes, because he can't decipher signs like "DANGER, BLASTING ZONE." (The concrete comes down here.) When he wakes up—yikes!—he runs for a book. After the skit, Scott Fulop, an Archie Comics editor, spoke to the audience. "I buy scripts for the comics from writers," he said. "Sometimes the scripts are long on five-dollar words, heavy-duty-vocabulary words. Lots of times, we'll leave the words in there. We don't think it's too terrible if an Archie reader has to go to the dictionary."

One term that fans of the millionaire-heiress Veronica know well is "credit card." We thought about that later, as we browsed through the convention. Many dealers in old comics take Visa and American Express, and once you've asked some prices you don't wonder. For instance, although Archie comics of recent vintage can run about a dollar each, those from the Silver Age (1950-60) or the Golden Age (1930-49) of comic books can soar much higher. At one dealer's booth we found a copy of "Archie No. 1" for twenty-five hundred dollars. If all the Archie deals go through, it could be worth more than that. Mr. Gorelick said that Lear jets for Archie are not out of the question.

THE PRAIRIE

1

The wind whines in the elevator shaft. The houseless
squinny at us, mumbling. We walk attuned
to the colubrine rustle of a proletariat

that owes nobody anything, through a Manhattan
otherwise (George Eliot's phrase) well wadded
in stupidity—a warren of unruth, a propped

vacuity: our every pittance under lock and key
a party to the general malfeasance. Saurian,
steam-wreathed rancors crowd the manholes,

as though somebody grappled with the city's
entrails: Laocoön, doomsayer, by a god
or gods undone. Whom nobody believed, of course.

No, better, as the muse of what's become
of us, invoke Chekhov's imagined Jew who put,
out of demented principle, the rubles he'd

inherited into the stove. Money-burning:
however jaded you may think you are, now there's
a scandal for you. Six thousand rubles,

and he burns them: shows no respect, fears
no one, is a man possessed, the evil sprite
out of a nightmare: thus Chekhov, scandal-

mongering. Grandson of a serf, son of a
storekeeper, brought up to the chink of kopecks
at Taganrog: spring mud and summer dust,

burdocks, beatings, piety. Money and profits:
the mainspring for all of us, except that brother
of a tavernkeeping Jew, who mocks us,

boasting he put his money in the stove.
So Chekhov tells us, who, half a nomad,
consorted with the nomads of Sakhalin—yurt-

dwellers who never washed, who planted nothing,
saw the plow as a transgression; whose numbers
were already in decline; who smelled, up close,

as all unbathed and houseless wanderers do,
of sweat, soil, urine: living nit-encrusted,
matted, shivering. One forgets, here in

half-stupefied Manhattan, how much of everything
that happens happens (Simone Weil's relentless
phrase) far from hot baths. The wind howls

from across the Hudson: lost, lost. Marx
and Engels, Lenin, Red October: since Chekhov,
no ideologue, wrote of the general malfeasance,

"We do not care, it does not interest us,"
however much has changed, still nothing changes.
Demagoguery. Boundaries. Forced marches.

Monoculture on the heels of slash and burn.
Land reform. Drought. Insects. Drainage.
Long-term notes. Collectives. Tractor lugs.

Names: brunizem and chernozem; culm,
rhizome, and stolon. A fibrous, root-fattened
hinterland of grass: the steppe, the prairie.

A chance fact leaps into place: that Anton Chekhov
came howling (as only the stillborn can
fail to do) into existence at Taganrog

the year my father's father, no doubt howling
too, endured the shock of entry. Add the link
of early memory: the prairie, the steppe:

a shimmering caul of namelessness, of voices,
unauthenticated, multitudinous, in wait
for (so Chekhov wrote) a muse, a scribe, a bard.

2

The year is 1860. February. Still hard winter.
A cabin of hewn logs, on sixty acres
of raw grassland, prairie yet unturned.

One bed. Snow sifts through roof chinks.
Some nights the kettle freezes on the stove.
My great-grandfather gets what rest he can

on a quilt-covered pile of straw. A settler
from Indiana, his mind scarred by whippings;
a smattering of schooling, an appetite for land.

A hinterland of grass: tough, fertile,
root-nurtured chernozem ("black earth"
in Russian), nameless hitherto: lush midriff

of an empire Napoleon, having retaken it from Spain
(who didn't exactly own it), was now hard pressed
enough to trade for cash: bought in a hurry,

unlooked-at, for four cents an acre, by envoys
who'd exceeded their instructions, but who knew
what was imperative: land so rich, the more-

than-man-high panicles so dense, the nomad
aborigines for centuries had shunned it. Treaties
and forced marches brought them to it—

treaties made by chiefs who knew no better:
boundaries drawn; section by quarter section
platted, parcelled, sold, speculated on,

built on; torn open, for the first time ever,
by plowshares—shouldering a dimming memory
of what had been, would never be again, aside.

A dimming memory of campsites: skin cones
smoke-stained, the base aglow, the moving shadow
of the life within revealed: two half circles ranged

about the sacred tree-bole, gift of Wakonda,
shining summoner of thunderbirds from their
imagined corners. A dimming memory of how,

toward the ending of the Moon When Nothing Happens,
spring thunder and the early-morning trilling
of meadowlarks returned, among the sloughs

the whooping cranes moved in again to dance
before they coupled—carmine-faced up close,
like painted women—and on higher ground

big-wattled prairie chickens thudded, courting.
All long gone. My father's father, as a boy
prone to anxieties, night terrors, straying

sometimes at dusk in unfenced spaces where
bell-clappered cattle roamed, had seen them—grand,
pagan, dreadful as the tree-bole of Ashtoreth.

The white man does not understand America,
a red man wrote. *The roots of the tree of his life*
have yet to grasp it. A dwindling memory

among the Omaha, a woodland people once,
whose remnant, up close, smells of the usual
sweat, soil, urine, vomit: a way of living lost.

Hard work. The settlers put a beleaguered foot down
against the shiftless, as their forebears had
concerning Maypoles and the Sanctus bell. Hard

work. Drainage ditches. Fences to keep in
the cattle. Now and then a grown man, entoiled
by evangelical dismay, would cry, "Lost! Lost!"

3

A nerve storm, a lapse or lesion, a blizzard
in the brain: at sixteen, grown up bookish,
hesitant, susceptible, my father's father

would blurt—his little sister looking up aghast,
the half-cleared supper table a daunting witness—
something about being done for, damned to hell:

something like that; to find, almost before his mother,
always the quicker one, could speak, the revulsion
gone; elation following, an astonished lightness.

What did it mean? He was never sure. A brimstone
rhetoric imbibed? A flareup—something in the glands,
like acne? He put it, at all events, behind him.

At twenty, wary of certitude, he shared questions,
and a bed, with one best friend. Nights, they
read Emerson together; after the swimming wick
went under, they'd go on talking. What was it
kept my father's father wakeful, awed, while
his friend slept—what plank in reason, laid

unbroken, precarious, across the slough
of namelessness, its chucklings, its slitherings,
its shrieks, its spearheaded leaps and lunges?

Egorooshka, Chekhov's child-deputy, cocooned
among the wool bales, crossing the steppe,
uneasy, heard the buzz and stir, the turmoil

when the wind rose. *An inlet into the deeps*
of Reason, Emerson had written. *Out of*
unhandselled savage nature, out of the terrible

Druids and Berserkirs . . . We have listened too long
to the courtly muses. In self-trust all the virtues
are comprehended. . . . Self-trust. Man Thinking.

When—my father's father might have wondered—
was Man Thinking, self-reliant, other than
alone in the vast stammer of the inarticulate?

An absence. Creeks and timber. Wild plum, crab apple,
sumac along the fencerows. Tilled acres. Section lines.
Farmsteads that clot the vacancy, that cannot fill it—

the sense of exile, of something wrong: a dim
compunction finds Man Thinking anxious, as
all animals are anxious. In heath, duneland,

savanna, all treeless spaces, the immersing
sense of waiting: the unfathomable lassitude,
the purling, the quick tenuity of things.

The dead, wrote Emerson, aged twenty-two, *sleep*
in their moonless night. All history is an epitaph.
A few days more, and idle eyes will run

over your obituary, the world forget you.
The tenuity of things: Chekhov, who'd later
become a doctor, down with a fever, crossing

the steppe, tended all night by the innkeeping
Jew. My father's father ill with typhoid in
a Dakota rooming house, a jolting two-day train ride

away from home. In that region of wind he'd bought,
with borrowed money, a treeless piece of land.
Back here, he'd met a girl—small, sprightly, husky-

voiced—who promised, when he headed north again,
to write. He found the homesteaders burning hay
for fuel. The season was wet and cold, the wind unending.

By midsummer he'd turned, with team and plow,
the sod of eighty hitherto uncultivated acres.
He took his bride there on their honeymoon.

—Amy Clampitt

MILLIONAIRES

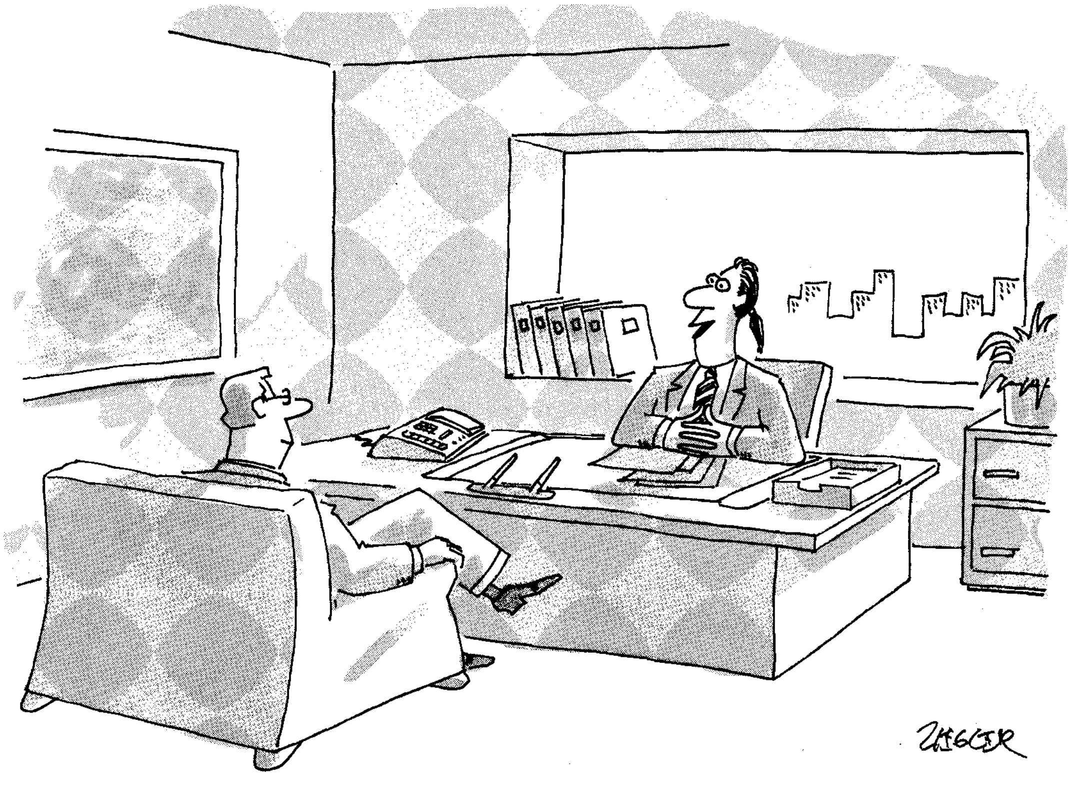
AT one time Harry and I shared everything; it is an error common to fast friendship. We idolized the same artists, movies, and ballplayers (particularly Cornell, "The Conversation," and Madlock) and liked our food—even our breakfasts—with equally generous garnishes of the Vietnamese hot sauce we purchased at Tran's on Murray Avenue. We wore each other's clothes and merged our record collections. The expenses on our apartment and the grocery bills we paid with one another's money, spending in a rough and free rotation until both of us were broke. The one thing we were unable to share—of course—was female companionship. When Harry began to sleep with Ruthie Louise Dollar or *Atalanta Chin, or I with Evelyn* Smrek, we did our best to stay above it, and made nervous jokes about the young woman and about the beast with three backs, but a shadow would fall across our friendship for the duration of the affair.

Nevertheless, Harry and I were still living together after the advents and ascensions of a good dozen girlfriends, and there was a special shelf above the radiator in the bathroom on which we displayed a tortoiseshell barrette, a gold Star of David on a chain, and a plaster impression of Ruthie Louise's snaggled lower teeth, made by her orthodontist when she was in junior high, which had somehow come into Harry's possession. I regret to say that in conversation we took a good deal of pride in our friendship's proven invulnerability to women; and I kept to myself the potentially disruptive information that I was in love with his newest girlfriend, Kim Trilby, and that there were many Saturday nights during the winter they were together upon which, as I lay alone and shivering on my futon in the empty house, the thought of Harry and Kim sleeping spoonwise and naked in Kim's hot bedroom made me wish that he *were dead.*

I was working at the time as a disk jockey for a failing A.O.R. station that not long afterward went all-polka and cornered a small but solid share of the market. There was a high-watt, long-established rock-and-roll station two point six notches to the right, and no one listened to WDAN except, I imagined, people in hotel rooms who chose it on their clock radio for their wakeup call on the morning they left Pittsburgh forever. I had a Sunday-to-Friday midnight-to-six slot that wrecked my social life but afforded me the opportunity to talk a lot of outrageous nonsense in a variety of voices and now and then slip in a cut by Blurt or the Virgin Prunes without fear that anyone might hear it and complain. On the air I became once more an only child in his room on a rainy Saturday afternoon with his dolls and his record-player, temporarily unaware of the weight of loneliness upon me.

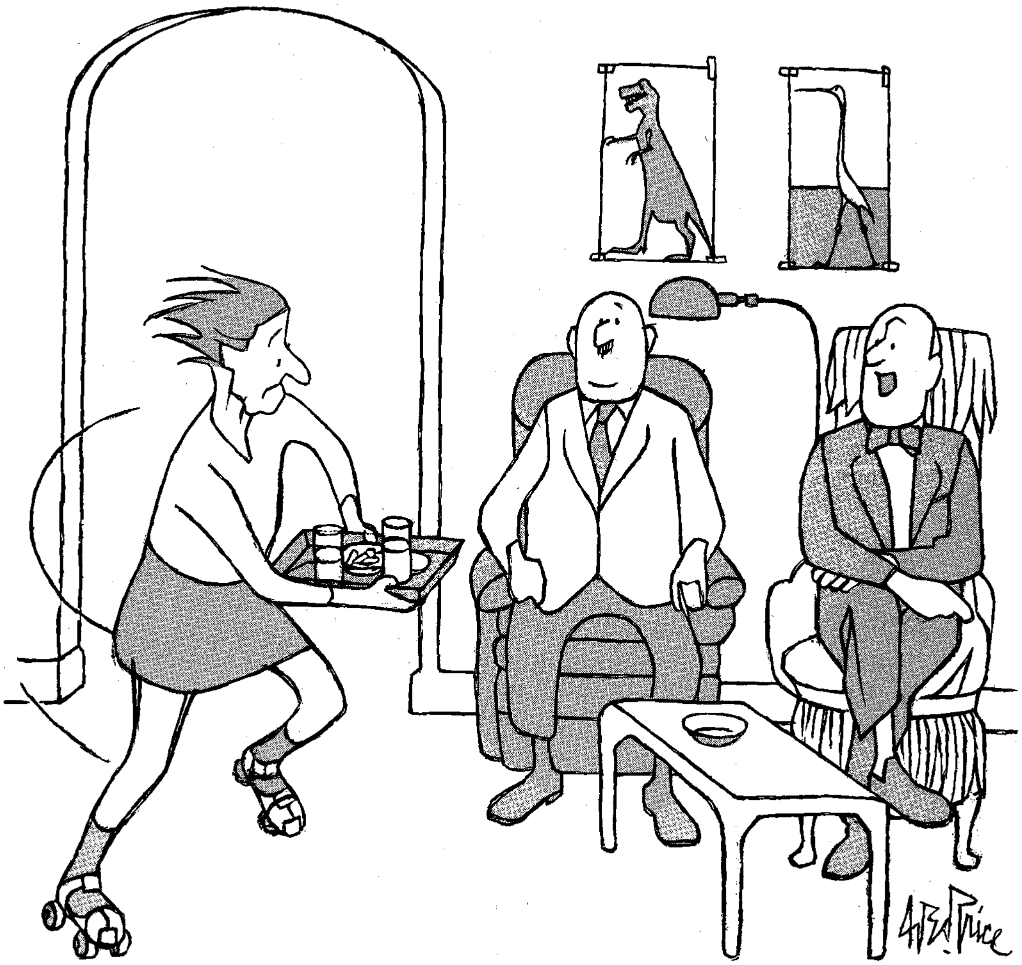
Very early one Tuesday morning in March—I remember it was still dark, and there were three nurses waiting for a bus on the corner—I came in from the bone-snapping cold to find several lights on and the apartment warm. It surprised me to find Harry home, and awake, since lately he had taken to *spending almost every night at Kim's,* over on Beacon, but I was even more surprised that he had turned on the steam heat. Out of Harry's chronic tightfistedness—we were responsible for half of the heating bill—and some perverse impulse of mine to test our seven years' friendship, we had at some point during December made a tacit pact never to open the radiators, and ever since had been going around the house in our ski caps and down coats, exhaling puffs of vapor in the frigid bathroom and wearing gloves to cook dinner; the clouds of steam produced by the act of dumping a boiling pot of spaghetti into a colander in the sink were thick and billowing. It was a kind of dare, to see who would succumb first to the cold, but it did not please me to discover that I had won. Something was the matter with Harry.

"Hey!" I said, walking through the empty living room—we had one chair. I imagined that Harry would be in the kitchen, fixing breakfast, but there was no reply. I let my coat and scarf fall to the floor around me, listening for his footsteps or his voice talking on the telephone. Just as I was about to call his name again, there was the



"Do you like it? I got it right here on Madison at Executive Ponytails."

sound of a breaking dish or glass from the basement. We were on the first floor of a two-story house that had been made into a duplex, and the way to the basement was through our apartment. There was another explosion of glass, then another, then several more, in rapid succession, as though Harry had set a row of tumblers along the top of the washing machine and were now blowing them off with an air rifle. He did not own an air rifle, however, and I ran, almost falling, down the steps, knowing that at their base I would find my friend heartbroken and half in the bag.



"Phyllis was Roller Derby Queen of 1962, and she'll never let you forget it."

• •

In fact I found him in just his boxer shorts and ski cap, holding a half-empty bottle of George Dickel in his right hand and one of my late mother's Franciscan dinner plates in his left. His left arm was raised and cocked at the elbow, and he held the plate as for a flea-flicker into the end zone. The service for twelve was part of my mother's legacy to me and she had intended me to present it to whatever unfortunate woman might become my bride. On the concrete floor all about him lay one hundred and twenty-seven shards of consolation. I knew at once that he'd split up with Kim; I had seen him in the mood to shatter things many times before. As usual he wore a smile, peculiar to this mood, that combined the glee of the vandal with the grim, self-loathing amusement of the drunk. The ski cap was pulled down crookedly over one eye, and this, when he whirled toward me and brandished the plate and the bottle of whiskey, gave him a piratical air. He was a big fellow, wore a full black beard, and his left eye, I saw, had been badly blackened.

"Well, she's all yours, Vince!" he said, in an ugly voice.

"It's my bedtime," I said, suddenly very tired. "Why are you doing this now?"

Harry was always considerate of my hours—he suffered from intermittent insomnia, and held sleep in high esteem—and he set the dish down on the floor with a drunken gentleness.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I guess Kim dumped me."

"You guess?"

"It's one of those."

"You mean you might have dumped her."

"It's possible."

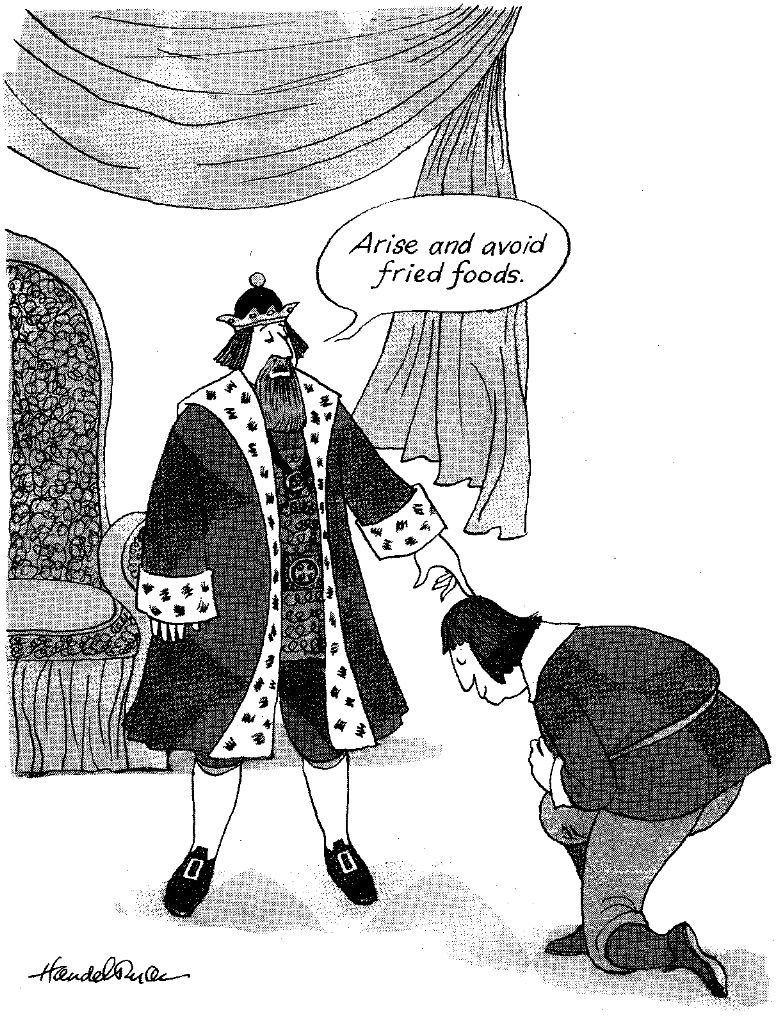
"Did she give you that shiner?" Not too long before this, Kim and a baseball bat had broken up a knife fight at the bar where she worked, the Squirrel Cage—maybe you saw that jerk Snake Fleming walking around with his head all bandaged—and she had a reputation, despite her size, for being pretty good with her fists.

"What shiner?" said Harry. He took a long swallow from the bottle of Dickel. It went down a little rough, and this seemed to sober him up for a minute. He looked around him at the wreckage of my mother's dishes and frowned.

"It was the toys," he said at last.

Harry was the director of research and development for Other Worlds, Inc., a Pittsburgh firm that manufactured what its advertisements called "playthings for the unusual child," or, as Harry described them, "toys for kids nobody will like in high school." It was a small firm, and Harry constituted the entire department. The president and other half of the firm was an elderly Orthodox man named Mr. Levinsky, a thirties socialist and tri-state sales representative for Platt & Munk, or Funk & Wagnalls—I forget which—who now devoted his days to driving all over the Eastern Seaboard attending customs auctions and buying up abandoned shipments of whatever looked interesting and cheap. All manner of odd and useless items, in huge lots, are auctioned off every day in the ports of the East: twelve hundred hydraulic fan blades, nine thousand spools of orange thread, fifty-two cases of baby-food jars, a half mile of plastic forks still on their sprues. Mr. Levinsky and Claude, the company driver, would return with these prizes, in a drug-bust-impounded Mercedes truck that Mr. Levinsky had also bought at auction, to the Other Worlds warehouse, in Monroeville.

It was Harry's job to attempt to play with each item, to discover if it had any "intrinsic ludic value," as Mr. Levinsky put it, apart from its intended function. Harry would devise some way of building with it, or decorating his body, or annoying his elders, and then the item would be packed in an attractive box and sold nationally for $24.95 at museum gift shops and at toy stores with track lighting and Scandinavian-sounding names. Harry's greatest success so far had been Odd Ject. You've seen it—an assortment of polystyrene balls, golf tees, and those multicolored cocktail toothpicks that have a lock of curly cellophane hair at one end. This "Self-Generating Deconstruction Kit" had caught on the Christmas before, selling out eighteen thousand units in two and a half weeks, and had earned him a raise and a rare handshake from Mr. Levinsky. The chief drawback of his otherwise enviable line of work was that it led Harry to regard every object around him—his shoes, a box of brads, a woman's birth-control-pill dispenser—as a potential plaything. In the middle of a serious conversation about the Supreme Court or chlamydia you would catch him poking straightened paper clips into a sponge, staging a mock naval battle with dry macaroni, or rolling his pocket lint into the shapes of animals and setting them on parade. I mention the pill dispenser because this was the item that had precipitated his break with Kim.


Arise and avoid fried foods.

The Royal Touch, Believed to Be a Cure for Scrofula, Pox, and Excessive Cholesterol

"They make really cool spaceships," said Harry. He sagged to his knees and began to sweep up the broken dishes with his hands. "When you turn the dial, you can pop the pills out like little, uh, hormone bombs. Pow. Pow. An entire population suddenly unable to conceive."

"Harry," I said. "Come on upstairs. I'm going to bed now."

"There's this way you can make them shoot really far."

"Leave the mess. Come on."

I took him by the arm, guided him to the steps, and gave him a little push. He returned the push, more forcefully, and I fell backward. My head cracked against the floor and I heard within my skull the sound of a rock hitting a sheet of taut aluminum. I smelled blood in my nose and I imagined, for a half second, that I was about to pass away. I lived.

"Stay away from her," he said. "I know what you have in mind."

It was a while before I was able to speak. "You asshole," I said. "I don't have anything in mind."

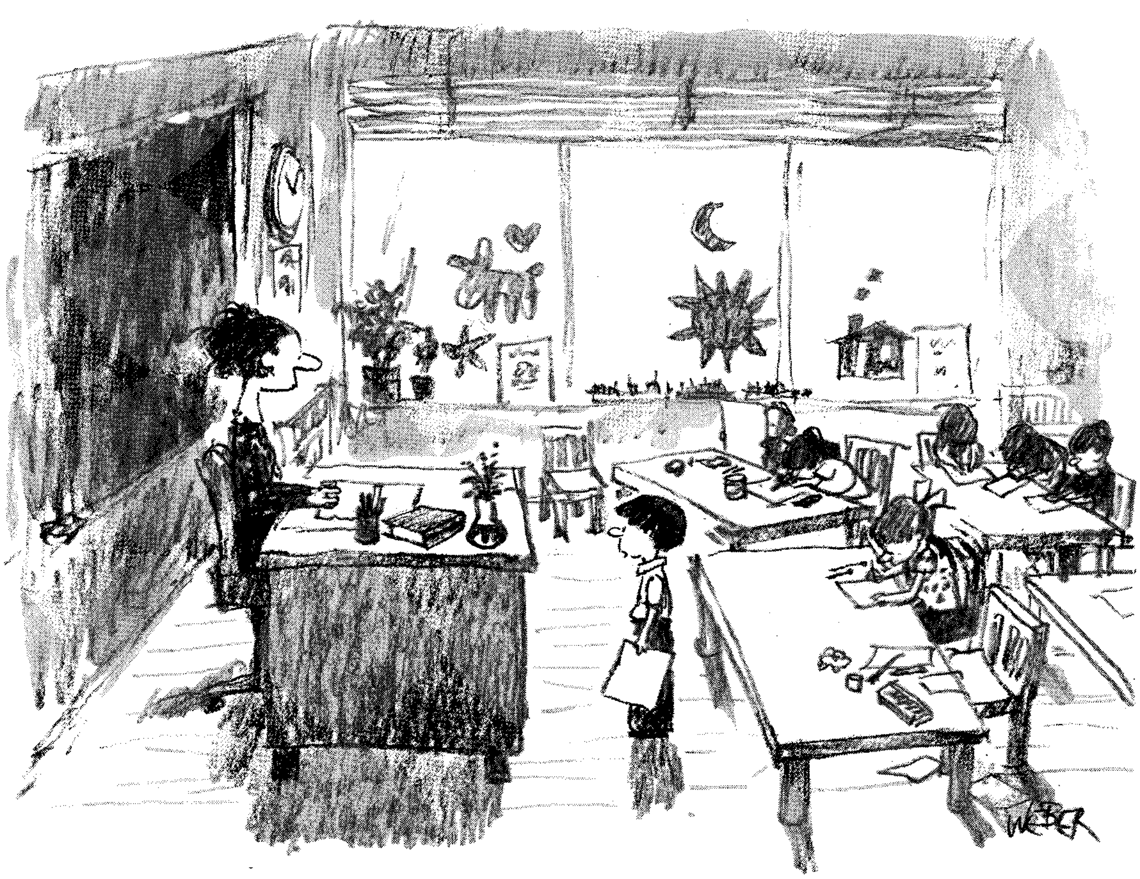
This was not, I realized as I said it, entirely true. I had already begun to form vague plans to unbutton Kim's blouse, remove her cowboy boots, peel off her bluejeans, and lick her body from sole to crown. The pain in my head was all at once as nothing.

"Oh, my God, you're bleeding, Vince," said Harry. He extended a hand and then pulled me to my feet. I touched a finger to my nose and smiled at him.

"You just made a big mistake," I said.

I AWOKE early that afternoon, showered, and performed my toilet with the care of a man intent on seduction. Kim worked as a waitress at the Squirrel Cage and did not go on until evening, and I expected to find her at home. I had come to believe in my interchangeability with Harry so completely that it did not occur to me that Kim would have any qualms about going to bed with a new partner while still in the midst of a painful breakup; I simply assumed that she would have me, as she would have had Harry, as though he'd called in sick and I were the equally qualified temporary sent by some Kelly Services of love. I had known her as long as he had, and we got along well. She was a thin, raspy-voiced woman with a sarcastic manner, expressive hands, and a respectable knowledge of what is sometimes known as industrial rock—a particular favorite of mine. I had taken her once to see my friend Lee Skirboll perform in a band called Hex Wrench, for which Lee beat on a steel filing cabinet with an assortment of golf clubs and spatulas while his partner sat in on tape deck, amplified shortwave radio, and a bank of old-fashioned Philco sine-wave generators supplied, without his knowing it, by Mr. Levinsky. Kim had enjoyed it, and, I now reminded myself, lathering my chin with increasing zeal, there had been a furtive kiss and hand squeeze in the instant before we'd gone into the bar where we were rendezvousing with Harry, who liked only Debussy, Falla, and Erik Satie.

When I came out to the dining table—the heat was turned off again, and I wore my gloves and a hat—there was a note from Harry propped against the sugar bowl. "SORRY," it read. "JESUS, WHAT A HEADACHE I HAVE. YOU MUST TOO. SORRY SORRY SORRY. H." As a matter of fact, I had a rather large lump on the back of my head, and a faint sensation of pain if I turned too quickly; otherwise I was all right. Beside the note were looped five dozen yards of very thin telephone wire, in seven colors with contrasting stripes, that Harry had been experimenting with recently for his long-planned masterpiece, Aporia—an "inverted board game" whose rules changed unpredictably with each roll of the dice but whose outcome was always the same. I sat down with a cup of coffee and idly picked up a length of yellow-and-blue wire. I had grown up in a young community in which there was a continual construction of houses, all through my youth, and I remembered finding this kind of wire at the building sites and twisting it into finger rings, single loops of wire—about that wide for Kim's finger, I guessed—along which you wrapped little coils, like this, pressed together so that in the end each coil made a bead, yellow or blue. After ten minutes' work I had a handsome piece, the sight of which recalled to me a hopeful love offering of my boyhood which had not been rejected. I slipped it into my pocket and went, almost skipping, out the front door.



"Mrs. Davis, I think I have to slow down."

• •

It was much warmer outside than inside, and I soon shed my hat and gloves and stuffed them into the pocket of my coat. The sun shone most promisingly, there was a slight gasoline hint of summer traffic in the air, and on the lawn of the Methodist church on the corner I saw blades of early daffodils where a few days before there had been a crust of old snow. A warm breeze blew up along the sidewalk, and it seemed to me I had only to kick twice and thrust upward my chin in order to lift off the pavement and glide, touching down every twenty feet or so, toward the house of my slender love. People in cars had their windows rolled down, and I could hear the airy music from their radios as they passed. Now I unzipped my coat and rocked my head from side to side. The resultant ache was poignant and appropriate. Two elderly men emerged from Isaly's, both of them biting into the first Eskimo Pies of the season, and I sailed after them along Murray Avenue, listening as they argued about the potential of a good-hitting shortstop the Pirates had decided to promote from the minors. Oh, I thought, it is almost Opening Day!

When I arrived at Kim's door I found, to my surprise, that I had lost the better part of my desire to sleep with her. It would be nice to see her, to sit down in her sunny kitchen and look at some absurd daytime program on the television—we had done that many times before—but I was so happy just then, slapping up the concrete steps with my coat flapping behind me and the warmth of my body rising up through my open collar in a fragrant column of air, that I didn't think anything, not even taking her into my arms, could improve my mood. The sexual act, in prospect, seemed to offer only danger and regret.

I proceeded more cautiously up the three steps of her front porch and across to her front door, and as soon as I rang her doorbell I wished that I had not. I wavered a moment on the welcome mat, then fled back down the steps; but there was no time to get away without being seen. I looked this way, then that, turned back toward the door, turned away. I heard her tread in the hallway, her hand on the knob, and at the last possible moment I ducked between the concrete skirt of the porch and the low hedge of holly that concealed it, crouching in the dirt, in the narrow space between the prickling holly and the house. A thorn scratched my cheek, as she opened the door, and it was all I could do to keep from cursing.

There was a long pause during which I had time to realize that I was crouching in a hard pile of snow and my butt was getting very wet. I heard Kim sniffle a few times, as though she were smelling me out, and then a beleaguered sigh.

"You have hat-head, Vince," she said. "As usual."

I rose, pulled the hat from my pocket, and put it back on my head. It might have been the hat—perhaps it was enchanted—or simply the sight of Kim, in a long cable sweater that sagged at the neck and reached down to the tops of her knees; in any case, as soon as I saw her I wanted her again. Harry was my best friend, but millionaires have squandered their fortunes, and men have lost their minds, and friends have tracked each other down for less than the sight of a lovely woman in nothing but a sweater.

"I slept in my hat," I said. "As usual. Don't ever let your life get to the point where you have to sleep with your hat on."

"Come on in. It's nice and warm."

"I know it is."

I followed her into the house and down her long front hallway to the kitchen, where the radio played and there was a smell of bay leaf, onion, and fresh dirt.

"I'm making lentil soup," she said, turning to the stove and peering into a cast-iron pot. In the bulky sweater Kim looked plump and wifely; she who was so thin that Harry would sometimes clean and jerk her over his head and spin around calling, "Choppers! Incoming wounded!" At the time she couldn't have weighed more than ninety-five pounds. "This'll be the last lentil soup of the winter, I guess."

"Looks like it."

"You can have some when it's ready."

"Thanks."

"If you promise not to mention Harry."

"I can promise that," I said.

The old pink radio on the kitchen table emitted a familiar promo. Two bars of the psycho-kazoo opening to "Crosstown Traffic," followed by the synthesized effect of a starship's landing, and then my own voice, filtered and phased, sounding as though I were a twenty-seven-foot black man about to get very angry. "WDAN!" said my disturbing voice. "Huge Music!"

"*You're* the one who listens," I said. In general I pretended that it did not trouble me to labor in the ratings cellar, but at the discovery that Kim tuned in to that doomed little station I was moved, and took it as incontestable proof of her rightness for me.

"Harry makes me," she said.

She carefully straddled a kitchen chair and motioned for me to do the same. I sat. I looked at the ashtray between us, in which there were fifteen or sixteen bent butts. Kim smoked far too much, even for a waitress. Now she lit another.

"I'm going to have to stop," she said, in a sad little voice, as though it had never occurred to her before.

"Sure you are."

"You'll see," she said. "Was he trashed when you got home?"

"Oh, no, not really," I said.

"Don't lie."

"He was breaking my mother's dishes in the basement."

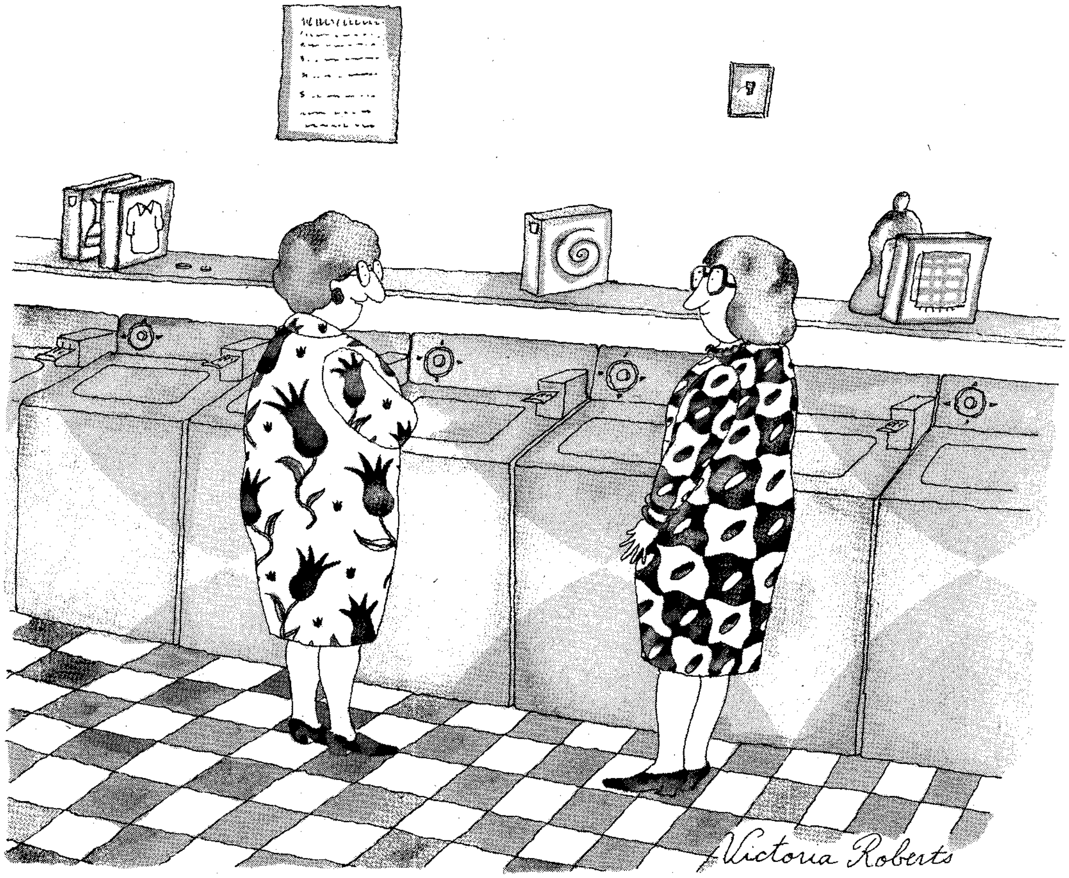
"Oh, boy."

"And he had the heat on."

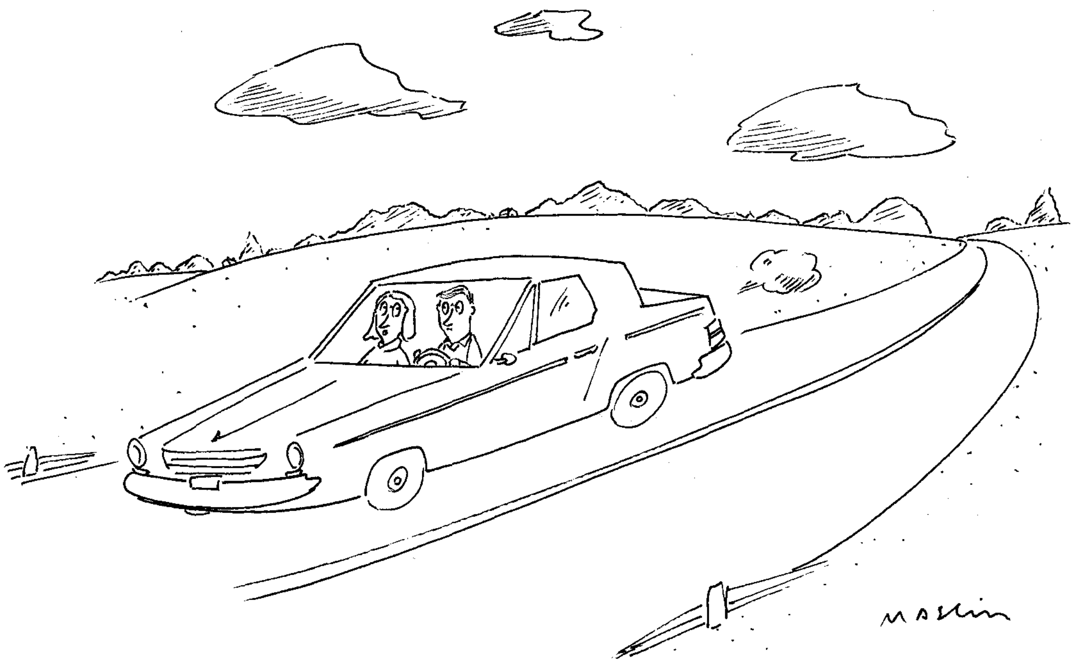
She put down her cigarette, and her brown eyes got very wide and surprised.

Then she laughed, without sarcasm, with a happiness so genuine that I was taken aback. It was deep and carolling laughter, and it seemed to invite me to turn Harry, the idea of Harry, into a risible fool, to flatten him into a cartoon character and laugh him right out of her affections. This was the simple task before me.

"What's so funny?" I said; the question sounded more harsh than I had intended.



"Laundry—the great leveller."



"Perhaps I haven't made myself clear. I like it when you do your Elmer Fudd voice, but I don't love it."

• •

"Nothing," said Kim. She looked down at the coal of her cigarette and bit her lip.

"Kimberly Ellen Donna Marie Trilby," I said. I went over to her chair and knelt on the floor beside her. She sat, looking at her cigarette and calmly crying. I didn't know why she was crying, whether because Harry was gone or because I was still there, but I felt very sorry for her. Once in a while you will see a waitress like that, crying at the back of a restaurant or in the hallway by the phone, staring down at a monogrammed matchbook in her fingers, and consider for a second or two the untold hardness of a waitress's life. I reached around and pulled her to me. There followed the briefest of struggles before she fell sprawling into my arms.

"Come with me," she said, after a minute or two. She stood and led me down the hallway and into her bedroom. Her gait was too brisk to be seductive; she had some business to attend to. I had been in her bedroom many times before, had felt the thrill of seeing her white bedclothes and rows of empty shoes, but never with this acute a sense of being suffered, like a smelly old dog on a miserable night, just this once allowed to sleep indoors, on the still warm hearth—of being such a lucky dog.

On her bed there stood a large cardboard Seagram's box, taped shut, and bearing, in Harry's antic handwriting, the Magic Markered label "TREASURE."

"What's in the box?" I said.

"I have no idea." She looked at it as though it might go off any second. "He brought it over yesterday after work. Will you give it back to him for me?"

"He didn't say what was in it?"

"I didn't ask. I stopped asking questions about his junk a long time ago."

"Because you didn't love him anymore," I said, taking hold of her chin and drawing her to my lips. At this mild demonstration of amorous force —an effect I have never been adept at pulling off—she put her knee into my stomach, firmly, and I fell gasping to the floor.

"I will always love Harry," said Kim. "I will always, always love Harry."

"I understand that," I said.

"I'm sorry I kicked you."

"Thanks," I said, getting up. "I'm sorry, too. It was just all that kissing we did back there in the kitchen."

"Sure it was."

"Wait here," I said. I sighed, as much to catch my breath as to register my impatience with her and with Harry's goddam toys, then picked up the cardboard box and carried it out of the room.

"I know what to do with it," I called over my shoulder.

"What?" she said, with a strange furrow in her voice. She followed me out of the door and laid a restraining hand on my shoulder. "What are you going to do with it? Vince?"

"You'll see."

The box was a good deal heavier than it looked, and I wondered, as I bore it out of the kitchen door and down the back steps, what might be in it, and why Harry had packed it all up in this way and left it sitting on Kim Trilby's bed. The sun was still shining, there in the back yard amid the skinny poplars and the rusted-out Kelvinator with its door chained shut, and it was going to be a beautiful afternoon. I set the treasure down on the brittle grass and went into the cellar, where I had left the battered old spade I'd used to shovel the walk all that winter, ostensibly for the benefit of Kim's upstairs landlady, Mrs. Colodny, who afterward would always feed me frozen kishkes from the KosherMart. The spade in question had got hidden, I saw, behind a stack of Harry's boxes marked "BEEHIVE PANELS" and "G.I. JOE HEADS" in the far corner, but I got it out and went straight to work.

"Come on, Vince," said Kim, calling to me from the back steps of her apartment. "That's Mrs. Colodny's dirt you're messing up. Hey, Vince, come on. I get it, O.K.?"

I grinned at her and kept on. Digging is one of the most difficult of boring chores, if I have not transposed the adjectives, and it took me a good fifteen minutes of sweating and cursing, but when I finished I was wet and hot and exhilarated and the thing was three feet under the ground. Kim stayed where she was, hugging herself in that loose sweater, and lighting a third cigarette with her second. I leaned on the spade, and for a moment we regarded one another across the lawn. I didn't know what I had proved, exactly, and she probably

THE FUNERAL

It's July. He always dies in July.

It's midwinter, overcast, leafless.
The women wear light summer clothes,
fluffy and pastel. One of his sisters
has on a hat shaped like a tin can;
artificial grapes hang from it, purple.
Will they melt in the cold sun?
Why is it no one has goose bumps?
Why is it no one is sweating?
Another's veil halts just above
her lower lip; it is about to enter
her mouth. The women taken together,
with their pother of crooked veils,
resemble a convention of beekeepers,
but nothing hums
under the stones, under the mounds
the stones mark. It isn't the dead
who swarm. Likewise the men
spread a dark-suited pall over the grass,
indistinct. On the platform the widow's
eyes reflect the corner of the webbed belts
ready to lower the coffin into the red clay.
Reflect the red clay. She fans herself
in the gray sunlight, through the veil.
It would not do to keep the two younger
children too long at this exercise,
unruly in the half heat, untroubled.
They have a little language of not smiling
they practice with their hands.
When the people move, a dry wave
occupies the air briefly, as if it were
ruffling the edges of a stack of paper.
As one body they shift from one foot
to the other. Off to the side
his father-in-law, dead, too,
these thirty years, stands casually
under a large oak. He's wearing
ratty tan trousers with a grease stain
on one knee, and a collarless shirt
unbuttoned at the neck. He removes
his soft hat, crumples it in his hand.
Though he's bald, his hair lifts slightly
in the sudden breeze. Nothing else moves.
The mouth of the preacher doesn't move.
We have everything we need to believe
right here in front of us.

—Dabney Stuart

• •

didn't know what had impressed her, but I had proved something, and she looked impressed. I let the spade fall, went to her, and rested my head against the doorjamb, breathing hard, and waited for Kim to throw herself, without regret, without apprehension, into my faithless embrace.

"What happens to it now?" she said, staring bitterly out into the sunny back yard at the black patch of earth I had uncovered.

"I don't know," I said. "I guess that would depend on what it is." Perhaps, I speculated guiltily, Harry had packed up every note I'd ever left him, and all of the baseball cards and *Playboys* I had bought him when his asthma got bad, and the cigar box of ancient Inuit teeth from my trip to Alaska that he'd said he needed, and the French edition of "Tropic of Cancer," labelled, thrillingly, "Not to be taken into the U.S.A.," which I'd picked up for him at the Bryn Mawr-Vassar bookstore on Winthrop Street one day. There might have been some pretty swell stuff in that box; I realized that.

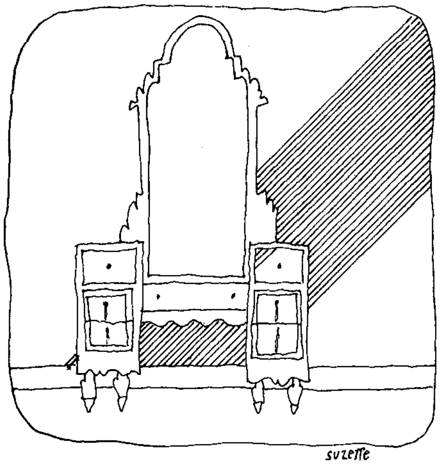
"You don't know," she said. "I like that." She grinned, as though she could be satisfied with this response, at least for an hour or two.

Early that evening, in her bedroom, she awoke with a start. She was trembling, and she felt so frail that I was afraid I had harmed her somehow in our thrashings and busculation, and when she lit a cigarette it frightened me to hear the rattle in her breast as she exhaled—a terrible sound like the shivering of withered leaves on a branch.

"Put out that cigarette and come on back to bed," I cried.

"All right," she said, with an odd tenderness. As she slid down under the covers again, I leaned over, found my trousers in the heap of clothes on the floor, and reached into the left pocket. My fingers closed around the wire ring and held it fast. I was afraid that we had made a profound, irrevocable mistake, and that, as in a fantastic tale, if I did not find something firm and magical to grab hold of right that moment we would both be swallowed up by a noisome gang of black shapes and evil black birds. We made a tent of the bedclothes with our knees, and sat within this intimate yurt, breathing one another's exhalations and listening to everything around us. After a moment, as the air grew thick and sweet, I found her left hand, counted off the fingers, and then slipped on the ring. (It was a little too big, but it would come, eventually, to fit her.) I lifted it, with her fingers, to my lips, and printed a kiss upon them. Our tent collapsed and the cold March evening, with its last gray skies, flooded in. I was panting with relief. I would figure out something to tell Harry, both about Kim and about the thing I had buried, and we would all just have to adjust.

"I have to get to work," said Kim, twisting the ring around on her finger as though it chafed her, or as though to invoke whatever doubtful protection its loops of wire might provide. Then she turned to me, smiling, and said something hopeful about the baby she was going to bear, and I smiled back at her in the dimness, as though I had known about it all along. I did not admit—as I ought to have, God knows—that the bauble I had given her was really only a toy.



I DROPPED in on Harry not too long ago. These days he shares a four-room flat in East Liberty with two Japanese girls named Tomoko. We're still friends, I guess—to the extent that we can make each other laugh—but it's rare that we get together for longer than a few hours, and our relations have passed into that stage at which they draw their greatest animation from beer and reminiscence. Usually when I see him, at Chief's or at the Electric Banana, there is a third person present—

some friend of his whom I don't get along with, or a woman I work with whom Harry dislikes—and our conversation is ungainly, unfamiliar, and touches not upon important matters.

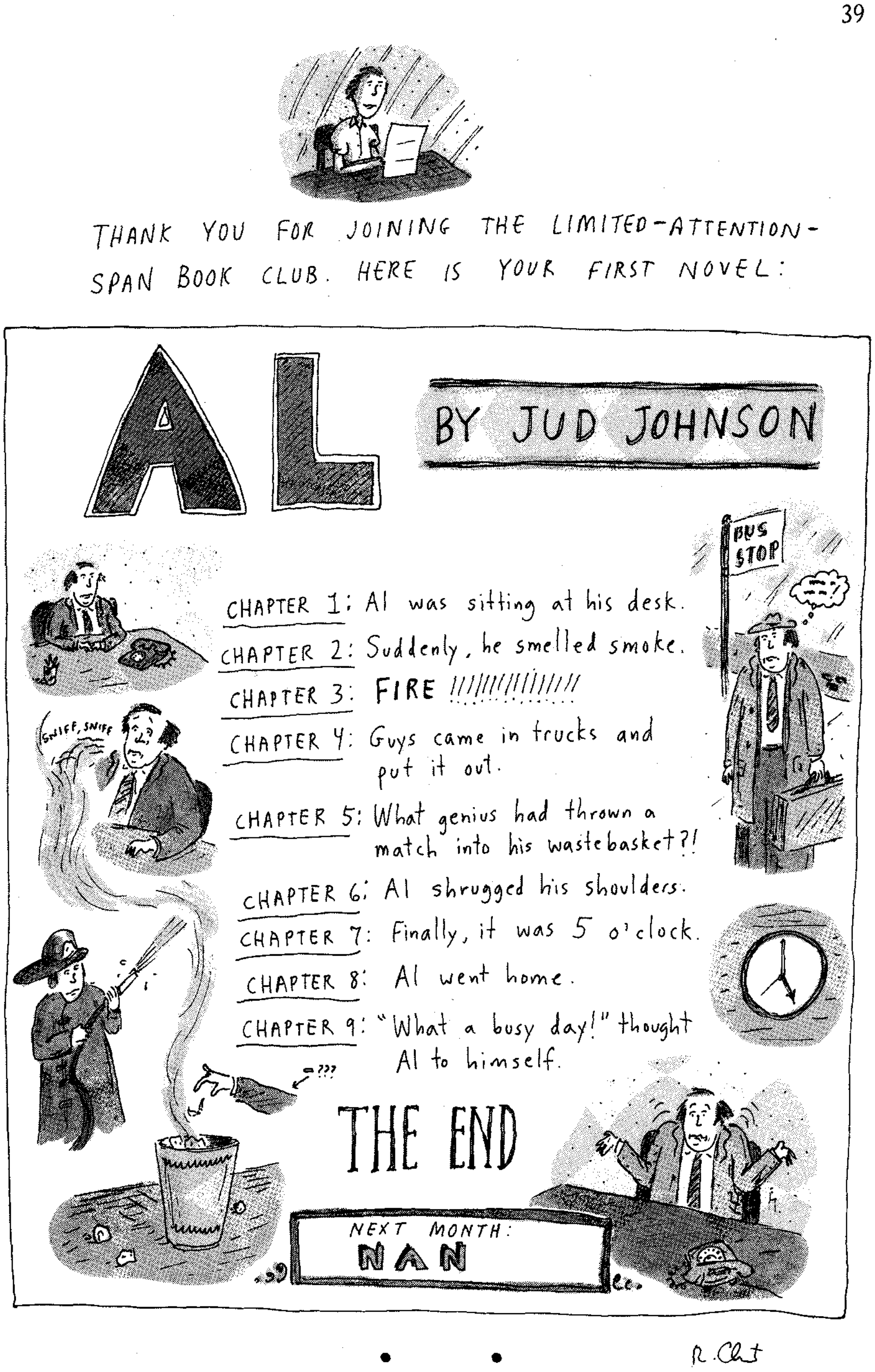
Since the day Kim left us, we have never truly talked about her—I doubt if we will ever be able to talk seriously about Kim again—nor have we succeeded in forgetting her and putting all that behind us. For one thing, there are the pictures of little Raymond James Trilby that Kim sends both Harry and me from time to time. Then there is the odd evening when Harry and I run into each other at the Squirrel Cage, where, in a frame over the bar, right next to the sign that reads "It's Nice to Be Important But It's More Important to Be Nice," you will still find a carnival-midway caricature of Kim brandishing a Louisville Slugger. And another constant reminder, I guess you could say, is the large, whistling hole that was torn in the fabric of our lives by my marriage to and then divorce from Kim—a hole that opens onto frigid emptiness and the brilliant debris of stars. We were married for seven months in all, and toward the end Kim was—almost despite herself—eating her dinner more often with Harry than with me, and calling him constantly to bitch and commiserate. And then, one day, a family of purple lint polar bears appeared on top of the clothes dryer, amid the flakes of Ivory Snow, and in the kitchen wastebasket we found a crumpled squadron of cigarette-foil fighter jets; and Kim, who had already made one or two mistakes, got out of Pittsburgh as quickly as she could.

When I stopped by Harry's the other night, the two Tomokos were out for the evening with a visitor from Nagoya, and after Harry had shown me their neat beds, their pastel closets, the photos on their walls, and samples of their handwriting, and had generally filled me in on them and on his own xenophilia, we sat down in the living room, on opposite sides of a six-pack of Rolling Rock, and looked at each other. I am not seeing anyone at present and had few accounts to amuse him with in this regard.

"So it sounds like you've been very busy," I said.

"Really busy," he said. "How about you?"

"Busy."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CHAPTER 1: Al was sitting at his desk.
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CHAPTER 3: FIRE !!!!!!!!!!!!!
CHAPTER 4: Guys came in trucks and put it out.
CHAPTER 5: What genius had thrown a match into his wastebasket?!
CHAPTER 6: Al shrugged his shoulders.
CHAPTER 7: Finally, it was 5 o'clock.
CHAPTER 8: Al went home.
CHAPTER 9: "What a busy day!" thought Al to himself.
SNIFF, SNIFF
???
THE END
NEXT MONTH:
NAN
R. Chast

• •

There ensued an awkward pause, during which I might easily have drained my beer, slapped my knee, and slipped off into the October evening—the sun had gone down distressingly early. I could not think of anything to say, not a single thing, and I saw how much I had come to depend on the presence of a third person at our meetings—on having someone there to fill up the awful gap in our facetious conversation. I looked again at Harry's beard, which had of late grown to mermanish proportions, floating out from his face. Then I looked all around me. "It's nice and warm in here," I said at last.

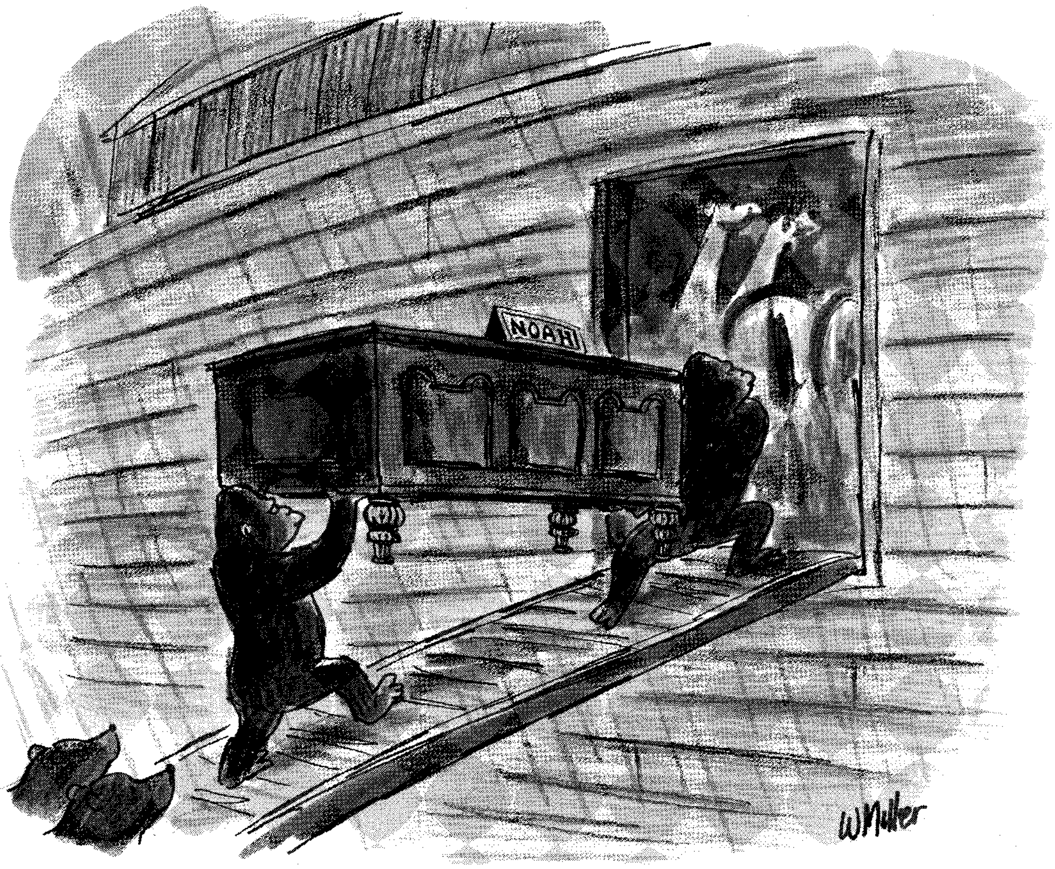
"Oh, my God," he said, shivering in recollection. "I can't believe we lived that way. Do you remember that one morning there was a, like, a skin of ice on the water in the toilet?"

"Oh, God, I remember," I said.

"Ha."

"Hmm."

"Have you heard anything from Kim?" he said, standing, making for the refrigerator to cover the question. I said that I had not, nor had I any news of little Raymond James. I understood from Kim's mother, whom I'd met in the Giant Eagle a couple of months before, that Kim was working out of Honolulu as a personal secretary on



board a rich woman’s yacht, but someone else had told me she was working as a paralegal in Philadelphia. Harry said he had heard these reports already and disbelieved them both. He handed me another can of beer.

“Funny how that all ended up, huh?” he said.

“Funny.”

“I pretty much bailed on her, I guess. On the baby, too.”

We sipped our beers and wondered at one another, at what was left of all that and of those prodigal days.

“Not too funny, really,” Harry said.

“Kind of not too funny at all,” I said.

The telephone rang, and Harry went into the kitchen to answer it. He spoke in curt and secretive tones to some friend I would never meet, promising—ah, but this came as a blow to me—that he would be free to call him or her back in a little while. He returned with a mostly empty bottle of George Dickel and a long face.

“Maybe I’d better go, Harry,” I said.

“Oh, no!” he said, looking so earnest that my doubts were almost erased. “I have things to show you.”

He took me down into the basement of the house, where there were a washer and dryer, three bicycles, a stranded toilet lying on its side, some camping gear—including two voided backpacks bearing Rising Suns and some of those horrific Hello Kitty patches—and a vast assortment of cardboard cartons, perhaps sixty or seventy in all, stacked in ragged stacks and labelled in Harry’s familiar, Mayan-looking handwriting: “PIPE TAMPERS,” “VELVETEEN,” “HEMP,” “SQUARE BUTTONS,” “GUM ARABIC,” “MR. POTATO HEAD HATS,” “ATOMIZER BULBS,” “PLASTIC SUSHI REPLICAS,” “FAN BELTS,” “LITTLE RED MONKEYS.” He showed me the plans for a new game called Car Crash, involving bottle caps, miniature Christmas light bulbs, tin-whistle sirens, and cans of some knockoff red Play-Doh from Malaysia, and then, crouching down on the floor and reaching in behind the carton of gum arabic, drew out a large square box.

“This is going to be my next toy,” he said. “I’m calling it Treasure.”

This time the word “Treasure” was machine-stencilled on the box’s sides, in large letters, along with the name of a leading British toy manufacturer and the two words “Spanish Main,” in Old English type.

“They tried to market it over here, but it stiffed early,” he explained, opening the seal on the box with his thumbnail. “Levinsky made a killing in Baltimore on a misdelivered shipment of game pieces.”

I watched his face for any sign that he was toying with me, but there was none; he seemed to want only to show me, with a hint of desperation, what was inside the crate, as though the hardest part of it for him had been having no one in whom to confide the secrets of his fabulous vault. He lifted the flaps to reveal a king’s ransom, a cool million, in cardboard doubloons, painted gold and dimly glittering in the basement light, and I wondered if this was what had been in the box I’d buried in Mrs. Colodny’s yard, or if it had been some other treasure entirely. I knew little about the subject, but I hoped that once you had buried a treasure you did not have to keep reburying it again and again.

“It’s supposedly real gold dust in the paint,” Harry said. “That was the gimmick, I guess.”

He handed me a thick coin, and I examined it. It bore an illegible mock inscription and a crude cartoon of an emperor’s head, and as I fingered it some of its lustre came away on my hands. Harry was looking right at me now, with a fevered smile, and once more I didn’t know what to say, but there was no one else there, and I had to say something.

“We’re rich,” I said.

—Michael Chabon

•

The future of the CalTrain commuter rail service on the Peninsula hinges on whether Gov. George Deukmejian signs a bill to continue the state subsidy for up to three more years until June 30, 1993. If he kills it, the trains could stop running next June and throw the riders onto the freeways.—*Menlo Park (Calif.) Country Almanac.*

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ANNALS OF POLITICS

THE JOHNSON YEARS: THE OLD AND THE NEW

III—ALL OR NOTHING

Courtesy of the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library

LYNDON JOHNSON'S opponent in the 1948 Texas senatorial race, former Governor Coke R. Stevenson, had defeated him in the July 24th primary by more than seventy thousand votes. Only the presence in the race of a strong conservative candidate, George E. B. Peddy, had pulled away enough of Stevenson's support to prevent him from winning a majority of the vote. In the second, or runoff, primary, on August 28th, Peddy would be gone from the field, and most of his votes—estimates ranged as high as eighty per cent—were expected to go to his fellow-conservative Stevenson. According to Johnson strategists and political commentators alike, Johnson's chances of defeating Stevenson, one of the most beloved public officials in the state's history, seemed "hopeless."

In one area of Texas, however—the city of San Antonio and the broad, gently undulating "brush country" sparsely dotted with small towns which slopes gently two hundred miles southward from San Antonio to the Rio Grande and Mexico—popularity was not the coin of the political realm.

San Antonio's West Side was a sprawling Mexican-American slum, containing perhaps sixty thousand residents, and, as the journalist John Gunther was to write, "the way to play politics in San Antonio is to buy, or try to buy, the Mexican vote, which is decisive." Lyndon Johnson had been buying votes on the West Side for years; in 1934, buying them on behalf of congressional candidate Maury Maverick, he had sat in a room in the city's Plaza Hotel behind a table covered with five-dollar bills, peeling them off and handing them to Mexican-American men at the rate of five dollars a vote for each vote in each man's family; in 1941, he had bought votes on his own behalf, purchasing them wholesale instead of retail, by arranging for the distribution of generous lump sums of cash to Mexican-American leaders, who would make the direct purchases themselves, and whose organizations would make sure that voters got to the polls and voted for the approved candidate. Through a number of devices, moreover, the purchase of many West Side "votes" was accomplished without voters being involved at all. Opposition poll watchers and election judges at some West Side precincts might be persuaded—the going rate for such persuasion was only ten or twenty dollars for a clerk, but it might be as high as fifty for a judge—to leave the polling place after the polls closed. Then the doors would be locked, the ballot boxes or voting machines would be opened, the names of persons who had paid their poll tax but had not actually voted would be added to the list of persons who *had* voted, and a corresponding number of votes would simply be added to the total of the purchasing candidate. More than ten thousand votes on the West Side were, political leaders in Texas estimated, in effect, for sale.

South of San Antonio, in "the Valley," geographically the area bordering the Rio Grande but in nineteen-forties political parlance also including the counties that adjoined it to the north, there were cities—Laredo, Harlingen, Corpus Christi—with similar slums and similar voting practices. Entering these slums was like entering a foreign city. As for the rest of the Valley, with its tiny communities scattered thinly across the cactus-and-mesquite-covered brush country, only the arbitrary drawing of a border made these counties part of the United States. Their inhabitants were predominantly Mexican, their language and culture predominantly Spanish; they clung to the customs of their homeland across the Rio Grande. Their dozing towns, strung along the river, bore, as one traveller wrote, "an appearance as foreign as their names"—San Ygnacio, Santa Maria, La Paloma, Los Indios. Their houses were thatched adobe huts, or jacales, one- or two-room structures of willow branches daubed with mud, around which roamed dogs and goats and chickens. Inland, the names of the towns were more Anglo—Alice, Alfred, Orange Grove, Freer—and the Mexican sections often consisted of little wooden buildings with corrugated-tin roofs, or of buildings up on cinder blocks or stilts, because in certain towns huge termites seemed to swarm everywhere; but, whatever the construction materials, the homes in these sections were still hovels—rickety shacks crowded together. The Mexican-American inhabitants were largely illiterate. (The Valley as a whole had one of the lowest literacy rates, if not *the* lowest, in the entire United States.) And they had, as the historian V. O. Key, Jr., noted, "only the most remote conception of Anglo-Saxon governmental institutions." In the near-feudalistic regions of Mexico

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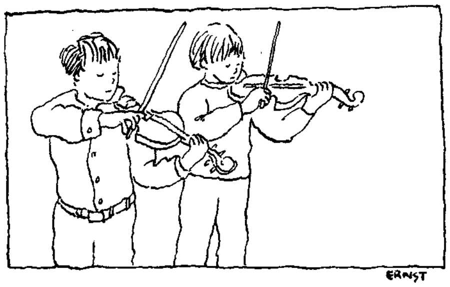
from which they came, serflike dependence on a local leader—the *patrón* or *jefe*—had been the custom, as one observer noted, "from time immemorial," and this custom was continued in the United States. Since many of the Mexican-Americans worked on the great South Texas ranches—the huge King Ranch alone employed more than seven hundred vaqueros—the *patrón* was often the ranch owner. The cattle barons, the historian O. Douglas Weeks wrote, "established themselves as lords protector of those Mexicans who became their tenants and ranch hands," with the vaquero giving "unquestioning loyalty to the ranch owners and regard[ing] their wishes as law, the only law he knows." But some of the *patrones* were political bosses—ruthless and, in some cases, vicious men, who walked the streets of the dusty little towns in their domains surrounded by armed, unshaven *pistoleros;* politics was violent in the Valley. A reporter from Philadelphia who journeyed there in 1939 found "as hard-bitten a political crowd . . . as Texas ever saw. . . . Each [county] has its own iron-fisted boss, who would make Philadelphia's Jay Cooke or New York's Jimmy Hines look like pikers."

On Election Day, *pistoleros*, sometimes appointed "deputy sheriffs" for the day, herded Mexican-Americans to the polls. Each voter was handed a receipt showing he had paid his poll tax. (Usually these taxes had been paid by the *patrón* or *jefe* months before and the receipt kept in his safe to, as Key puts it, "insure discipline and orderly procedure.") In some Valley precincts, the voters were also handed ballots that had already been marked (in most towns voting machines were not in use). According to one description:

> The Mexican voter . . . was marched to the polls, generally by a half-breed deputy sheriff with two six-shooters, a Winchester rifle, and a bandoleer of ammunition, to perform the sovereign act of voting. He entered the polls, one at a time, was handed a folded ballot which he dropped in the box, was given a drink of tequila, and then was marched out, where he touched the hand of one of the local political bosses or some of his sainted representatives.

In other precincts, matters were managed less crudely: the voters were told whom to vote for but were allowed to mark their own ballots. (Of course, the guards accompanied them into the voting cubbyholes to guarantee that the instructions were followed.) In still other precincts (or "boxes," as they were known), even more privacy was allowed. Large tents, guarded by deputies, would be erected near polling places; inside, voters were given premarked "sample" ballots to be substituted for real ones or, in another device, a piece of cord in which knots had been tied; when the voter placed this "string" next to the ballot, the knots would indicate the candidates for whom he was to vote. Privacy in casting a ballot did not guarantee its secrecy. Upon arriving to vote, each voter, in accordance with Texas law, had his name registered on a "poll list" with a number beside it—the number of the ballot he would cast. The ostensible reason for this law was to keep a person from voting more than once, but it also had the effect of allowing election judges to determine how a citizen had voted, if they wished to do so. Some *patrones* dispensed with all these complications. An attorney for one of them—a *patrón* who let his voters keep their poll-tax receipts—recalls his procedure: "Go around to the Mexicans' homes. Get the numbers of their receipts. Tell them not to go to the polls. Just write in a hundred numbers, and cast the hundred votes yourself."

The number of votes at the *patrones'* command was not necessarily limited by the number of eligible voters. Since voters over the age of sixty were not required to pay poll taxes, and since poll-tax lists were checked only irregularly to eliminate the names of those over sixty who had died, "in the Valley," as one expert on the subject put it, "the 'machine' votes the dead men." Nor was American citizenship necessarily a requirement; on Election Day, voters were recruited in saloons of towns on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande and brought across in truckloads to vote in towns on the American side. Starr County was "an excellent location for bringing voters from across the border," a commentator notes. In Webb County, the small town of Dolores had about a hundred American citizens—and in some elections recorded as many as four hundred votes. The votes of these *patrones* were generally delivered as a unit. The Valley's controlled vote—generally estimated at between twenty thousand and twenty-five thousand votes, deliverable to the favored candidate by margins as large as ten to one—was euphemistically lumped together in Texas political parlance with those ten thousand votes from San Antonio's West Side, deliverable by a heavy majority, as the state's "Hispanic vote," or "ethnic vote," or "bloc vote." In total, this "bloc" might mean a plurality for the favored candidate of perhaps twenty-five thousand votes. In perhaps no other region of the United States was so large a "bloc" of votes deliverable en masse.



In obtaining the support of this "bloc," it was not a candidate's popularity but his hard cash that was often a decisive consideration. The power of the border dictators was matched by their greed. To some of these petty despots, votes were a commodity like any other—a commodity to be sold. The best history of politics in the Valley states flatly, "The State candidates who have the most money to spend usually carry these machine counties."

TO reach the seat of power in the Valley, a visitor in the nineteen-forties would drive into San Diego, in Duval County, a town a hundred and forty miles south of San Antonio (and unconnected to the larger city by any road—there was no direct road link between San Diego and the north; the town looked only south). The visitor would drive past the dull-red brick county courthouse to a building just beyond it. At first glance, it was a long, low, graceful white stucco structure with a sloping roof of red Spanish tiles and, over the windows and doors, elaborate, intricately wrought iron grillwork, seemingly rather heavy in comparison with the rest of the building. Closer inspection, however, revealed that the windows were opaque, and that the doors were of solid oak, several inches thick. And that the heavy grillwork, which covered every opening, was anchored very solidly indeed in the walls. The spaces between the designs with which the grillwork was so prettily decorated were rather narrow, so that it would be difficult to push something, such as a gun barrel, through them with much freedom of movement. And, to increase the difficulty of shooting into the house, the grillwork jutted almost two feet out from the walls. As a reporter was to realize, "the building is constructed to withstand a siege."

Going inside, the visitor found himself in one of several offices staffed with secretaries and business executives. But behind them, on two benches that flanked another massive door, were, as the same reporter wrote, very tough-looking Mexican-American men "wearing typical red, high-heeled boots, sombreros and six-shooters, whom the natives know as . . . bodyguards." Behind that door, the visitor met a short, stocky man in his forties, who was usually dressed in a conservative double-breasted business suit, a carefully knotted necktie, and gold-rimmed spectacles, and wore a broad smile, and who "possesses the practiced charm of the successful sales manager he resembles"—until the visitor noticed the hard, piercing fixity of his eyes even when he was relaxed, and the way that stare could change in an instant into a blazing glare at the slightest hint of opposition.

He was George Berham Parr, the Valley's Boss of Bosses, the son of Archie Parr, the legendary Duke of Duval, and now Duke in his own right. The Parrs had ruled Duval County since 1912, when Archie sided with the Mexicans after an "Election Day massacre" in San Diego, the county seat, that left three Mexicans dead. (Later, Archie's chief political rival was shot in the back while eating in a San Diego café.)

No matter how frank they are about other matters, the great men of Texas politics—men like John B. Connally, a Johnson aide and later governor; Edward A. Clark, a Johnson attorney and behind-the-scenes power for forty years (in 1953, he would be called the "Secret Boss" of Texas); or George R. Brown, of Brown & Root, the Texas contracting firm that bankrolled and benefitted from Johnson's political career—don't like to talk about George Parr. They downplay the role of money in their relationships with him. "In counties like . . . Duval, by and large those fellows took care of themselves," Connally says. "You might give them a little money," but not much. And some journalists today, in writing stories about Texas in the

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nineteen-forties, also portray the Parrs as mesquite Robin Hoods, taking from the rich and giving to the poor; the support the Parrs received on Election Day, according to this theory, came not from intimidation but from loyalty. George Parr, as one reporter wrote, "denies he himself has ever made a penny [from politics]."

The loyalty was certainly there. In the Dukes of Duval the immigrants in the Valley had found a replacement for the *patrones* they had depended on in their homeland, and they were grateful. But there were also somewhat darker shades to the story. As a journalist, writing not in a later decade but at the time, put it, "the facts . . . completely puncture Boss Parr's long-standing claims that he is in politics merely for 'fun.' " In 1949, William H. Mason, a radio commentator in Alice who had criticized the corruption in Jim Wells County, would be shot to death by one of Parr's deputy sheriffs; some contemporary observers of the Land of Parr say that political murders were not uncommon there, nor were beatings handed out to Duval residents who attempted to oppose *el Patrón*, nor were other forms of intimidation. The reporter who knew Valley politics best in the postwar years, James M. Rowe, who covered the region for the Corpus Christi *Caller-Times*, wrote:

ME
ME
YOU
AVOINE

> It is not easy for the average person to imagine what it was like . . . to oppose Boss Parr in his own county. A word from him was sufficient to get a man fired from his job or denied welfare payments or surplus commodities distributed to the needy. Merchants who opposed him faced the sudden loss of most of their trade. Little farmers and ranchers were intimidated by the *pistoleros*.

And the true color of the story was green, if not precisely the green of Sherwood Forest. Under Texas law, beer-retailing licenses had to be approved by the county judge. In Duval County, *only one* license was approved, for a company owned by the county judge: George Parr. But this income from beer was not enough for Parr. In the rest of Texas, beer cost twenty cents; in Duval, it cost a quarter; visitors to the Valley who asked why were informed that the extra nickel was for "George." Parr owned oil wells. But their income was not enough. To obtain more oil rights, he erased from land leases—land leases filed in the county courthouse he controlled—clauses in which he had sold these rights to others. He took kickbacks on road-construction contracts—according to some sources, a kickback on every road-construction contract awarded in Duval County. In 1932, for example, a contractor's representative had placed twenty-five thousand dollars in cash "in a little black bag" and had delivered it to him. But kickbacks on contracts were not enough. He formed a construction company, and awarded all the contracts to himself. For failing to report the twenty-five-thousand-dollar commission and other income, he pleaded guilty to tax evasion, and in 1934 he received a suspended two-year sentence. But he went right back to altering oil-and-gas leases, and in 1936 was forced to serve nine months of that term.

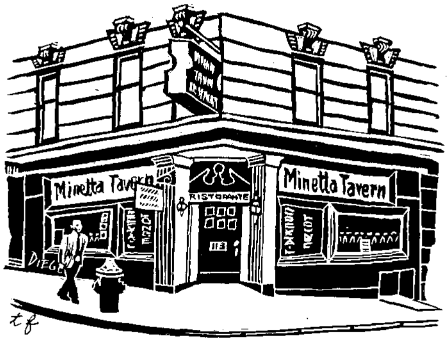
Seemingly, no amount of money was enough. Some of Parr's income certainly was returned to the people of Duval and the other counties he controlled; when they needed money for medicine or funeral expenses or other emergencies, they had only to go to his office, or to the nearby Windmill Café, where he would eat lunch while dispensing favors—protected every moment by guards cradling Winchester rifles and watching over him through the café's large plate-glass window; a thickset *pistolero* stood at his shoulder while he gave his ear to petitioners. Parr himself always sat with his back against a wall. But the largesse thus distributed accounted for only a part of his expenditures. He made a lot of money—in 1944, he and his wife paid taxes on an income of four hundred and six thousand dollars—but no matter how much he made, it was insufficient to support a life style that became increasingly ducal. He had a large, impressive home in Corpus Christi and a palatial house in San Diego, and to see that house, surrounded by low walls and lush landscaping, with balconies, swimming pool, servants' quarters, and high arches leading into an interior courtyard, and doorways opening into lavishly furnished rooms—to see it standing, gleaming and white, amid the pitiful shacks of his constituents, was to be reminded that in the Duchy of Duval workers on county construction projects, the projects from which the Duke was becoming rich, earned the minimum wage, forty cents an hour, or sixteen dollars for a forty-hour week, and to understand the indignation of a contemporary reporter who wrote, "Despite his enormous wealth, much of it gained directly from the taxpayers, I found no record of his ever having attempted to improve the living conditions of the tens of thousands of Latin Americans forced to exist in squalid slums, on near-starvation wages, throughout his domain." Parr had a racing stable of twenty-five blooded quarter horses, and so that he could enjoy the racing in the style he preferred he had built a private racetrack, complete with automatic starting chutes and judges' stand; at it, he raced his horses against those of other ranchers, with betting on the races, and when he bet he bet big—as much as fifteen thousand dollars on a single race.

The Duke of Duval, as he was named by journalists (in his domain Anglos called him George B.; his Mexican nickname was Tacuacha, "the sly possum"), owned thousands of acres of land, but they were not enough. If greed was a characteristic of many of the border-county dictators, their leader was the greediest of them all. In 1945, the fifty-seven-thousand-acre Dobie Ranch came on the market, and he didn't have the money to buy it. On April 24th of that year, the Duval County Commissioners Court approved a payment to him of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and he exchanged that check for a cashier's check made out to the executors of the Dobie estate. On June 13th, another two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar payment followed the same route. He later said that he had merely "borrowed" the half-million dollars (but when the Internal Revenue Service discovered the loan, in 1954, it had not yet been repaid). The next year, he again didn't have enough money to pay his taxes; "therefore," as Rowe was to write, he "returned to his 'bankers,' the Commissioners Court. A further payment of $172,000 was authorized." Parr was constantly in need of money to pay his *pistoleros*. The number of his "deputy sheriffs" was constantly increasing—"because," as one San Diego resident recalls, "George B. knew [people] would kill him if they could." Always his life style grew more and more lavish; the parties he threw for associates at the Dobie Ranch became subjects of wild rumors. In 1948, when Lyndon Johnson was campaigning for the Senate, Parr's wife was suing for divorce, and he was going to have to make a cash settlement of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

George Parr's control extended into Brooks and Jim Hogg Counties, and into four other counties, through alliances with other, less well-known petty despots who ruled along the Rio Grande: Judge Manuel Bravo, of Zapata County; Judge Manuel Raymond, of Webb (a figure, one chronicler wrote, so secretive that "little is known of him except rumor," who ruled Laredo "with an iron hand"); Sheriff Chub Poole, of La Salle; and the "Guerra boys," four brothers who, at Parr's sufferance, ran Starr County. For some years, Parr's control had extended over Jim Wells County, which adjoined Duval, but the young Mexicans who had gone off to war came back more sophisticated, more independent, less willing to slavishly follow George B.'s orders, and in 1948 a reform movement was contesting twelve of Jim Wells' thirteen precincts. The thirteenth precinct—Box 13—was the poorest Mexican district of Alice, the Jim Wells county seat, and in that precinct order was maintained by Parr's enforcer in Jim Wells County, a burly six-foot-one, two-hundred-and-ten-pound native of Durango named Luis Salas, who had fled Mexico after fatally wounding a man in a barroom brawl. Salas, known as Indio because of his swarthy appearance, was feared for his savage temper and immense physical strength. Once, during a vicious fistfight he had with the owner of a restaurant in Alice, the owner's wife screamed at her husband, "Stop! Don't you know who you are fighting? He is the man they call the Indio." The owner didn't take her advice. Salas beat him senseless and, while he was lying on the floor, picked up a barstool and systematically wrecked the restaurant; when the police chief arrived, and the owner's wife asked "Aren't you going to arrest him?" the chief replied "No, Lady. You better thank the Lord that Luis did not kill your husband."

Parr appealed to Salas' smoldering sense of racial injustice—Salas never forgot the shock with which, when he reached the United States, he saw his first "Mexicans Not Served Here" sign. "He [Parr] used to tell me, 'Look, Indio, all these *gringos* that come to me for help, I make them pay for their ambitions, they have to crawl.' " If they were in a room with Anglos, Parr would speak to him in Spanish, calling them *cabrones* ("cuckolds"). Parr also appealed to Salas' machismo—Parr applauded the "guts" with which he followed his orders—and to Salas' need for status: Parr gave him badges (as a city policeman in Alice, and as a deputy sheriff in Duval, Jim Wells, and Nueces Counties) to legitimize his brutality and allow him to use it in enforcing his *patrón's* law, a car (a new black Ford), and even a chauffeur to drive him around. And he gave him money—more money than Salas had ever seen; hardly had they met when Parr handed him ten hundred-dollar bills, saying with a lordly indifference that Salas admired, "Spend this money among our voters, and if you need more just come to San Diego." Salas says, "Through my hands, every election year, passed thousands of dollars. . . . Every election year, we had to buy poll-tax receipts—just for only that thing, took a great amount of money, also on Election Day, pay for the autos, pay for election judges, pay for clerks, etc., etc." Between elections, too, "I always had plenty of money to spend. People asking for money account they had sick people, or need to go to the hospital—we never said no, that was George's orders, that was what made him famous and powerful. George told me, 'Don't be afraid to spend money; it does not come from my pockets, comes from candidates.' . . . I spent money the way George told me; I go into a saloon, throw at them a ten-dollar bill. 'The drinks are on . . .' Always had plenty of money to spend." In return, Parr's fearsome "Indian," who carried a big revolver on his hip, destroyed the businesses of men who tried to remain independent in politics (" 'Indio, I want his place closed. Close his place, burn the shack or eliminate him.' [The owner] made a movement to reach something behind the bar, I gave him no chance, I threw two bullets in his direction, and he went out in a hurry [through] the back door"), taunted Parr's opponents into fistfights ("Of course I was always the winner due to my physical strength. . . . My political enemies, I know they were scared of me"), and made sure that Jim Wells County—and especially Precinct 13, in Alice—voted the way Parr wanted. "In all these years, George told me to give our candidates eighty per cent of the total votes, regardless if the people voted against us." There was little trouble about doing this. "I had control of most of the Mexican-Americans in the county. They voted the way I tell them to vote." And if, occasionally, fewer than eighty per cent of the voters voted for Parr's candidates, that did not matter: Parr's candidate would receive eighty per cent of the vote anyway, for Salas, as the presiding election judge in Box 13, was the official who "counted" the ballots.

Salas says that he was "the right hand of George B. Parr in Jim Wells County" for "ten years of violence, crime, and killings due to the ambition of crooked politicians." And he was very proud to be Parr's right hand. He worshipped Parr ("He did not give a damn for nothing") and was proud of his *patrón's* power ("George's office at San Diego always was crowded, especially in election year. . . . He stood there like a king") and of his friendship ("I had the confidence of such a great man. . . . As long as I live, I will never forget this man, and when I gave him my word to stay by his side regardless, I meant it, so up to date [1979] I still worship his memory").



Money had purchased Parr—had purchased San Antonio and the entire Valley, in fact—for Lyndon Johnson back in the 1941 Senate race. The purchase had not been cheap, for W. Lee (Pass-the-Biscuits-Pappy) O'Daniel had paid high for the Valley in each of his previous campaigns. Negotiating the price for Johnson, however, was the attorney Alvin Wirtz, his most trusted associate, and Wirtz had a longtime business relationship with the Parrs. He had personally negotiated with old Archie, with whom he served in the State Senate, for the Parr-con-

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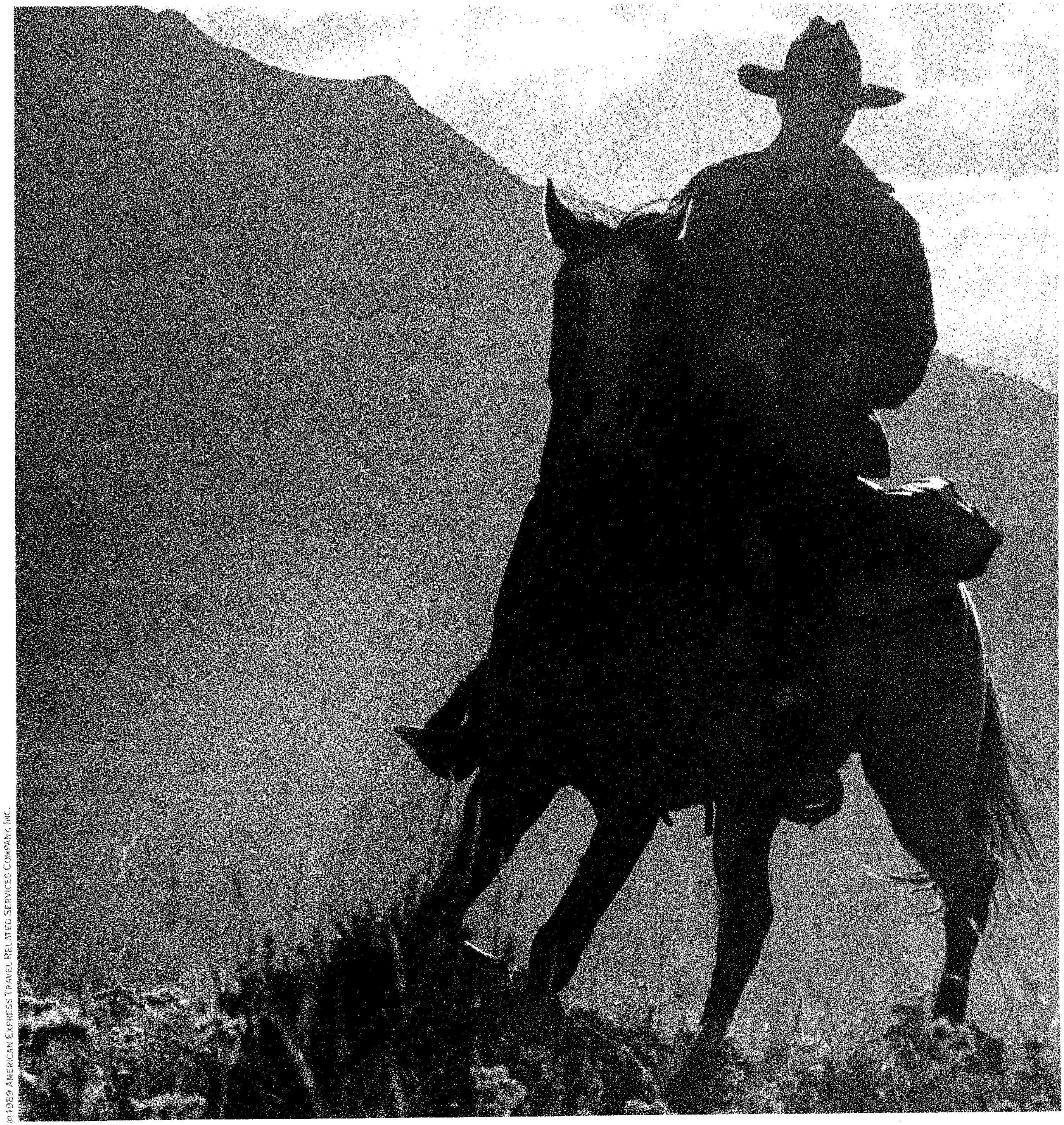

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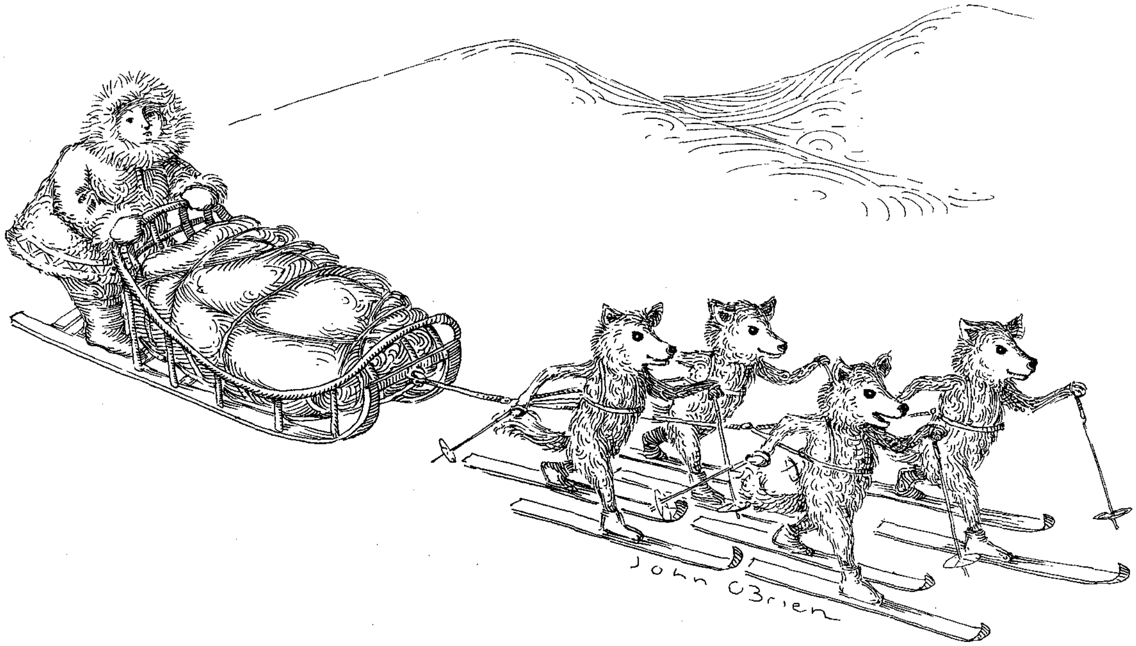

trolled votes in Corpus Christi during a 1928 attempt to unseat Congressman Harry Wurzbach. (After that election, Wurzbach charged widespread election fraud—and made the charges stick.) By 1941, with Brown & Root's money behind him, as well as the money of two other clients, Lone Star Gas and the Humble Oil and Refining Company, Wirtz was so important a supplier of the commodity prized by Valley politicians that they had to make pilgrimages to his home town, northeast of San Antonio. One of them recalls of Wirtz, "He would never mix and mingle with us down here. We'd have to go up to Seguin to see him. He was very powerful." At a crucial stage in the 1941 negotiations, moreover, Johnson himself telephoned the Duke of Duval. In 1940, O'Daniel had received ninety-five per cent of the vote in that county. In 1941, O'Daniel received four per cent, there was a scattering of votes for other candidates, and Johnson received more than ninety-three per cent.

The abruptness—and extent—of this decline in O'Daniel's popularity in the Valley startled even politicians who had become inured to its political mores. "I was nauseous to learn of the returns from such corrupt stinkholes as Duval and Starr Counties," one said. "Money bought every Mexican vote." An observer in Cameron County said, "We have a situation in this state that is worse than Pendergast, Kelly-Nash, and Boss Hague crookedness ever was. How can one expect honest men and clean government to survive such a system?"

In the Valley, as in Texas politics as a whole, Coke Stevenson had been the exception. The border bosses had always supported him by the traditional wide margins, but not for the traditional reasons—rather, during the first primary of his initial race for lieutenant governor, in 1938, because Austin's conservative politicians and business interests who found his philosophy compatible persuaded the bosses to back him; in the second primary, for no other reason than that the inexplicable O'Daniel (who had purchased the Valley that year) included him on the list of candidates he had never met but was supporting (as one rebel Laredo politician said, "the machine localities are straight behind the candidates O'Daniel endorsed"); in Stevenson's races thereafter for reasons not financial but strategic. In one contested Democratic primary for governor, he received 68.5 per cent of the vote, the highest vote in such a campaign in the history of Texas; in his next campaign, he broke his own record, receiving eighty-five per cent of the vote (and winning by a margin of five hundred and seventy thousand votes). His immense popularity made victory a foregone conclusion, and the *jefes* wanted to be with the winner, and not antagonize a governor whose disfavor might interfere with their rule. Stevenson never offered money or any other inducement for the Valley's support—he treated the *jefes* with the same indifference and independence that he displayed toward other powerful political figures. (And, of course, as Ernest Boyett, his executive assistant, notes, "why shouldn't the Old Man have been" independent of the Valley bosses? To a candidate who carried Texas by hundreds of thousands of votes, the Valley was not a significant factor in the electoral equation.)

In the 1948 Senate primary race, however—in which Lyndon Johnson, Stevenson, and George Peddy were competing—the *patrones* were not going to be behind Stevenson. During the war, their politics had clashed with his patriotism—and, as anyone who knew Stevenson could have predicted, that conflict could have only one result. Late in 1944, George Parr and Judge Raymond, of Webb County, had asked Governor Stevenson to appoint E. James (Jimmy) Kazen, a member of a politically powerful family, and Raymond's relative by marriage, to the recently vacated post of Laredo District Attorney. Stevenson, however, had also received a visit from the commanding general of the huge Army Air Forces base in Laredo, who pleaded with him to appoint a district attorney who was not tied in with the local political machine. "He said the prostitutes were running wild; half of his men were sick," Boyett, who was present during this visit, recalls. "Mr. Stevenson felt we were at war, and politics be damned." Stevenson appointed another man; Raymond—and Parr—never forgave him for this slight; and Johnson took full advantage of the opening. During the war, he cemented a friendship with *el Patrón*. One of Parr's intimates says that "for years" Johnson would make visits to San Diego, driving past the Duval County Courthouse and pulling up in front of the low building with the pretty red tile and the massive grillwork. Inside, he and Parr would talk alone, sometimes sending out to the Windmill Café for hamburgers; Johnson always wanted them to "double the meat." Another Parr intimate says, "Everybody knew about it, but nobody was present to see or hear." Others say that such visits were actually rare but that Johnson would make frequent telephone calls to Parr, sometimes chatting for an hour or more. He and another congressman, John Lyle, of Corpus Christi, Johnson wrote, in February of 1948, "tried to reach you by telephone the other afternoon. . . . We got to talking about our friends and just decided to call you. We got as far as Dallas, but they said the lines to San Diego were busy. . . . Expect to be back in Texas [soon], and hope to talk to you then. . . . If there is anything I can do at any time, let me know."

Whatever the means of communication, the communication was there. The definitive word probably comes from Frank B. Lloyd, the district attorney in Alice and, with his brother Edward, a member of Lloyd & Lloyd, the Alice law firm through which most Parr business in Jim Wells County was handled. "George and Lyndon were very close," Lloyd says. "He didn't make public spectacles"—of trips to Alice—"like some of the politicians did. But there was the telephone." About one thing all of Parr's associates are agreed: he was fond of the Congressman. As one of Parr's biographers puts it, "he liked Johnson's style and guts." Luther E. Jones, who was Johnson's assistant in Representative Richard Kleberg's office in the nineteen-thirties, and who, for eight years during the nineteen-forties, was Parr's most trusted attorney, says of Parr, "He liked him. They were good friends, dear friends. It was a real working together there." Additional cement was trowelled on after Tom Clark, of Dallas, an extremely pragmatic politician, whose rapid rise in government had been aided by Johnson, was appointed United States Attorney General by President Truman in 1945. A pardon for his 1934 income-tax conviction was important to Parr, primarily because the other Valley *jefes* would regard it as proof of his power and of his ability to protect them in Washington from investigations by federal agencies. Some Johnson associates have denied for forty years that he helped Parr obtain a pardon, but in fact from the time Parr applied for one, in July, 1943, Johnson helped him. On August 31, 1943, John Connally reported to Johnson that he had talked to White House administrative assistant James H. Rowe "about George Parr. He [Rowe] tried to do what he could before he left," Connally wrote. "All the papers are in order—they are down with . . . the Pardon Board now." These attempts were unsuccessful as long as Francis Biddle was United States Attorney General. But on February 20, 1946, with Clark elevated to the Attorney General's chair, the pardon was granted—and Parr gave Johnson full credit for this. As for the still firmer cementing necessary for the 1948 campaign, that was again left to Wirtz. On the eve of the campaign, a deal was sealed. George Brown would later say of it only, "We helped him [Johnson] down there [in the Valley] through Wirtz." No details are known. But at six-thirty on the morn-

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ing of July 24, 1948, Primary Day, Parr came to Salas' home and, Salas was to recall, said: "Listen, Indio, concentrate on the Senate race. Be sure we elect Johnson."

IN Precinct 13, in Alice, where Salas, as election judge, presided, the polling place had, as usual, been set up in a large room in the Nayer Elementary School. Salas had arranged for the erection of the traditional Election Day tent—pyramid-shaped, about sixteen feet square at the base—in a vacant lot across the street from the school, and in front of it stood deputy sheriffs, wearing guns. It had been set up so that the Mexican-American voters who were herded into it by other deputies could be given their poll-tax receipts, their sample ballots or "strings"—and their instructions—in privacy. ("Inside we had a table with plenty sample ballots to teach some of our voters how to vote," Salas recalls. "Lots of them needed training.") There was a new development, however. Under Texas election law, "poll watchers" were permitted to inspect the ballots, and the Jim Wells County reformers, emboldened by recent successes, had actually dared to name two for Box 13, and when they arrived at the Nayer School, at 7 A.M., just as the polls were opening, they handed Salas a paper: a judge's order designed to insure an honest vote. But in George Parr's precincts the law was not what was written on paper. Salas pointed to two chairs that he thought were far enough away from the table on which the ballots were counted so that the reformers could not get a good look at them. "I just ordered them to go sit in a corner and keep out of the way," Salas was to recall. "I tell you once more, I was so powerful I could do anything that pleased me." Then he whispered to the election clerks—"told them, 'Absolutely do not let them see the ballots.'" One of the poll watchers, H. L. (Ike) Poole, Salas was to say, "more or less obeyed" his orders, but the other, a young man called Jimmy Holmgreen, objected.

Before noon, Salas began counting the ballots. Sitting at the table, he unfolded each ballot and called out the names on it; three clerks, sitting at the same table, marked down the votes on three separate tally sheets. Even from his chair in the corner, Holmgreen later said, he could see the marks on the ballots, and he saw Salas calling out votes for Johnson that were actually for Stevenson. A brave young man, Holmgreen kept asking to inspect the ballots, as he was entitled by law to do. "He was up many times, approaching the desk where the clerks were counting and reading the ballots," Salas says. "I told him, 'Better sit down.'" When Holmgreen persisted, a deputy sheriff arrested him, marched him off to the city jail, and locked him in a cell. An attorney for the reformers obtained a writ of mandamus freeing Holmgreen and ordering Salas to allow the poll watchers to see the ballots. "I just ignored same," he says, "and again told Poole and Holmgreen, 'You just stay put, don't move from your chairs.'" Shortly after the polls closed, at 7 P.M., Salas announced the "vote" in Precinct 13: that single "box" furnished Johnson with the bulk of his lead—1,881 to 1,357—in Jim Wells County. No "reform" opposition to Parr existed in the six counties—Duval, Starr, La Salle, Brooks, Jim Hogg, and Zapata—controlled absolutely by the Duke of Duval. In Duval, Stevenson received sixty-six votes, Peddy twenty, and Johnson 3,707—ninety-eight per cent of the total. In the six counties as a whole, Johnson received over eighty per cent of the total. His plurality over Stevenson in Parr's domain came to over seven thousand votes. In Judge Raymond's Webb County, he received ninety-one per cent of the total, and a plurality over Stevenson of almost six thousand votes. The Mexican-American and black districts of Corpus Christi produced four thousand more; those in McAllen and Edinburg, on the border, weighed in with more. Although San Antonio's West Side didn't produce as well for Johnson as he had hoped, he nonetheless came out of that city and the Valley with the twenty-five thousand votes he had expected.

Despite this "bloc vote," however, Lyndon Johnson polled only 405,617 votes statewide—thirty-four per cent of the total. Coke Stevenson had 477,077 votes, or forty per cent; Peddy had 237,195 votes, or twenty per cent; and eight minor candidates had eighty-three thousand votes, or seven per cent. Stevenson led Johnson by seventy-one thousand votes. And when the second—runoff—primary was held, on August 28th, Peddy would be gone from the race.

ONE month to go. One month to make up seventy thousand votes. One month to make Peddy's staunchly conservative followers turn against Coke Stevenson, symbol of conservatism. One month for Lyndon Johnson to save his political career. His entire life, it seemed, had boiled down to August, 1948. And he couldn't even use his mightiest weapon, the helicopter he'd been campaigning in. "We were too far behind," his aide Horace Busby says. "Trying to draw crowds in little towns—that wasn't going to get you anywhere. We had to go into the cities." And in campaigning in cities a helicopter could *not* be used.

Every sacrifice had to be made, even one that may have been especially difficult: ending Johnson's abuse of helpless subordinates. Wirtz and Claude Wild, the campaign manager, had been attempting for months to persuade Johnson to modify—or, at least, conduct in private—the explosions of violent, obscene rage at his staff (and, indeed, at non-staff members, such as hotel waiters and desk clerks), which often took place in full view of local supporters. From town after town, reports had come in of tirades so shocking and unforgettable that they often negated all his efforts. But the suggestions from Austin that he abuse his assistants only in private had been ignored—as if the prerogative of venting his emotions at his secretary Mary Rather and his devoted young assistants Busby and Walter Jenkins and Warren G. Woodward whenever and wherever he felt like it were a necessity he could not deny himself.

Now, however, there was only one month to go, and he altered his behavior—with his customary thoroughness. The first witness to—and beneficiary of—the transformation was Horace Busby. Immediately after the first primary, the young speechwriter and idea man had been summoned from his desk on the first floor of the Hancock House campaign headquarters in Austin "up-

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stairs to where the big shots were meeting." There he received rather unwelcome news. He had been absolutely correct, he was told, in reporting that the unprecedented size of Johnson's entourage was antagonizing voters. It had therefore been decided that on future campaign trips the candidate would be accompanied by only a single aide—"and guess who it's going to be."

Busby says he was designated for the assignment because "I had developed a reputation for handling his rages better than anyone else." But, he says, he had done the "handling" partly by becoming "very good at never being in his line of sight" when an explosion was imminent. As Johnson's sole companion, constantly at the candidate's side, he could no longer use that tactic. "I was," he recalls, "expecting the worst."

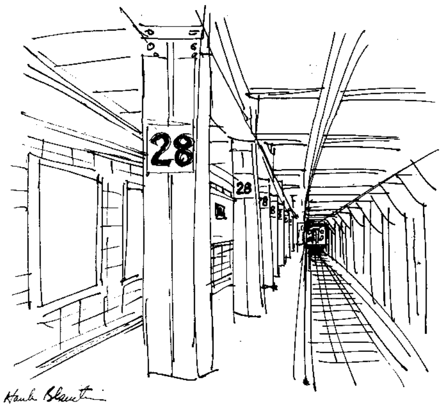
Therefore, Busby says, he was "shocked" when Johnson was "different than he had been during the first primary." Their next trip alone together was to El Paso, and on the plane "I was stunned. We were sitting side by side reading papers, and he was subdued. There was none of the volatility. We actually conversed." But even greater was his surprise at Johnson's behavior when they arrived at their hotel. Since their registration had been arranged in advance, Johnson could have gone straight up to his room, as had been his previous practice, but instead he went over to the desk clerk. "I'm Congressman Johnson," he said with a pleasant voice and smile. "You have a very fine hotel here. I've stayed in it before, and I'm looking forward to this visit." When the bellboy arrived in their suite with the luggage, Johnson told him, "I'd like to shake hands with you if your hands weren't so busy." When the bellboy put down the luggage, Johnson shook his hand. "Buzz," he said, "give the young man a tip." Then he changed his mind. "Son," he said, "he's a cheap tipper. I don't want him tipping you." And, Busby recalls, "he gave him five dollars."

And nothing prepared Busby for what was to happen the next morning. Johnson's first appearance would be an early-morning meeting, and he told Busby to get up at 4:15 A.M., in order to have time to bring him coffee. The hotel operator failed to make the wakeup call, however. Busby was awakened at 4:45 A.M., not by the desk but by his boss. He was awakened gently. Johnson was sitting beside his bed. "He wasn't mad," Busby recalls. "Here, Buzz," Lyndon Johnson said. "I went down and got a coffee and doughnut for you." For the entire month of August, Johnson rarely lapsed from his new code of behavior. Dressing for a dinner speech, "he put in his own cufflinks," Busby says. "I didn't have any of the valet services to perform that I was ill-disposed toward performing. Suddenly, Lyndon Johnson was taking care of himself." And there were few, if any, explosions. "He was a changed man."

ON Monday morning, July 26th, both candidates left for Washington: Johnson for the special session of the "do-nothing" Eightieth Congress which President Truman had called to focus attention on its failures; Stevenson, in order to counter Johnson's charges that he couldn't be an effective senator because he had no ties in the capital, for a brief visit to old friends like Tom Connally in the congressional delegation.

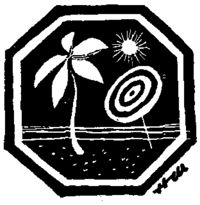
Lyndon Johnson's political genius had always enabled him to see opportunities for political gain where no one else saw them. He saw one now in Stevenson's trip to his turf, and he had a reporter Stevenson trusted ask the former Governor casually if he would hold a press conference while he was in Washington. Sure, Stevenson said. Stevenson, who had no faith in planes ("I never drove in anything with a motor that I didn't have to get out at least once to fix it"), travelled to the capital by train. Johnson flew, so he got there two days before Stevenson—and by the time Stevenson arrived the trap had been set.

Johnson was well aware by now how Stevenson's pride could be turned against him: since he would always refuse to defend himself against a hostile question, particularly one asked in an insulting tone, the trick was simply to ask him a hostile question and, when he refused to reply, accuse him of "dodging" the issue. The question that Johnson was most anxious for Stevenson to appear to "dodge" was about his stand on the Taft-Hartley Act, a law that was almost sacred in Texas, as the symbol of the state's flaming anti-union sentiment. In a piece of political irony, the Texas A.F.L. had endorsed Stevenson in June, not out of enthusiasm for the former Governor, who was not pro-labor, but out of deep hostility toward Lyndon Johnson, who, they felt, had deceived and betrayed them by pretending to be their friend and then working against them. When Stevenson did not repudiate the endorsement, Johnson charged, before the first primary, that he had sold his soul for the labor vote, that he was opposed to the Taft-Hartley Act and had made a "secret deal" that if elected to the Senate he would vote to repeal it. Johnson's charge was untrue—as Johnson's own aides admit; Coke Stevenson was not opposed to the Taft-Hartley Act. He had explained that he was in favor of government regulation when an institution became a monopoly and thereby gained power so great that only government could check its abuses—a situation that he felt labor had now attained. But Stevenson had made the explanation in his customary fashion, not making a short reply but explaining the political philosophy that had led him to his decision. In an interview with the Abilene *Reporter-News*, on July 3rd, he had said, "My policy is to let everyone alone unless he needs regulating. But when any segment of society becomes a monopoly, it needs to be regulated. I think the Taft-Hartley is all right as far as it is needed to keep down a monopoly." Stevenson had been making statements with similar careful qualifications during his entire public career, and the people of Texas had always understood them, because of his consistent record. But Stevenson had never encountered an opponent like Lyndon Johnson before. Johnson attacked—and kept attacking, although he knew his charge was false. And now Johnson saw a chance to strike at Stevenson's jugular. Recalls John Connally, "We encouraged Marshall McNeil"—the Washington



correspondent of the Fort Worth *Press*—"who had this very abrasive way of asking questions, to ask Coke where he stood on Taft-Hartley."

Johnson wanted the whole press conference "abrasive," and he made sure that other friends in the Washington press corps knew what questions to ask and how to ask them. Stevenson was proud of his long record of incorruptibility, and when, before the first primary, Johnson had attacked his honesty, he had refused to reply—and the attacks had faded. But Johnson told these friends that Coke Stevenson had been just another one of Texas' crooked governors—that he had, in fact, sold pardons just as Jim Ferguson had before him. He told them Stevenson was a "caveman," a "Neanderthal"—ignorant, isolationist, reactionary; a country bumpkin like Pappy O'Daniel. He told them that Stevenson, after striking the "secret deal" with labor bosses to help repeal Taft-Hartley, had been frantically dodging reporters' questions about that issue in Texas. He told them he hoped *they* wouldn't let Stevenson get away with such tactics in Washington. Johnson "not only primed, I would say he had briefed them thoroughly . . . on this man Coke Stevenson whom they had never heard of and never seen," says Johnson campaign aide J. J. (Jake) Pickle. "It boiled down to the reporters' actually asking and popping the questions and then riding him." By the time Stevenson arrived in Washington, "the reporters were waiting for him," Pickle recalls. "Mr. Johnson and his friends, reporters like Drew Pearson, had the stage set." Hostile press conferences were rare in Washington in that era; this press conference, a reporter was to write, was "one of the most hostile in recent memory."



Hardly had it begun when Leslie Carpenter, a Washington correspondent for several Texas newspapers, including the pro-Johnson Dallas *Times-Herald* (Carpenter's wife, Liz, was a correspondent for other Texas papers), asked a question that attacked the former Governor's integrity. Is the "large number of pardons granted in your governorship an issue in this campaign?" Carpenter demanded. Robert Murphey, Stevenson's nephew and campaign aide, who had accompanied his uncle to Washington, saw Coke's jaw set, and knew what was coming. "I wouldn't know," Stevenson replied coldly. In Texas, Johnson-inspired charges about the pardons had been exposed as false, and the issue laid to rest, but in Washington it was raised again—in rapid-fire questions often couched in a sneering tone more suited to a prosecuting attorney interrogating an obviously guilty defendant. Reporters in Austin had become accustomed to Stevenson's deliberate way of answering questions—the slow drawl in which he always spoke—and had learned to wait for his replies. These reporters didn't wait, and while he was framing a reply to one question they would be shouting others at him. Stevenson attempted once to explain that they were mistakenly lumping together "pardons" with three- or five-day "clemencies," during which prisoners were allowed to return home for a relative's funeral or a family emergency, but the reporters seemed not to understand.

The tone did not change when the questioning, led by Leslie Carpenter and Jack Anderson, a young, aggressive Drew Pearson legman, shifted to Taft-Hartley. Carpenter asked, "Do you think the Taft-Hartley Act is a good or a bad law?"

Stevenson replied that the issue was too complicated to be answered by simply calling a law "good" or "bad," but every time he attempted to explain his more complex view of the issue Carpenter interrupted him by simply repeating the same question. He did so five times, until Stevenson said, "That's a loaded question." Stevenson added—evidently referring to the statement he had made in Abilene—that he had made a statement on Taft-Hartley, and the reporters could look it up.

That evening, the pack of journalists again crammed into Stevenson's hotel room. Carpenter said that his paper could find no record in its files of any statement he had made on Taft-Hartley, implying that Stevenson had lied. Then the reporter demanded, "Do you think the Taft-Hartley Act is a good or a bad law?"

Stevenson lost his temper. "I'm not going to let the *Times-Herald* shape up my campaign for me," he said. Then, the Dallas *News* was to report, Steven-

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son "was also hammered at by Jack Anderson." Anderson's questions were couched in a tone that Stevenson was to liken to "cross-examination," and, Murphey was to say, "No one was going to cross-examine him." Stevenson was determined not to reply to questions asked in that tone. When Pearson's legman demanded, "What did you say about the Taft-Hartley law?," Stevenson angrily said only, "I couldn't repeat it from memory."

"Could you give us the gist of it?" Anderson asked.

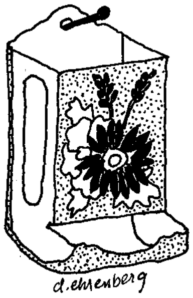
"I might be able to," Stevenson said, "but I don't see any value in it."

Stevenson's determination not to reply only led him into deeper and deeper trouble. When Anderson kept demanding a reply—"All I want is a yes or no"—Stevenson refused to give one, and when Anderson demanded to know why, he said, "Because you-all catch me here away from my notes and put me under cross-examination."

"Well," Anderson said, "it seems like a simple thing to remember how you stand."

"The people of Texas know," Stevenson replied.

The questioning by Anderson, Carpenter, and McNeil was finally stopped by other, more neutral reporters, who found their colleagues' tactics repugnant. When Anderson said, "It appears to me you're trying to carry water on both sides, Governor," another reporter, Bascom N. Timmons, objected, even though he also represented a pro-Johnson paper. "That's an unethical question," Timmons said.



Sarah McClendon, who represented the Beaumont *Enterprise* and the El Paso *Times*, as well as other Texas papers, and who was already known as a fiery questioner herself, later said of that press conference, "It was lousy. . . . I thought he deserved fair play. I thought the questions were lousy. . . . It was a trap."

Johnson would have been pleased by the tone of the questions at the press conference; he must have been pleased, too, by the tone of the stories that stemmed from it. The lead on Leslie Carpenter's article in the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, for example, was that Stevenson "dodged a direct question, asked five times, as to whether he considered the Taft-Hartley Labor law to be a 'good law' or 'a bad law.' " Liz Carpenter's article, in the Austin *American-Statesman*, said that "a dozen newsmen . . . tried for 20 minutes to get an answer from him on the question."

The coöperation of some of the reporters with the Johnson campaign did not end with the filing of their stories. While Stevenson was on a train back to Texas, Leslie Carpenter was dictating a message for Johnson suggesting follow-up questions ("Why don't you get some favorable reporter to ask Stevenson something like this. . . . If Stevenson says 'No,' have the reporter . . . Then the reporter could say . . . I think we can start the whole thing over with questioning like this. Good luck and God bless you"). Marshall McNeil was drafting a statement about Stevenson for Johnson to deliver.

THE press conference became a pivotal point of the campaign, because of money—and what money could buy. More money had been poured into Johnson's campaign than had ever been donated to a politician in Texas, but that money was gone now, spent. More money could be raised, however, for by this time, even if Herman Brown, of Brown & Root, had wanted to cut his losses, he couldn't; he was in too deep. None of the group whose fortunes were tied to Brown & Root—and therefore to Lyndon Johnson—could back out now. All of them were in too deep.

They knew it. More than a few of the younger members of Johnson's team felt that their Chief should seriously consider bowing out of the race without running in the second primary, so hopeless did they consider his position, but when one of them, Wilton Woods, ventured to raise that possibility with Alvin Wirtz, Wirtz replied, not with his customary smile but with a snarl, "He's *got* to run it out now. There are too many people out on a limb now." Johnson's personal attacks on Coke Stevenson, so beloved a figure in Austin, had infuriated not only the former Governor but his longtime friends and allies in the State Legislature and bureaucracy, who, as Austin lobbyists like Wirtz and Ed Clark knew, would be less restrained in their use of governmental powers than Coke would; there was, Clark recalls, real "hatred" for Lyndon Johnson in the corridors of the state capitol. Clark, who had been aware when he cast his lot with Lyndon Johnson five months before that "if I lost, I was going to be through; I was going to be out," now had additional fears. Now, he recalls, he was afraid that "we might be in trouble. They were going to punish us if they could." George Brown recalled decades later that he and his brother feared that the bitterness engendered in Austin by the campaign might even endanger the continuation of the state road-building contracts that Brown & Root had been receiving for decades. After a normal campaign, Brown said, a "reconciliation" could be expected, but this campaign had been too bitter—and their opponent was too tough—for them to expect that. "In that second primary," he said, "it was all on the line." George and Herman had escaped—narrowly escaped—indictment on federal income-tax charges for their financing of Lyndon Johnson's first senatorial campaign, in 1941, largely (perhaps only) because in Johnson they had a friend in power in Washington. In this second campaign, they had multiplied their financing—and if Lyndon Johnson lost who would be their friend in power? Who would be their friend with federal regulatory agencies, such as the Interstate Commerce Commission, whose jurisdiction included their Joe D. Hughes Trucking Company, or the Federal Power Commission, whose jurisdiction included their Big Inch and Little Inch pipelines? "They [Brown & Root] were regulated in a thousand ways," says Clark, who was Brown & Root's attorney and lobbyist. "And Stevenson would have run them out of Washington. He would say, if anyone wanted to give them a contract, 'They're personally objectionable to me.' The Browns had to win this. They *had* to win this. Stevenson was a man of vengeance, and he would have run them out of Washington. Johnson—if he lost, he was going back to being nobody. *They* were going back to being nobody. That [second primary]—that was when the chips were down. That was the acid test. That was *it!* All or nothing."

Therefore, Ed Clark explains, "whatever he [Johnson] needed was available to him." Some of this financing was handled through the younger men, who would collect it—in cash—from Herman Brown or the oilman Wesley West in Houston or the oilman Sid Richardson on St. Joseph Island or the oilman Clint Murchison and the newspaper publisher Amon Carter in Fort Worth, or from wealthy attorneys such as Harris Melasky in Taylor. Asked how much money was involved, John Connally smiles and says, "A hell of a lot. I'd go get it. Walter [Jenkins] would go get it. We had a lot of people who would go get it, and deliver it. . . . I went to see Harris Melasky three or four times. . . . *I* handled inordinate amounts of cash."

Connally says he can make no estimate of the amount of cash spent during the single month of August, 1948, but some idea of the scale emerges from an anecdote told by Charles Herring, a young associate with the law firm of Looney & Clark (and former Johnson congressional aide), who had been seconded to Connally for the campaign. No matter how fast the cash came in to Connally, Herring says, it went out at the same rate, and the telephone company, whose bill had not been paid, was threatening to cut off phone service. One evening, Connally told Herring, "I can get currency in Houston, but I've got to get it tonight." A private plane would take him to Houston, and he asked Herring to meet him at Austin's Municipal Airport on his return. When Connally arrived, "at two, three o'clock in the morning," he was carrying a "brown paper sack like you buy groceries in." Inside, Herring says, was fifty thousand dollars in hundred-dollar bills. After counting it, the two young attorneys decided to stop for a snack at the Longhorn Café, an all-night diner. As they were driving home, Herring recalls, Connally "suddenly snapped his fingers and said, 'Where's that sack?' We had left it in the restaurant. Any bum off the street could have picked it up." But when they ran into the café the brown bag was still there. When asked whether the fifty thousand dollars represented a substantial part of the cash spent in the primary, Herring looked astonished. "That didn't touch what you're talking about," he said. On another occasion in August, Herring says, Connally returned from a trip to Houston with forty thousand dollars in cash, "took it home and hid it, and forgot where it was. For two or three days we couldn't find it." Connally thought the money must have been in a suit that had been sent to the cleaners, but no trace of it could be found. Herring said, "Maybe we'd better tell Johnson," but Connally, cool as ever in a crisis, never panicked, and told his assistant to tell nobody—"and," says Herring, "we didn't tell anybody about it. Except every cleaner in town." Finally, the cash was found inside a shirt in Connally's shirt drawer. (Asked about these two incidents, Connally says only, with a grin, "I told you I handled inordinate amounts of cash.") Wilton Woods says that in 1941 he once carried twenty-five thousand dollars in cash from Herman Brown to Alvin Wirtz. During the 1948 campaign, he said, he made "several" trips carrying that amount—or more.

This immense supply of campaign financing meant that the Carpenter story on Coke Stevenson's Washington press conference (including the erroneous implication that Stevenson had not made a "previous" statement) could be

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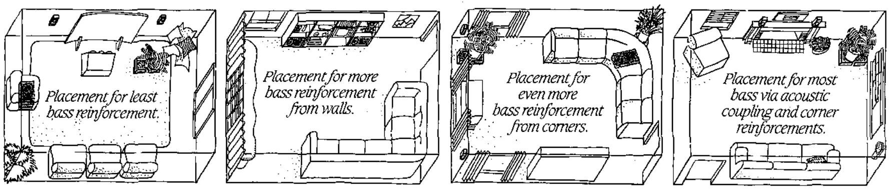
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printed not just as an article in the newspapers that employed the Carpenters but in many of the sixty daily and four hundred and eighty-eight weekly newspapers in Texas as an impressive advertisement, with the headline "EXACT WASHINGTON INTERVIEW OF STEVENSON DODGING ISSUES." The article rolled off presses not just on newsprint but on the glossy paper of brochures sent out in direct mailings, and, in excerpted form, on penny postcards sent in repeated mailings, so that the average Texas family would be able to see the name Stevenson connected with "dodging" over and over again. Some days after the press conference, Drew Pearson's column appeared with the key word used twice in the lead: "Ex-Governor Coke Stevenson of Texas . . . on a recent trip to Washington evaded more issues and dodged more questions than any recent performer in a city noted for question dodging." That column was reprinted, and tens of thousands—hundreds of thousands—of copies were sent to voters in repeated mailings.

Most important, the story of the press conference was repeated over and over on the radio. Johnson repeated it in his speeches, of course. These speeches were written by Paul Bolton. Describing what he wrote, Bolton says, "Repeat the same thing over and over and over—jumping on Coke Stevenson's having secret dealings with labor. You knew it was a damned lie [but] you just repeated it and repeated it and repeated it. Repetition—that was the thing." ("I almost felt ashamed of what I was writing sometimes," Bolton says.) Johnson had influential and respected politicians repeat the lie in radio speeches broadcast in the areas where they were known. For example, the Longview newspaper publisher Carl L. Estes, a power in East Texas, delivered a speech, written by Wirtz and Bolton, that was heard throughout his part of the state. Hailing Johnson's "outspoken championship of the Taft-Hartley law" during the fight for its passage in Washington two years before (a statement that would have surprised anyone who had been in Washington), Estes said:

> Mind you, the same labor bosses which Lyndon Johnson helped to force into the raiment of Americanism are now down here in free Texas, using Coke Stevenson as a willing whip with which to punish this courageous Congressman at the ballot box. If Lyndon Johnson is defeated, every CIO-PAC-AFL labor boss in the country will hail the victory—"Operation Texas" —and the march of decentralized industry to Texas, I warn you, will stop—while Calculatin' Coke calmly lights his pipe.

Pleased with Estes' delivery of the speech, Wirtz ordered it rebroadcast over a twenty-station statewide network and reprinted in full-page advertisements in the state's leading newspapers.

As for his own stand on Taft-Hartley, Johnson said:

> My record on that bill has been made: I frankly stated it to the voters. I said my attitude toward amending it would be determined by the recommendations of a joint committee of Congress set up to study the law in action. I said I would consider any recommendations of the committee except one. On one section of the law my opinion will not be changed. That's the section which requires the head of any labor union who seeks advantage under the act to file an affidavit that he's not a Communist, or a member of the Communist Party. I believe that every person and every organization doing business with the government . . . should be required to take a solemn oath that they are not Communists.

If this was something less than a firm endorsement of the act—if, indeed, it was no less equivocal than Stevenson's position—no reporter pointed that out. (Indeed, it was a reporter, Marshall McNeil, of the Fort Worth *Press*, who had written the statement for Johnson, as McNeil acknowledged in an interview years later.) Stevenson, still defiantly refusing to reply to an opponent's charge, did not point it out, either. Even if he had, his reply might have been lost. Lyndon Johnson had one month to make Texas believe that Coke Stevenson was a secret supporter of big-city labor racketeers and had made a secret deal to repeal the sacred Taft-Hartley Act. And during that month Texans were told this by letter, postcard, telephone calls from banks of phone workers, pamphlets, direct mailings, radio advertisements and speeches, by ads in weekly newspapers, and by "articles" in the weeklies that were in reality also written in Johnson headquarters. The charge was drummed into voters by the shouts of the scores of paid "stump speakers" Johnson had dispatched to crisscross the state. Special attention was given to the conservative businessmen who played so influential a role in Texas politics—and who had for years been Stevenson supporters. "Transcripts" of the Washington interview were mailed, with individually typed letters, to hundreds, if not thousands, of "responsible businessmen." Such a campaign cost a vast amount of money—but Lyndon Johnson had it.

And it wasn't only the shouts but the whispers.

A little-publicized factor of rural-Texas politics was the men known, variously, as "missionaries," "travellers," "walking delegates," and "active campaigners." These were men influential with a particular ethnic group—for example, "You'd hire some popular Czech to go talk to the Czechs," one veteran of Texas politics says—or simply individuals well known in some remote rural districts. Such men were for hire in every campaign. "You'd send a guy out to see the lay of the land," explains the longtime Texas political observer D. B. Hardeman. "He would walk around the streets, try to find out who was for who, go to the courthouse. And they would talk around"—spreading the rumors that their employer wanted spread. The missionaries were an effective political weapon, particularly in rural areas where voters were unsophisticated, uneducated, and accustomed to relying on word of mouth for information. The missionaries knew what to say. "From previous campaigns, they knew what people wanted to hear, and who to talk to."

Never in the history of Texas politics had these missionaries been deployed on the scale on which the Johnson campaign was deploying them. A lot of the cash that came in those brown paper bags went to them. Asked, for example, how the fifty thousand dollars that Connally brought back from Houston was spent, Charles Herring says, "I saw him spend it. I saw him give it out. Our travellers would come by and pick up money." The Johnson campaign had between fifty and a hundred such missionaries out on the road during the second primary, and they each received between twenty-five and fifty dollars a day, plus expenses. Tens of thousands of dollars were thus spent to disseminate rumors about Coke Stevenson. Connally says the active campaigners were employed to "go around and spread propaganda. We'd contact a guy and give him walking around money. To buy beers, that kind of thing. He'd just circulate, dropping these little tidbits. He'd go from beer joint to beer joint, and go into the courthouses. He was a local guy, and no one would suspect he was employed in the campaign." And with their money the rumormongers got their marching orders. Connally says, "We'd give them a party line. 'Did you hear Coke's not taking a stand [on Taft-Hartley]? Well, hell, he *can't* take a stand, you know. He made this deal. Well, no, he didn't say it publicly. But he said it to a lot of people in Austin when he didn't think anyone could hear, and one of them told me. . . .' " This whispering campaign was carried on not only by these missionaries, of course; the rumors were spread by thousands of federally paid employees of the state's seventy-five Rural Electrification Administration coöperatives, and of the Department of Agriculture's Soil Conservation Service, and by employees of the Lower Colorado River Authority, whose dams were built by Brown & Root with federal authorizations obtained by Lyndon Johnson. And the whispers were very effective. "It was working," Boyett says. "These guys knew what to say. Lyndon had created the doubt: 'He'll vote to repeal that act.' "

THE great danger for Lyndon Johnson was that his opponent would reply to the questions about his stand on Taft-Hartley—for Johnson knew what the reply would be.

The Johnson strategists knew the truth about the charges they were making. They knew that Stevenson was really in favor of the bill they were claiming he was against. And if Stevenson simply said he was in favor of the bill the issue would vanish—and, with it, any hope of a Johnson victory. So Johnson, confident now that if someone demanded that Stevenson do something Stevenson would refuse, demanded again and again that Stevenson reply—in terms that he knew would make it even harder for Stevenson to reply. Calling the former Governor "pussy-footing" and "fence-straddling," he said in a typical speech, "Let's clear out the underbrush. The issue is plain. Has my opponent been gagged by the labor dictators? I challenge him to lift either his left leg or his right leg off the rail and get off one side or the other. Now is his chance to come clean with the people of Texas. It is his last chance." And as a further device to keep Stevenson from stating that he was for Taft-Hartley Johnson now also predicted that the former Governor *would* state that—for the basest of motives. "It would be a peculiar circumstance if at this late date he should now decide . . . he is in favor of the Taft-Hartley Bill," Johnson said. Stevenson would be doing so, Johnson said, only because he had realized that his "true" feelings were costing him votes. The use of this tactic, too, was escalated from day to day. William P. Hobby's Houston *Post* reported that Stevenson will "actually endorse the Taft-Hartley Bill" before the second primary in an attempt to deceive voters. Charging that Stevenson had tried "to be all things to all men," Johnson said that his own attacks on Stevenson's refusal to take a stand would force him to take one. Comparing the former Governor to "a freshly branded West Texas steer who tries to rub his brand off," the brand in this case being that of the state A.F.L., Johnson said, "If you folks will just stay with me, we will have him trying to get the A.F. of L. brand off his left hip before this campaign is over."

Stevenson did not reply—for two weeks, during which Johnson's tactics had their effect. Paul Bolton, who says that Johnson's speeches were false, says also that the speeches were working: "You watched [Johnson's] ratings go up those . . . weeks in the polls." Busby, a brilliant political analyst and strategist, says, "At the point at which Coke [in his Washington press conference] made the Taft-Hartley statement—at this point, he [Johnson] had no leverage to get back into the race, but the minute I saw [Liz Carpenter's] article, I said, 'This is our chance!' " John Connally says, "When Stevenson made the 'notes' reply, that was all we needed. Johnson had an issue. Mr. Stevenson's strength came from his appearance of being a very solid, stable, thoughtful man. And a man who was above politics. Now . . . he looked indecisive. He looked vacillating. And he looked *political*. Which was destroying his image."

His image was being destroyed even

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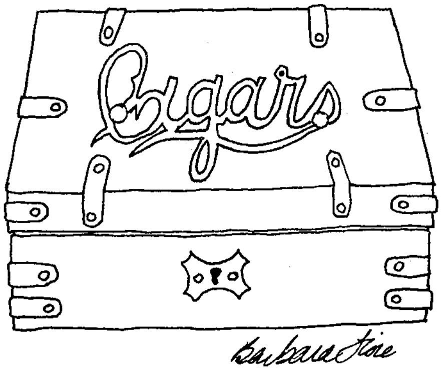
among the conservative businessmen who had known him well—and who should therefore have been immune to the rumor being circulated about his "secret dealings with labor." Many of these men lived in Dallas, which was, in Busby's phrase, "kind of the de-facto headquarters of the right-to-work movement" in America. Their concern was both ideological—"Dallas," as Busby says, "had a singular number of businessmen who believed America had to be protected from labor unions"—and personal, for militant unionization in Texas would have adversely affected their pocketbooks. "The main concern" of the big Dallas businessmen, "the *employers*, was not to let unions take over the labor force in Texas. And they were just shocked to their toenails by this interview" (or, to be more precise, by the Carpenters' account of it). These businessmen read Stevenson's interview, and Johnson's advertisements and statements reminding them of the interview, "and concluded that Coke was making a secret deal with the unions."

Stevenson's little band of aides also knew almost immediately the effect that his refusal to answer Leslie Carpenter's questions would have among these conservatives, and their suspicions were confirmed by a telephone call. One evening just after Stevenson's return from Washington, the telephone rang in his hotel room while Ernest Boyett, his executive assistant, was present. On the line was Scott Schreiner, of Kerrville, whom Boyett describes as "a lifelong friend" of Coke's. Schreiner had a question: "Well, Coke, how *do* you stand on Taft-Hartley?" To an old friend Stevenson had no objection to replying. "Well, everyone knows where I stand. I'm not going to vote to repeal it." Boyett heard the reply, but he also recognized in the words "everyone knows where I stand" a disaster for the campaign, for he understood the true significance of the telephone call. "Even an old friend was starting to have doubts," he says. "Lyndon had planted doubts in the conservatives' minds about the Old Man: 'He'll vote to repeal the Taft-Hartley Act!' " But his boss still didn't understand, Boyett realized; he still felt that it was not necessary for him to reply. And, indeed, when Boyett and others attempted to persuade Stevenson to say in public what he had said on the telephone—the one magic sentence ("I'm not going to vote to repeal it") that could have neutralized Johnson's tactics—the answer was the answer he had given for three months now: "I'm not getting into a cuss fight with Lyndon." (Boyett recalls, with a sad smile, "I would ask him to make a public statement every time I saw him. He was just such a strong-willed person.")

Exacerbating the reactionaries' doubts was a human consideration. Haters of Roosevelt and his New Deal—indeed, in Busby's words, of "everything Roosevelt stood for"—"they hated Johnson as a New Dealer. But when they saw Stevenson waver they hated him worse than Johnson. To suspect that a former friend has betrayed you is worse than an enemy opposing you, and therefore they got very angry at Coke."

The mistrust of Stevenson that Johnson had created among conservative businessmen increased Stevenson's difficulties, because those businessmen were, of course, the source of most of his campaign funds. Immediately after the first primary, Stevenson's campaign manager had sent out letters soliciting contributions for the second race. But from some longtime supporters—including certain big contributors "that," Boyett says, "we had always counted on"—there was no reply. The checks that others sent in were often a zero short. "People who we thought would come in for a thousand or two thousand dollars would come in for only a hundred or two hundred," Boyett recalls. As a result, he says, "we had quite a bit less than we had expected." Boyett understood why: "Lyndon created the doubt: 'He'll vote to repeal that Act.' It cut the flow down to a dribble. Moreover, it wasn't just money we lost but support." For the men who were no longer supporting Stevenson were the owners and managers of corporations. "In those days, if a popular executive with a company let it be known he was supporting a candidate, a lot of the employees would go along. And now some of the companies we had expected to support us weren't." But the money aspect was crucial in itself: "We didn't have adequate funds to conduct a campaign."



IT took Coke Stevenson two weeks to realize the damage that the Taft-Hartley "issue" had done to the reputation he cherished. "We didn't have

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No news from that other world, the town of bells,
Where exits came by passport from the sky.

I stand at the gate in October. Marigolds
Yellow the air. An arrow of birds points south.

Rain falls, leaf to leaf, a waterfall
Of sound. It speaks to the molten interior.

It was remarkable to hear him say,
Taking my money, "I'll kill you. I'll kill you." Well!

It's my difference, of course: the unknown depth,
Thick with silence, behind my bovine eyes.

All's gravity. All places have their guiles
And griefs. The rain, at any rate, is warm.

I practice the grammar of indifference
And trawl the sky past midnight for gold stars.

—Stephen Stepanchev

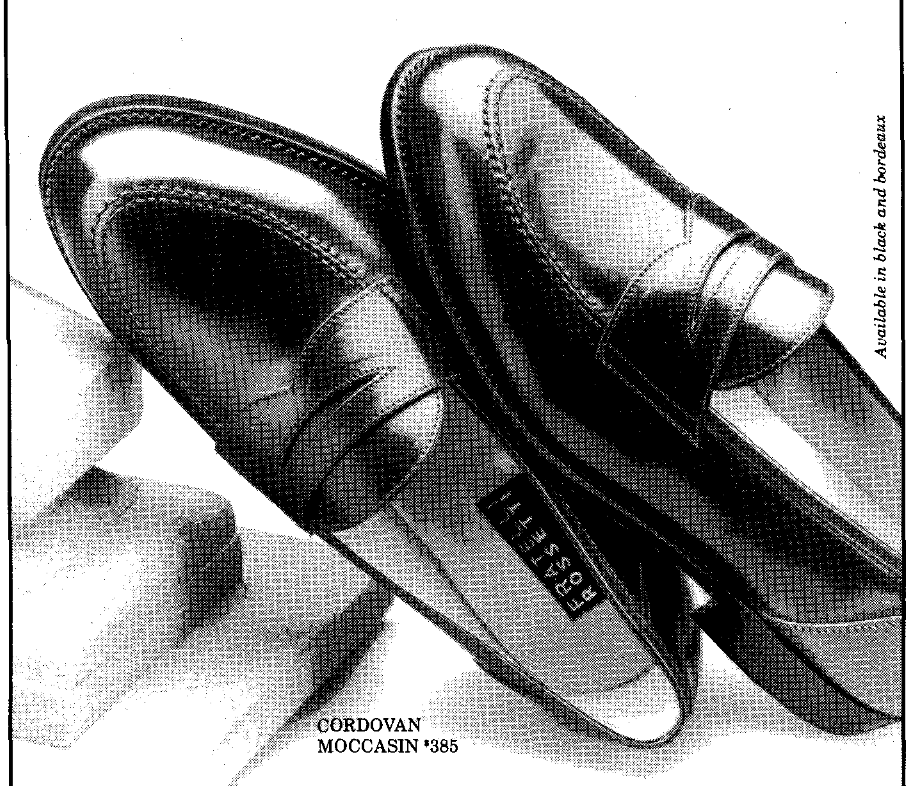
• •

any polls," Boyett recalls. "The Old Man didn't understand what it was doing to him." But calls from longtime supporters like Schreiner made him realize at last, and on August 11th Stevenson issued a statement on Taft-Hartley.

He made it in a letter to a friend—Sam Braswell, Jr., publisher of the Kerrville *Times*. "Sam," the letter said, "my stand on the Taft-Hartley law has never been a secret, although everything I have said regarding it has been deliberately misconstrued by my opponent in this race. I have said repeatedly in public statements and radio addresses that I think the effect of the Taft-Hartley law in curbing the labor monopoly has been a good thing for the country. I believe that you are sufficiently familiar with my public record to know that I have never kowtowed to any labor boss."

The Dallas *News* commented that Stevenson's letter proved that Johnson's campaign "has been largely waged against a straw man," for the letter "expresses the view that the Taft-Hartley Act has been of national benefit in curbing labor monopoly, the only real purpose at which it was aimed." The charge had always been "a little absurd," the *News* said, since "to anyone familiar with [Stevenson's] long record in Texas administration obviously the accusation sought to portray him in a light utterly out of character." Stevenson himself pointed out that his statement was "nothing new—it is a restatement of what I said in Abilene," but his aides were pleased that he had finally made it; his letter, they felt, would lay Lyndon Johnson's accusations to rest once and for all. And the *News* expressed the same opinion.

Which demonstrated only that they didn't know Lyndon Johnson. He received the news in the midst of a day's campaigning in San Antonio. He had to make three speeches in person that day and three over the radio, and to meet privately with Mexican-American leaders, and in between the speeches and meetings he shook hands in a park and at the city zoo, in downtown department stores, at the gates to industrial plants when the workers were crowding out at the end of their shifts, and in the teeming Mexican-American ghetto of the West Side. Towering above men in bright-colored shirts and old women in black rebozos,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he abrazoed his way enthusiastically through the crowded, pushcart-jammed San Antonio slums. As a reporter wrote, "up one business block and down another, apparently unmindful of the more than 100-degree temperature," the Congressman moved, hugging, smiling, shouting, in a swirl of aides and voters. One by one, "reporters retired in defeat to the air-conditioned comfort of their hotel before the day was very old"; Johnson went on, hour after hour. But amid that turmoil and heat the amazing political machine in Lyndon Johnson's mind never stopped clicking away. By midmorning, he had devised a strategy to combat Stevenson's letter. First, he called in friendly reporters and planted doubts in their minds about the letter's authenticity. He understood there was some question about whether Coke had really written that letter, he told them; they'd better make sure he had before they got too excited about it. Didn't it seem strange to them that after all these weeks of refusing to make a statement Stevenson had finally made one in a letter to the publisher of some obscure small-town newspaper instead of in a speech or press release? Had anyone seen the signature?

Two friendly reporters, Charles K. Boatner, of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, and Robert V. Johnson, of the Houston *Post*—two ardently pro-Johnson newspapers—drove the fifty miles to Kerrville, and the Houston reporter confirmed that the letter "was on stationery of the Stevenson headquarters at Austin and bore a signature which looked similar to the several signatures of the former Governor I have seen." But Lyndon Johnson's tactic caused some newspapers to delay publication of the letter a day, and to give it smaller play than they would have on a first-day story, and it also clouded the letter just enough so that in some large papers it never received the major coverage it deserved; Robert Johnson's article, for example, said only that the letter "purported to give Stevenson's view."

But the main reason that Stevenson's letter had little impact was that Stevenson had little money. Now that the Old Man had made his statement, Murphey and Boyett and his other aides wanted it reprinted and broadcast. But printings and broadcasts cost money.

Lyndon Johnson, who *had* money, countered the letter with a barrage of broadcasts. On August 13th and again on August 14th, he delivered three separate fifteen-minute radio talks, each over a thirty-station network that brought his voice into every town in Texas. The line he took was that Stevenson was still "dodging" the issue. Stevenson's letter, Johnson said, was "noncommittal. Texans think he has had plenty of time to give them a 'yes' or 'no' answer on whether he thinks Taft-Hartley is a good or bad law" and "whether he would vote to repeal it." Stevenson was still behaving like a frightened politician, Johnson said. "My opponent seems to be mighty interested in convincing the public he is not tied in with any labor bosses. Last June he accepted their endorsement with boasts. But under fire now from the other side he acts like he is ashamed of labor support . . . and is trying to rub off the brand."

To reinforce its candidate's statements, the Johnson campaign put on the air public figures respected in their various locales—and put them on in an effective way, often purchasing simultaneous time on every radio station, no matter how small, in an area, so that listeners could not avoid the Johnson pitch. New reprints of the press-conference articles were made, and new mailings went out. On August 15th, Johnson, in another radio address, said, "By this time, nearly everybody in Texas has been forced to the conclusion that my opponent has established a world's record for refusing to declare his opinion on important issues." And, indeed, the impression in Texas still remained that Stevenson had entered into some kind of deal with "labor bosses." The former Governor's letter had been buried as thoroughly as his earlier statement in Abilene. The Dallas *News* was to comment on Johnson's tactics, "With utterly unfounded allegation incapable of substantiation, he has striven to connect the AFL endorsement with a nonexistent deal to repeal the Taft-Hartley Act." But the tactics had worked: Johnson had not merely "striven" to connect the endorsement with a "deal"—he had succeeded in doing so. Standing the truth on its head, he had made a state believe not merely a lie but a lie that defied logic. Texas had known Coke Stevenson's view on union bosses, but Lyndon Johnson had persuaded the state that Stevenson's view was the precise opposite.

The magnification of the power of money in the new media politics made such persuasion relatively easy. A substantial number of voters in Texas did not subscribe to a daily newspaper, and since many weekly newspapers never carried Stevenson's letter these voters never read it; all they knew about it was what Lyndon Johnson told them. Few voters in Texas read the text of the letter more than once; they read, and heard, Johnson's interpretation of it over and over. Against an opponent who had so little money himself, this persuasion had, in fact, been easy. As John Connally is happy to explain, "you have to say something over and over to get voters to be aware of it. And he [Coke] didn't. He didn't advertise it, he didn't make an issue of it on the radio. So the press might be aware of the [letter], they might write a story about it—but nobody knew about it."

In a final touch of irony, in Washington the presidents of four railroad unions endorsed Lyndon Johnson for senator. Stevenson said, "This development is no surprise to Texans who are familiar with the real issues in this race . . . and with the past records of both candidates." But most Texans did not learn about the endorsement. There were few broadcasts and almost no mailings to drum home to voters that the supposedly anti-labor candidate had been endorsed by labor. (Asked about the difference in the candidates' positions on Taft-Hartley, Jeff Hickman, the executive secretary of the state Congress of Industrial Organizations, told a reporter that there was no difference. "The position of both candidates on the Taft-Hartley law is substantially the same. Both of them think it is a good law." But this statement was not even printed in many of the state's newspapers—and was buried in those that did use it.) Nor, of course, were voters or businessmen aware that Robert Oliver, the organizing director of the C.I.O. in Texas, was quietly lining up "a number of local (C.I.O.) unions" in Texas cities to support Johnson, or that Welly K. Hopkins, Senior Counsel of the United Mine Workers (whose president, John L. Lewis, was being assailed by Johnson on daily radio broadcasts), was drumming up labor support for Johnson and carrying campaign material back and forth between James H. Rowe and fellow-lobbyist Thomas Corcoran, in Washington, and Wirtz, in Texas, or that a major source of funding for Johnson's "anti-union" campaign was David Dubinsky and other big-city union bosses—that, in fact, unions in cities throughout the Northeast were shipping cash south to help the Johnson campaign. In almost every speech now Johnson was reading the transcript of the press conference in which Stevenson had refused to answer the questions about Taft-Hartley. The fact that Stevenson had now answered was all but drowned out in the flood of Johnson broadcasts, ads, and pamphlets.

MONEY could buy more than publicity. Money could buy men. George Peddy's votes were essential to any hope of victory, and Peddy's stronghold was in Deep East Texas, the little towns in the piney woods along the Louisiana border, the stronghold not only of Peddy strength but of Stevenson strength—of a conservatism as rock-solid as the Confederate state that Deep East Texas still so closely resembled.

Johnson opened his second primary campaign there, in the very heart of Peddy country—in Center, the county seat of Peddy's native Shelby County. In some ways, it was a traditional East Texas rally, with farmers and their wives sitting on backless benches in the courthouse square, and others remaining in their cars behind the benches and honking their horns to join in the applause. But the evidence of what money—unlimited money—could accomplish even in a hostile area was visible. As the Houston *Post* said of Johnson the next day, "His bid for votes in this section is obviously going to be a strong one. . . . Trees alongside the East Texas roads are decorated with his picture. His headquarters telephoned everyone in the Center phone book to get them out for the . . . speech."

Advertisements announcing the rally had appeared not merely in Shelby County newspapers or on Shelby County radio stations but all over East Texas, and the crowd—between four hundred and five hundred people, larger than anyone had expected—had come from as far away as Bowie County, a hundred and five miles to the north, to hear Johnson praise the native son in a bellow delivered over a full-sized microphone strapped to his chest with a harness, so that he could move around as he spoke. "I have not and will not speak an unkind word about Colonel Peddy. He was a man I liked and admired. . . . Colonel Peddy and I agreed on almost all the issues of the race."

But it wasn't Johnson's shouts that most strongly influenced Deep East Texas; it was the whispers of the missionaries. They had always had an unusually strong impact in these isolated little towns, so cut off from news of the outside world. Because of the affection for Peddy in these towns, the missionaries were instructed to make the Colonel's friends believe that Stevenson was his enemy: "Well, you know, I was in Austin the other night, in the Driskill, and Coke came in, and you should have heard what he said about Colonel Peddy. He said . . ."

Did the Johnson campaign buy more than missionaries? At this crucial moment, according to men in both camps, Brown & Root swung into action in East Texas with local subcontractors. The power of small-town banks, on which local farmers are continuously dependent not only for mortgages (and for refinancing of mortgages if they have had a bad year) but for annual crop loans and loans to purchase seed, was mobilized. Federal agencies with which Johnson had influence—the Rural Electrification Administration, in particular—used their influence in East Texas. And were more direct payments being made? Ed Clark, raised in San Augustine and still the owner of a home there, was asked in later years how Johnson had done so well in San Augustine, and throughout East Texas; Clark, forthcoming on other points, will not discuss his home county. For reply, he only raised a big hand and rubbed his thumb and forefinger together. There were reports of actual cash payments—one thousand dollars was the sum mentioned—to Peddy leaders for their support. One of those who had been receiving disturbing reports recalls his thoughts: "My God! They're stealing East Texas!"

Similar tactics were being employed in rural counties all over Texas. The impressions of a score of politicians who remember the 1948 campaign are

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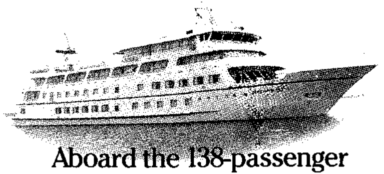

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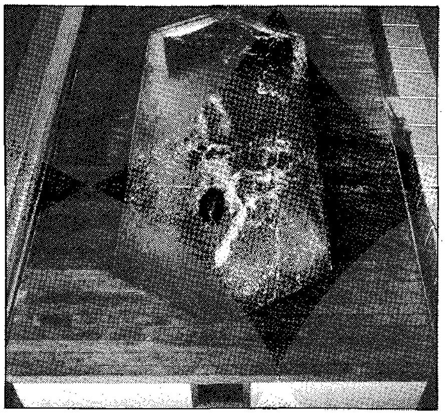

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summarized in the reminiscences of a man who had the gift of grasping the over-all patterns in the Texas political scene, Ralph Yarborough, a United States senator from 1957 to 1970, who says of Johnson:

> He had to turn it around *against* the Establishment. The old establishment had more of the infrastructure in these [rural] counties than Johnson did. The sheriffs, the county judges, the tax assessors. But they [Johnson and Brown & Root] turned it around between the two primaries.
>
> They were able to do it so fast because of money. You can create a new structure fast if you have unlimited money. And they did. They were spending money like mad. They were spending money like Texas had never seen. And they did it not only so big but so openly. Nothing had ever been seen in Texas on such a scale, and they were utterly brash. They spent a lot of money. And they were brash about how they spent it, and they were utterly ruthless. Brown & Root would do *anything.*
>
> They did it so big and so openly and so brash and so ruthlessly because they knew they didn't have a chance by conventional political methods. Coke Stevenson had that race sewed up.
>
> And they did it because they knew they had more at stake. They had an awful lot at stake.

For four months now, ever since May, Lyndon Johnson, and his money man, Herman Brown, and Alvin Wirtz had been trying to buy a state. They hadn't succeeded, so now they simply raised their offer—to levels "like Texas had never seen."

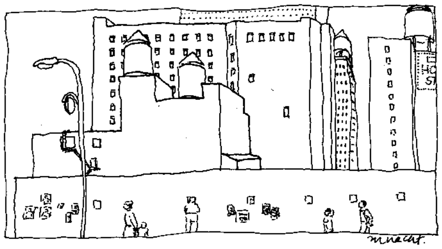
COKE STEVENSON wasn't organizing the rural counties. During the first two weeks of August, he campaigned as he had always campaigned, driving around the state, shaking hands, talking to handfuls of voters about "principles" and the need for "economy" and "common sense" in government. The pro-Stevenson officials in these counties—legislators and former legislators, county judges, men who were part of the traditional Texas political structure—were left to their own devices. There was almost no communication between them and Stevenson's Austin headquarters. Some of these men were actively working for Stevenson in the weeks before the second primary—and some were not. Some, in fact, weren't even in the state. Well-to-do Texans try to escape the August heat by scheduling their vacations for that month. Many of Stevenson's "lead men" had been planning to go hunting in Canada. When they offered to stay home if they were needed, Stevenson's headquarters didn't make them feel they were needed. Nothing illustrates the lack of central coördination in the Stevenson campaign more clearly than the situation in two remote counties, Kinney and Hansford. These two Stevenson strongholds had given the former Governor a combined plurality of four hundred votes in the first primary. Because Stevenson was so far ahead, officials of these two counties felt that the ex-Governor would not need their votes in the second primary—so they weren't holding one. And Stevenson's headquarters was unaware of this fact. The overconfidence in Stevenson's headquarters was understandable: they were seventy thousand votes ahead, and how could they possibly lose the Peddy vote? By all the ordinary rules of Texas politics, their candidate had won.

BUT Johnson wasn't playing by those rules. From the earliest beginnings of Lyndon Johnson's political life—from the day at Southwest Texas State Teachers College when he captured control of campus politics—his tactics had consistently revealed a pragmatism and a cynicism that had no discernible limits. His morality was the morality of the ballot box, a morality in which nothing matters but victory and any maneuver that leads to victory is justified, a morality that is amorality.

Johnson had already enjoyed considerable success in linking Coke Stevenson, adamant foe of organized labor though he was, with "big-city labor racketeers." Now he was to attempt to link the former Governor with another group—Communists. Coke Stevenson, Lyndon Johnson charged, was a front man for a Communist conspiracy. Maybe Coke was an unwitting front man, Johnson said—and maybe he wasn't.

Johnson began this effort in a series of radio broadcasts (over statewide hookups) that read into Stevenson's alleged failure to take a stand on Taft-Hartley a more sinister interpretation than any he had yet suggested. "Lyndon Johnson voted for the anti-Communist Taft-Hartley law," Johnson said. "Lyndon Johnson will never vote to repeal this law. But my opponent has not yet made a public statement as to just where he stands on this measure that bans Communist control of labor unions." The next evening Johnson escalated the attack: "Birds of a feather," such as John L. Lewis and fellow union leaders like James C. Petrillo, "and Communist Harry Bridges, whom I voted to deport to Australia years ago . . . have flocked together in a united effort to defeat Lyndon Johnson, who refused to wear their Red feathers in his hat, and they are using Coke Stevenson as their silent man Friday. . . . My opponent has refused to promise that . . . he will not . . . return control of labor unions to racketeering Communist leaders who take orders only from Moscow." By the following evening, he was implying that Stevenson's "refusal to promise" might mean that he had made a secret promise: "Does it mean that he would amend the law so that labor bosses could have secret Communist connections?"

Johnson seemed to think he could make Texans—at least, rural Texans—swallow even so ridiculous a charge if it was repeated often enough. To reinforce his speeches—which were making Stevenson's Communist "link" more and more explicit—a new device was unveiled, aimed squarely at unsophisticated farmers. It was the inspiration of John Connally, who says that when he was a farm boy, in Wilson County, "My first impression of politics in Texas was the *Ferguson Forum*," a simulated weekly newspaper printed during the campaigns of Governor Jim Ferguson. "People were all talking about it," Connally recalls. "It went into every rural mailbox. . . . Most of these rural people . . . read it and they believed it." Pappy O'Daniel, in defeating Johnson in the 1941 Senate race, had copied the *Forum* in his *O'Daniel News*. Now Connally ordered up the *Johnson Journal*—a four-page newspaper, written in Johnson headquarters but designed to look like a genuine weekly, so that to the unsophisticated it would carry a newspaper's authority—and early in August it appeared in three hundred and forty thousand rural mailboxes. The *Johnson Journal's* theme was captured in one of its headlines: "COMMUNISTS FAVOR COKE." Also reinforcing



Johnson's speeches, of course, was the other campaign device that had proved so effective with unsophisticated voters. From the Hancock House, new marching orders were given to the missionaries: fan out across Texas, calling on farm families, standing around in grocery stores, sitting in bars, dropping hints and innuendoes about Coke and "the Reds" ("I'm not saying he is one, but listen . . .").

Assiduously though Lyndon Johnson had for years privately cultivated Texas' wealthy reactionaries, he had always sought—for strategic reasons, it is true, but nonetheless he had sought—to preserve a measure of independence in his dealings with them. While he had run their errands and accepted their cash, he had kept a little distance between himself and them, partly because he never wanted to be allied completely with any position, partly so that he could claim to the Washington liberals that he was liberal at heart. But now this was to change.

The reactionaries' alliance with Coke Stevenson had always been tenuous; the former Governor, although in agreement on ideology, had always been too independent for their taste, too proud, not nearly subservient enough—not subservient at all, in fact. The wealthy oilmen Sid Richardson and Clint Murchison and other members of their circle had assured these reactionaries that Lyndon Johnson could "get things done" for them in Washington and that Johnson was not in reality the liberal he appeared to be, but before the first primary they had continued to give their support—their money, their influence over the votes of their employees—to Stevenson. Now, however, feeling betrayed by Coke ("He'll vote to repeal that Act!"), they were more disposed to give it to Johnson. But, prudent, practical men that they were, and determined to exact the complete subservience of the candidate who received that support, they put a price on that support.

The price was that Lyndon Johnson should give a certain speech.

It was a speech not unfamiliar to Texas voters. They had, in fact, heard versions of it hundreds of times—delivered by Pappy O'Daniel. For years, first as an announcer for Light Crust Flour and then for his own Hillbilly Flour, O'Daniel had exerted an immense influence over rural Texas through radio talks he gave every day

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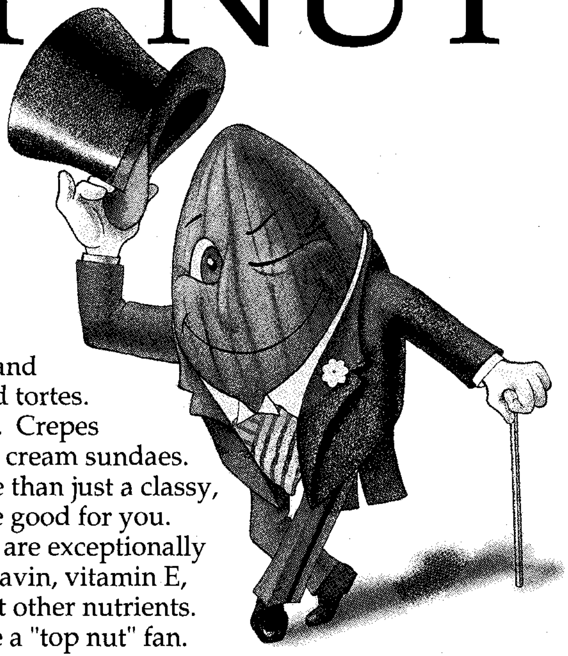

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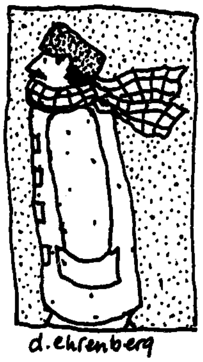
at a half hour past noon over the dominant Texas State Quality Network—talks that were almost sermons, about motherhood and religion and "Beautiful, Beautiful Texas," delivered, against a background of soft violins playing sentimental country-and-Western tunes, in the matchlessly warm, soft, but firm voice of a wise and wonderful Pappy. "At 12:30 sharp every day," one reporter wrote, "silence reigned in the State of Texas, broken only by mountain music and the dulcet voice of W. Lee O'Daniel."



Even after Pappy's entrance into politics, he still spoke in the same time slot, but the speech was different. It had many versions but the same basic themes, which played on the fears and prejudices of the unsophisticated and poorly educated listeners sitting over lunch on their farms and ranches. Its main theme was the danger from Communists, who, Pappy said, had infiltrated Texas industrial plants and—along with racketeers, "goons," and "mobsters" from the big cities of the Northeast—the Texas labor unions. A genius in demagoguery, he would reiterate certain phrases—"Communist labor-leader racketeers," "union thugs," and, after a labor incident in Chicago in which a hand grenade was thrown, "pineapple-throwing Red goons"—over and over. Attempting to describe the speech—"Pappy's Speech," as it came to be known in Texas political circles—one observer recalls, "He would just drum, drum, drum with his little catchphrases—'labor-leader racketeers,' 'Communist labor-leader racketeers,' 'pineapple-throwing labor-leader racketeers.' You just wouldn't think there would be that many ways to get 'labor-leader racketeers' into a sentence."

Pappy's Speech embodied the ignorant and vicious side of Texas conservatism. It was the essence of everything that Lyndon Johnson had convinced his liberal friends in Washington he was fighting against in Texas; indeed, during his 1941 campaign against O'Daniel he had had Pappy's Speech recorded and sent to Washington to convince Corcoran and Rowe (and Franklin Roosevelt, for whom they played the record) that Johnson's opponent was a "Neanderthal" and that therefore their support of Johnson's candidacy should be increased. (This device had worked; Rowe says, "That speech was the most unbelievable thing I ever heard.") When liberal or moderate Texans gave their reasons for despising Pass-the-Biscuits-Pappy O'Daniel—and they despised him quite deeply—they often did so by quoting Pappy's Speech.

Because the twelve-thirty slot on the Texas Quality Network had become identified with O'Daniel, and because farm and ranch families had grown accustomed not only to listening to it but to believing what was said on it, that time slot was, Horace Busby recalls, "the great prize in Texas politics." It was controlled by a group of Dallas reactionaries, and was not available to any liberal politician—or, indeed, to any politician who refused to tug his forelock to them: when an unapproved candidate tried to buy the time, the network simply said it was not for sale.

Early in August of 1948, Attorney General Tom Clark's brother Robert, a Dallas lawyer who represented the men who controlled that time slot, approached Lyndon Johnson with a simple proposal. They would support him—and give him the time slot—if he would use it to deliver Pappy's Speech as if it were his own. Of course, Clark explained, they didn't want him to give the speech just once; they wanted him to give it over and over, day after day, every day until Election Day, just the way Pappy would have done it. Lyndon would not even have to write it, they said; Pappy's old speechwriters would write it. All Johnson would have to do was read it, over and over, as evidence of his good faith, as public proof that he truly subscribed to Pappy's philosophy, which was, of course, their philosophy.

Horace Busby was accompanying Johnson, staying in the same hotel, when the candidate received the first script. Having known nothing of Clark's proposal, the young aide had been surprised to notice on the schedule that Johnson was to give a speech in that prized time slot. No campaigning had been arranged for that morning, Busby recalls: "He had a morning alone." Busby was in his own room, and Johnson summoned him. When he arrived, the candidate was looking through the script. "It was as though he had no life in him," Busby recalls. "He would sit down at a table, and . . . he would turn the pages. He would get up and pace and sit down again. Finally, he motioned me over—'Look at this stuff.' " Busby read the speech. He cannot recall the exact words, but "it equated unionism with mobs," he says. "All about 'goons' and 'goon squads' and 'pineapples' being thrown into the homes of honest union reformers, and extortion. The language was very rough."

"I don't know about that," Johnson said to Busby. "Sometimes politics asks too much." For what Busby describes as "an extended period of time," the candidate "was going through just an intense personal debate with himself." He paced back and forth, stopping every so often and staring at the ceiling, absent-mindedly jingling the change in his pocket—as if unable to decide whether or not to give the speech. He gave Busby some of the background. "He named the men who were involved," Busby says. "He never said exactly what they had done. They had bought the time. They had put up the money. He said some of the largest *employers* in Texas had done this. Had defected from Coke and said if he would do these speeches that they would not only pay for it but that they would go to work with their people and get a turnout."

All the arrangements had been made, Johnson told Busby; in fact, an assistant to one of Clark's allies was downstairs to handle the broadcast. But, repeating that "sometimes politics asks too much" of a man, Johnson also said, several times, "I'm going to call Bob Clark and tell him to forget it."

That call was not made. Instead, there followed what Busby calls "the rationalizing":

> Johnson said to me, "That man [Coke Stevenson] ought not to be senator. He's the kind of isolationist who got us into this war, and he'll get us into another one. . . . The labor unions should not be supporting a man like Coke Stevenson who was against everything they were for; the unions were selling out the working people."

Suppose he refused to give the speech, Johnson said. What would happen?

> Well, what it comes down to, Buzz, is this: I can [refuse to] make this speech and when I'm out of office I can go over to the union headquarters [in Washington] and tell them what a noble thing I did. And when I get over there, the receptionist is

going to say, "Lyndon who?" And she's going to call upstairs, and then she's going to say, "Who are you with?" And then she's going to say, "I'm sorry, but there's no one who can see you."

And there followed what Ed Clark and others familiar with Johnson have called the "working himself up"—getting himself not only to believe what he was saying but to believe it enthusiastically. "He went off on a kind of 'rights of the people' soliloquy," Busby says. " 'Does Coke Stevenson care about the man who works for a living?' . . . The unions were selling out the working people—he really got pretty steamed up thinking his way through about the working people." When he had finished, Johnson picked up the script and walked out to give the broadcast. Busby, who believed he was so expert at reading Johnson's moods, knew that "when he pushed his hat back, he was in a good mood." To Busby's surprise—understandable surprise, in view of the "intense personal debate" he had just witnessed—as Johnson picked up the script "he pushed his hat back." Also to his surprise, Busby, listening to the broadcast, realized that "he didn't try to cover up on any of the offending lines"—that, in fact, "he was expressive," reading the script very well, better than he read most speeches.

The response was all the candidate could have wished. Following the speech, he returned to the hotel, and, again while Busby was present:

> There was a call from Bob Clark. Bob Clark had a gathering, and I could tell from Lyndon's end of the conversation that [everything had gone well]. And he was speaking with enormous respectfulness to them. And they were saying, We never expected you to do it, but you can count on us.
>
> And there were more calls that night. The talk brought the ultra-conservatives in behind him. They just in effect joined the campaign.
>
> . . . This gave a beneficial turn. . . . Before the end of the week, I felt enough electricity in the air that I thought we could win. And he did, too.

The polls showed that Johnson was indeed gaining. Now when he called to ask John Connally, "What've you heard?," Connally had good news to report: "Particularly when Johnson got on the radio with the labor stuff, they [the polls] showed Johnson gaining," he recalls. The trend was especially strong in rural areas; Connally, an expert on rural voting, felt that the O'Daniel time slot—and the O'Daniel speech that Johnson was making in it—was, day by day, greatly increasing his share of the rural vote.

JOHNSON's presence in the O'Daniel slot was a signal to Texas conservatives that he was approved by the conservative upper echelons, so the broadcasts, Busby says, "turned money that would have gone to Stevenson." Since the former Governor's campaign financing had always come from conservatives, the flow of Stevenson's funds, already drastically reduced, was cut off almost entirely. This, as Busby says, was important, because by the middle of August Coke Stevenson had had enough.

For three months, Stevenson's advisers had been pleading with him to defend himself against Johnson's attacks, trying to make him understand that Johnson was hurting his reputation, and, in the last few weeks, also telling him that Johnson was pulling dangerously close. For three months, they had been pleading with him with increasing urgency to attack Johnson, to make the public examine *his* record. For three months, Stevenson had refused to do so.

Two new developments appear to have made him change his mind. One was the insinuation that he was a Communist tool; according to one aide, the turning point came when, in a small town one day in early August, a farmer handed him a copy of the *Johnson Journal*. The other was the realization that, although attacks on his reputation had never worked before, Johnson's attacks were working—that Texans were coming to *believe* that he was a Communist front, a "do-nothing" governor who had accomplished nothing for the state, and an opportunistic politician without firm principles or beliefs, who would trim his sails to the prevailing wind. After a grim meeting at Center, in George Peddy's home county, where twenty-five key Peddy supporters told him, "Coke, this thing is a lot closer than you think!," Stevenson agreed to say the things his supporters had for so long been wanting him to say.

He said them in two speeches in East Texas, each delivered in the traditional setting, on the lawn of a courthouse in a county seat, one in Center, and one in Conroe. Despite the blazing heat, he spoke with his suit jacket on and buttoned. The speeches combined a defense of his record with questions

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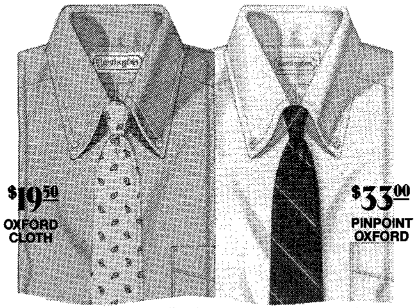

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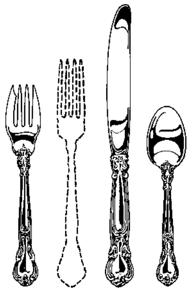

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about Johnson's. I don't like to make speeches like this, Coke Stevenson said. He had never made "a charge against any of my opponents." But, he said, "since things were said of me, I'd like to ask a few questions." And the questions he asked were the ones his advisers had been begging him to ask—the questions that had never been asked in public about Lyndon Johnson.

First, Stevenson listed seven major topics that Johnson himself had said urgently needed—and had needed for some time—national action: an increase in old-age pensions; construction of more farm-to-market roads; control of inflation; reductions in income taxes; conservation of soil and water; control of Communist activities; investigation of Communist espionage. During his eleven and a half years in Congress, Coke Stevenson asked, had Lyndon Johnson ever taken any action on any of these problems? More specifically, had he ever introduced legislation that addressed any of these problems?

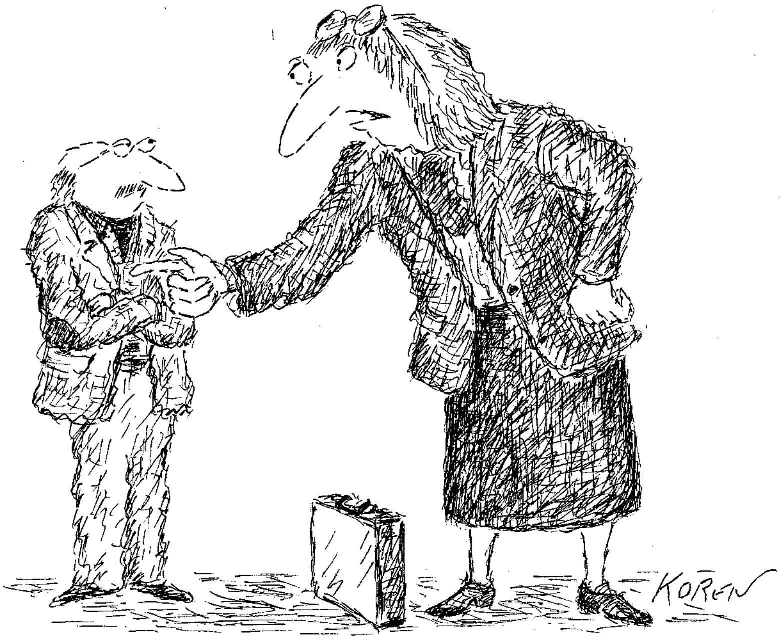
Stevenson went through the topics one by one.

When Lyndon Johnson had appeared before you, Coke Stevenson reminded his audience, when he "landed his helicopter on this very spot," the Congressman had talked—as he had been talking throughout the campaign—about the need for farm-to-market roads. Well, Stevenson said, during his own administration as governor hundreds—thousands—of miles of farm-to-market roads had been built all over Texas. But, he asked his audience, when Johnson spoke to you, did he mention anything *he* had ever done to get farm-to-market roads built? And, specifically, did Johnson tell you he had ever introduced a bill to help with the farm-to-market-road program?

When Johnson spoke to you, Stevenson said, he talked about the need for increased old-age pensions. Well, during his own administration as governor, old-age pensions had been tripled. Did Johnson mention anything *he* had ever done to get pensions increased? And, specifically, did Johnson tell you *he* had ever introduced a bill on the subject of old-age pensions?

Stevenson went through the other topics in similar detail. During his eleven and a half years in Congress, he asked, had Lyndon Johnson taken any action on such national problems? Had he introduced any bills to deal with them? And Stevenson asked a larger question. "When he was here," Coke Stevenson asked, "did my opponent tell you that he ever introduced any [such] bill in his entire life? Did he mention any law he offered in the eleven and one-half years he has been in Congress—any bill for the general welfare? When my opponent landed his helicopter on this very spot, did he tell you of any bill he ever introduced in Congress? Did he ever pass a bill which would aid the average citizen of the United States? Did he ever introduce a bill—a single bill? I can't find one. I can't find a single bill to help the average citizen that Lyndon Johnson introduced in eleven and one-half years. Ask him if he ever introduced a bill."

I don't like to make speeches like this, Stevenson repeated. I'm just giving you my record, and contrasting it with the absence of a record for the other candidate. "I'm just asking you if he had told you about introducing any legislation and I think the answer is no."



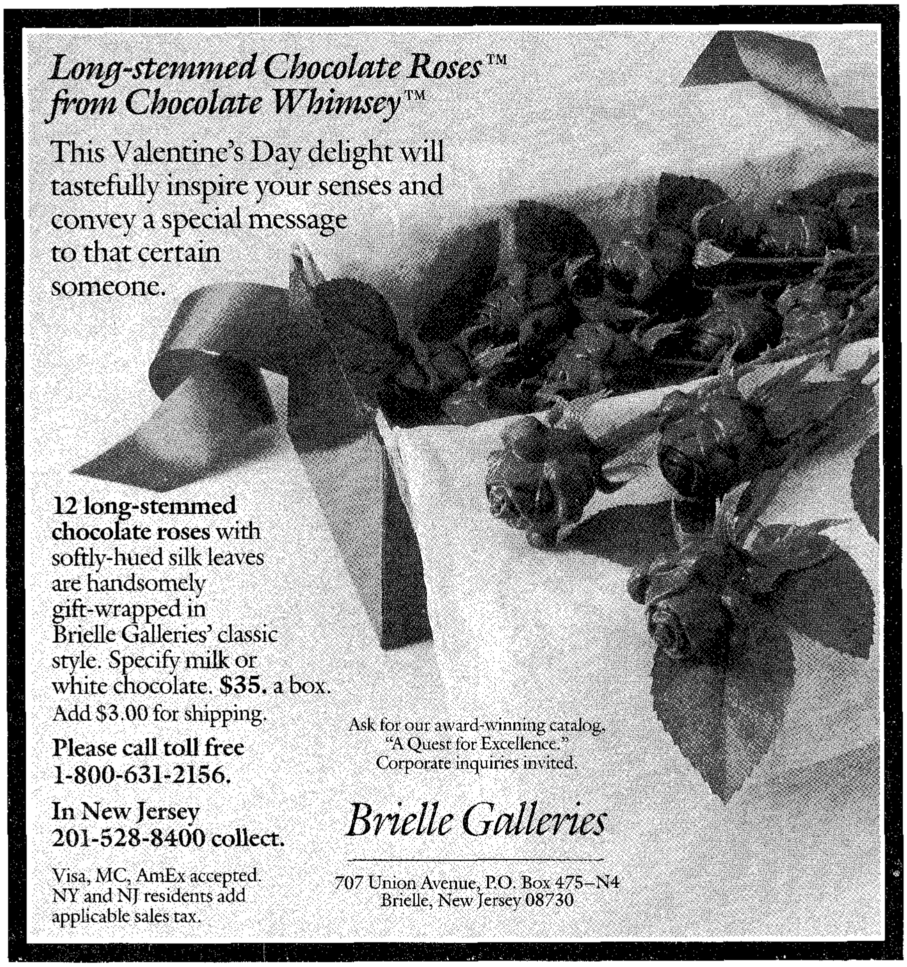
"*You're the kind who has plenty of opinions but no suggestions.*"

When, for the first time, public emphasis was placed on Lyndon Johnson's legislative record, the phrase summarizing that record—or the lack of it—was so dramatic that it leaped out of newspaper articles, even in pro-Johnson papers. "In the strongest speech of his entire campaign, [Coke Stevenson] lambasted his opponent, Lyndon Johnson, and demanded to know of 'one single bill' Congressman Johnson ever introduced in Congress," the Houston *Post* reported. The lead in the Dallas *News* said, "Lyndon Johnson, in eleven and a half years in Congress, never introduced a single bill which would contribute to the welfare of the people, Coke Stevenson charged." Some version of the phrase "not one single bill . . . in eleven and one-half years" appeared in virtually every daily newspaper in Texas.

During the next few days, Stevenson began to focus on aspects not only of Johnson's past record but of his current campaign. "It is no secret to any informed person that the other candidate is waging what is probably the most expensive political campaign in the history of Texas," he said on August 19th. Where, he asked, was this money coming from—and why? "Could his money," he asked, "be coming from a few millionaires who owe [him] past political debts and hope for future political favors from him?" Stevenson even hinted—accurately—at another source of Johnson's money: "Could it be coming from the C.I.O.?" Indeed, he said, part of "the huge expenditures" to elect Lyndon Johnson to federal office was being made with what were, in the last analysis, "federal taxes." As for himself, Stevenson said, he had kept his own campaign "on a very modest scale," as he had in the past. "I've never had a sideshow or a brass band in my campaign. I was raised up in the ranch country, where a man is known for his character and the adornments he has," not the "adornments" he could buy. But, he said, he did not believe that Johnson's expenditures would make any difference. He believed that Texans would have enough intelligence to understand why the contractors and Hughes Aircraft were supporting Johnson. And he believed that Texans understood that he, Coke Stevenson, would never be "an errand boy" for contractors or oil companies. "I do not believe you are ready to sell the office of United States senator to the highest bidder," he said. "I do not believe you want as your senator a man who is able to call on secret sources for the multiplied millions of dollars that are being spent on behalf of the other candidate." These statements, too, received good play.

Good, but brief—too brief to be effective. "Repetition—that was the thing," Paul Bolton says, and he is right. For Stevenson's charges to have significant impact on the campaign, he would have to repeat them in a series of radio speeches, and in advertisements on the radio and in newspapers, daily and weekly. They would have to be repeated in mailings of postcards and letters and brochures. They would have to be repeated in conversations, the conversations of missionaries and other campaign workers.

Stevenson's advisers wanted repetition. Now that the Old Man had finally agreed to attack, they eagerly anticipated putting the attack on the air. But airtime cost money. Boyett and Stevenson's campaign chairman, Morris Roberts, asked for money from the conservative businessmen who had previously backed Coke's campaigns, but their contributions, already slowed by the doubts that Johnson had planted about Stevenson's stand on Taft-Hartley, had all but dried up, because these were the men, many of them from Dallas, who had listened with Robert Clark to Lyndon Johnson reading Pappy's Speech. During the last ten days of the campaign, Stevenson was indeed on the radio—but not often enough, and, except in a few instances, not to a sufficiently large audience. "We would have a statewide radio address scheduled," Boyett recalls, but often there would not be enough to pay all the stations to carry it. Frantically, he and other Stevenson loyalists would telephone county managers and ask them to raise the money to pay for their local station to carry it, but all too often that didn't work, either. "We would have to cut off stations." Stevenson's speech on Johnson's "huge expendi-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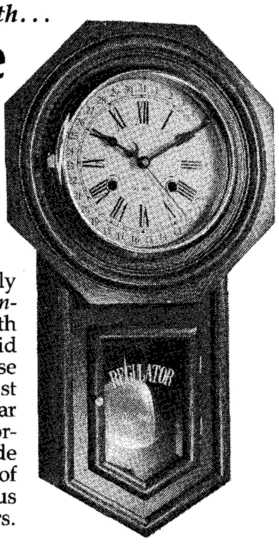

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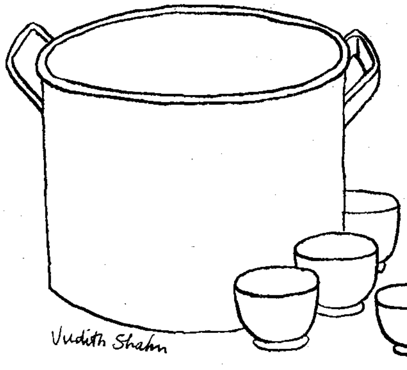
tures," for example, was scheduled for statewide broadcast at 6:45 P.M., August 19th, but at the last minute so many stations cut it off the air that substantial parts of the state never heard it. Stevenson's advisers had anticipated examining Johnson's record in Congress in a newspaper advertising campaign, and effective ads were written and designed; one asked Johnson, "If you have 'energy, initiative and independent judgment,' please refer us to one piece of legislation passed by the Congress during your eleven and one-half years that bears your name." But the number of such ads that appeared was pathetically small compared with the volume of Johnson ads that were appearing everywhere. Bolton was right: "Repetition—that was the thing." But Johnson had "turned" his opponent's money; his opponent couldn't afford repetition. The concept "not one single bill in eleven and one-half years" was a dramatic one, but it did not become generally known to the voters of Texas, because there was no money to make it known. Connally ("You have to say something over and over to get voters to be aware of it") explains scornfully, "So Coke makes a speech—so what? With one speech you couldn't sell anyone that Johnson wasn't an activist in the Congress. He had a reputation of being an activist. . . . One-day play—that's all you get out of any speech. He never made a big issue out of it. So the press might be aware of it, they might write a story about it—but nobody knew about it. With one speech, you can't sell anyone."

Under the old politics, Stevenson's charges, even without massive funds to publicize them, would have had a more substantial impact on the campaign. Under the old politics, radio, the prime consumer of campaign funds, was not nearly so great a factor, so stump speeches and newspaper articles had a greater relative importance, and good, if brief, newspaper play would have had more of an effect on a campaign. Limited though his airtime might have been, the disparity between it and his opponent's would not have been so disproportionate. But this was the new politics—media politics, money politics, Lyndon Johnson politics. During the last two weeks of the campaign, despite the dropping of stations from his "network" broadcasts, most areas of Texas heard Coke Stevenson at least three or four times. Occasionally, one of Stevenson's supporters was on the air. Occasionally, there were in the big newspapers a few ads repeating his charges. During those last two weeks, Lyndon Johnson was on the air in every section of Texas at three regular times a day, every day—not only in Pappy's old twelve-thirty slot but at seven-forty in the morning and seven-thirty in the evening. By mid-August, a Texas farm family had difficulty sitting down to a meal and switching on the radio without hearing his voice. Transcribed four-minute recordings were on the air at other times. His supporters were on the air, frequently on statewide networks, so often that, as one observer recalls, "it seemed like you could hardly turn on the radio without hearing about Lyndon Johnson." With the campaign roaring to a climax, and newspapers focussing on it, newspaper coverage of the candidates was now fairly equal. But newspaper advertising was overwhelmingly Johnson's, and in many weekly newspapers this space was as influential with readers as the articles, because the newspapers did not differentiate much between the two, and many unsophisticated readers couldn't tell the difference anyway. As for direct mailings, Stevenson had few, if any. Rural mailboxes were filled daily with the *Johnson Journal* and with mailing after mailing of letters and postcards. And always, of course, there was the conversational campaigning—the work of the missionaries. Only a massive barrage of Stevenson ads and mailings and missionaries could have countered this, and there was no money to pay for them.

Stevenson's charges did not bother John Connally for a moment. ("So Coke makes a speech—so what?") Connally's assessment of the situation was correct. Coke Stevenson had made charges about Lyndon Johnson—several charges. In effect, the charges went unheard. His charge that Johnson was, with his "huge expenditures," trying to buy the campaign was drowned out, as were all his charges—by Johnson's huge expenditures.



JUST as Johnson had "turned" Stevenson's money, he began "turning" any charges Stevenson might make against him back on the former Governor. On August 19th, for example, Stevenson made the point that Johnson's attempts to give himself a new, ultra-conservative image squared poorly with his previous alliances with ultra-liberals in Washington; Stevenson pointed out that Henry Wallace, who was the Progressive Party's candidate in the 1948 Presidential campaign, had actively supported Johnson in his 1941 Senate race, and had even lent one of his chief aides, Harold H. Young, to the Johnson campaign as a fund-raiser to obtain large sums of money from labor leaders in the North. "Are they [still] together to the extent that the money they are spending is coming from the same source?" Stevenson asked. That charge, which was accurate, might have been a telling point, but the next day Johnson stated that it was actually Stevenson and Wallace who were secret allies. In radio broadcasts that day he demanded, "What promises of support did he [Stevenson] extract from Henry Wallace when Wallace cooled coffee with him in the Governor's Mansion back in 1944?" (Wallace had visited the Governor that year during a tour of the Southwest.) And Johnson added, "I see . . . that the black bag of the labor bosses has finally arrived from the North to swell the slush fund being spent to defeat Lyndon Johnson." The Corpus Christi *Caller-Times* commented, "The question by Johnson pushed the political merry-go-round full circle and left each candidate implying the other was—or had been—associated with the head of the Progressive Party." Who could blame voters, even those who were conscientiously attempting to follow the campaign, for being confused—and, in a sea of identical charges by the opposing candidates, for being convinced by the candidate who could, thanks to the power of money, make the charge so much more frequently than his opponent?

DURING the crucial month of August, Lyndon Johnson even made use of his most reluctant weapon. Months earlier, at the very beginning of the campaign, Johnson had personally ordered cards and placards with pictures of his wife, Lady Bird, and his two little girls, and had commented with satisfaction, upon seeing the finished product, "Coke can't do that." In competing for the "women's vote," he had told aides frankly, he possessed a significant advantage: he had a wife, and Stevenson didn't.

Attempts to maximize this asset had proved unsatisfactory during the first primary, because the confidence that Lady Bird Johnson had gained as a result of managing a congressional office and a business had not carried over into the area of her greatest timidity: her fear of speaking to strangers, a shyness most dramatically expressed in a reluctance to make a speech in public.

In the hectic swirl of Johnson campaign headquarters, the one constant was Mrs. Johnson's calm, warm smile. When, on her husband's rare days at home in Austin, staff members arrived at the Johnson apartment, on Dillman Street, for an evening or late-night meeting, they had learned to accept as a matter of course the graciousness of her welcome, and, no matter how late the hour, a hot meal. Sometimes she quoted Kipling: "If you can keep your head when all about you . . ." And, says Dorothy Nichols, one of Lyndon Johnson's secretaries, during the frantic dark days of 1948 "I really believe she lived by [that poem]. She doesn't lose her head." Suitcases packed with her husband's medical supplies and carefully starched shirts were ready every time Woodward's car screeched up to her door. But despite her husband's increasingly insistent demands that she make speeches—or, at least, personal appearances—on his behalf, during the first primary she had not done so. Her terrible shyness had always made public appearances of even the most undemanding variety such an ordeal that her friends had suffered for her on the rare occasions when she had been induced to stand beside her husband in a receiving line at some Tenth District event and, with a bright smile set rigidly on her face, shake hands and try to chat with strangers filing by. As for making a speech, the very suggestion that she face an audience brought panic to this woman, who as a girl had prayed for smallpox so that she wouldn't have to speak at her high-school graduation ceremony.

Although Mrs. Johnson was willing to do almost anything for her husband, making speeches was one thing she would not do—felt she *could* not do. There was also another impediment to her campaigning. Because of Texas' vast distances, personal campaigning—even appearing at receptions—involved airplane travel, and Mrs. Johnson was almost as afraid of flying as of speaking in public; she was often not only in terror but violently airsick as well. Finally, near the end of the first primary campaign, Alvin Wirtz, who always had more influence with her than any of her husband's other associates, suggested a way in which she might meet at least a few voters. Why not drive from gas station to gas station, purchasing only five gallons of gas at each stop, and meet the gas-station owners and the hangers-on who were often around rural gas stations? Mrs. Johnson finally agreed to do this—as long as she didn't have to do it alone—and Mary Rather was deputed to accompany her. But this attempt lasted only a day or two. Then, one morning, as they were pulling in to their third gas station, Lady Bird said, "You ask them this time, Mary, I don't believe I can do it again."

After the first primary, however, there was only one month to go, and his wife's fears were no longer a luxury that Lyndon Johnson was prepared to indulge. "We need to get after the women's vote," Johnson told Busby. He told Marietta Brooks, an Austin friend of Lady Bird's who was active in a number of statewide women's clubs, to telephone leading clubwomen around the state and organize "coffees" at which Lady Bird would meet the local clubwomen and give interviews to local reporters. When aides ventured to mention that this would mean that Lady Bird would have to fly, Johnson said, "She'll fly."

She did—perhaps as much out of concern about what the humiliation of overwhelming defeat would do to her husband as for any other reason. In recalling her reasons years later, she said, "We were overwhelmingly,

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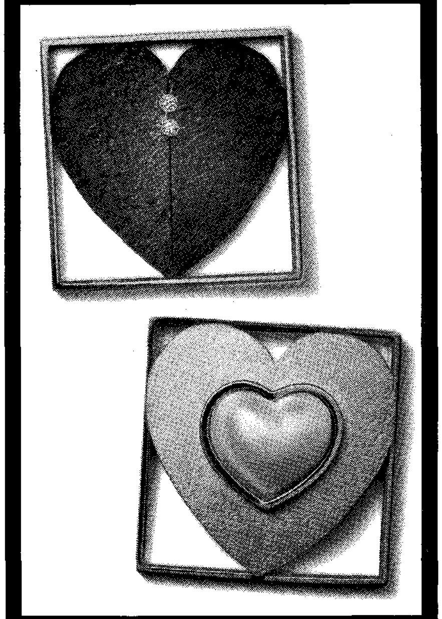

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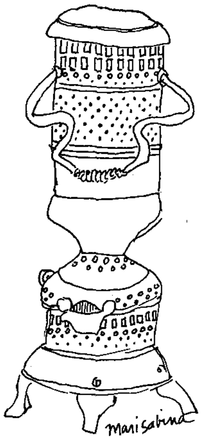
vastly, horribly behind.” Overcoming Stevenson’s huge margin “looked hopeless,” she went on, “but at least I wanted to narrow that margin, just as much as I could, and make just as much of a showing as I could for myself and for him and all those folks who had already shovelled so much love and sweat and time and money into it.”

Her first trip was to Corpus Christi, on August 2nd. Mary Rather recalls, “We were all fanning out in various directions over the state that Monday morning, and if any had had time they would have felt sorry for Lady Bird as she took off through gray rainy skies in a very small plane with one pilot and one travelling companion.”



Lady Bird was so nervous that she had written out and memorized every phrase she was to say in the Corpus Christi interview—and it showed; asked if she thought helicopter campaigning was a good idea, she said she did, because “I think a candidate ought to let the voters see one and to hear one’s ideas.” She said that a Peddy supporter had telephoned her to say that ninety per cent of the Peddy vote would go to “Lyndon,” and that this was “a very happy generalization that we are going to strive to make a fact.” But it *was* an interview—it was publicity, a pleasant article and a photograph in the Corpus Christi *Caller-Times*. And although she took plane trips back and forth across Texas all during August, a month in which the intense heat spawned almost daily thunderstorms, and the terror and the airsickness never diminished, the fear of the interviews eased at least a little; after a while, Lady Bird said later, she realized that “these people are just like me, so I had no reason to be scared.” She never became less modest in her statements, but she became more effective. In Fort Worth, on August 24th, she was still saying to a reporter, “My campaigning role is comparatively simple. I just pack and unpack and take care of Lyndon,” but she was less reluctant to talk about herself, telling a reporter that she had studied to be a journalist but had got married instead, “so I became part of the news instead of reporting it.” And the reporter wrote, “Mrs. Lyndon Johnson, an attractive brunette whose roles as wife and mother have kept her in the background of her husband’s public career, charmed two hundred Tarrant County women at a coffee Wednesday morning.” Soon, in fact, her husband’s top advisers, receiving reports back in Austin on her appearances, realized that she was becoming quite a potent force in the campaign. For one thing, Edward Clark says, unlike her husband, “she had never done anything unpopular. She had never done anything anyone could criticize.” But, Clark says, it was more than that: “She was a great asset. She made votes everywhere she went.”

One thing, however, she still resisted doing. When a reporter asked her that August if she planned to speak in her husband’s behalf, she said, “I couldn’t possibly make a speech!” Her husband was particularly insistent that she make one at the opening rally of the second primary—the rally in Center, in Deep East Texas. Since she was from that area, and since her father was a political force there, even a few words from her would be a big help. But she said she simply couldn’t. In a maneuver conceived by her husband to call attention to her despite her silence, she continually got up from her seat on the platform while her husband was speaking and adjusted the light on the podium, so that she was as visible as she could be without actually saying anything.

Now, finally, at the very end of the campaign, Lady Bird bowed to her husband’s demands and agreed to take the step she dreaded most of all. She agreed to speak at the closing Johnson rally, on August 27th, the day before the election—in front of a crowd of some fourteen thousand people who would be jamming the San Antonio Municipal Auditorium, and in front of microphones that would carry her speech over a statewide radio hookup.

At least, San Antonio was close enough to Austin so that she could drive there, but that proved a doubtful blessing. She and Mrs. Brooks were going to stop en route for a “coffee” in Seguin, but before they got there their car skidded on wet pavement, veered off the road, overturned, and rolled over twice before coming to a stop in a ditch.

Lady Bird was bruised and shaken up but otherwise uninjured—and she didn’t want anything to disturb Lyndon before his big rally. Depositing Mrs. Brooks, who was badly bruised, in a hospital, she drove alone to the Seguin reception, borrowed a dress from the hostess to replace her torn clothes, and shook hands with two hundred women with her usual smiling graciousness. Then she drove to San Antonio and made her speech.

During the next few days, mail poured into the Hancock House from political leaders (the Abilene district chairman, Jay Taylor, wrote, “Lady Bird was wonderful on the radio last night. Should have been on all the time!”) and from voters (Mrs. W. S. Harris, of Hays County, wrote Johnson, “I heard your wife’s sweet voice over the radio, and I thought what a comfort she was to you”); a Houston attorney and his wife who had heard Mrs. Johnson’s speech later wrote that as they were waiting in line at the polling place on the “hot, muggy Election Day, being jostled by ‘unwashed’ members of our democracy,” his wife turned to him “with perspiration streaming down her face, and with makeup, hat and clothing somewhat bedraggled, and said, ‘I want you to know that I am enduring this *only* on account of that lovely Mrs. Johnson.’ ”

After the speech, Lady Bird and Lyndon arrived at their San Antonio hotel room about midnight, and Johnson, as he recalled, “told her we’d better get to bed.” But Lady Bird said she was driving back to Austin that night for some last-minute campaigning on Election Day. “As she changed for the trip,” Johnson recalled, “I saw these big bruises,” and when he asked her about them she had to tell him about the accident. But she drove back to Austin and was up early the next morning. She and Lyndon’s mother and his sisters divided the Austin telephone book among them, and all Election Day they phoned people asking them to go to the polls and vote. She had a good line ready for reporters who inquired about the accident: “All I could think of as we were turning over was I sure wished I’d voted absentee.” But she was prouder of the telephone calls, because all day she had managed to talk over the phone to

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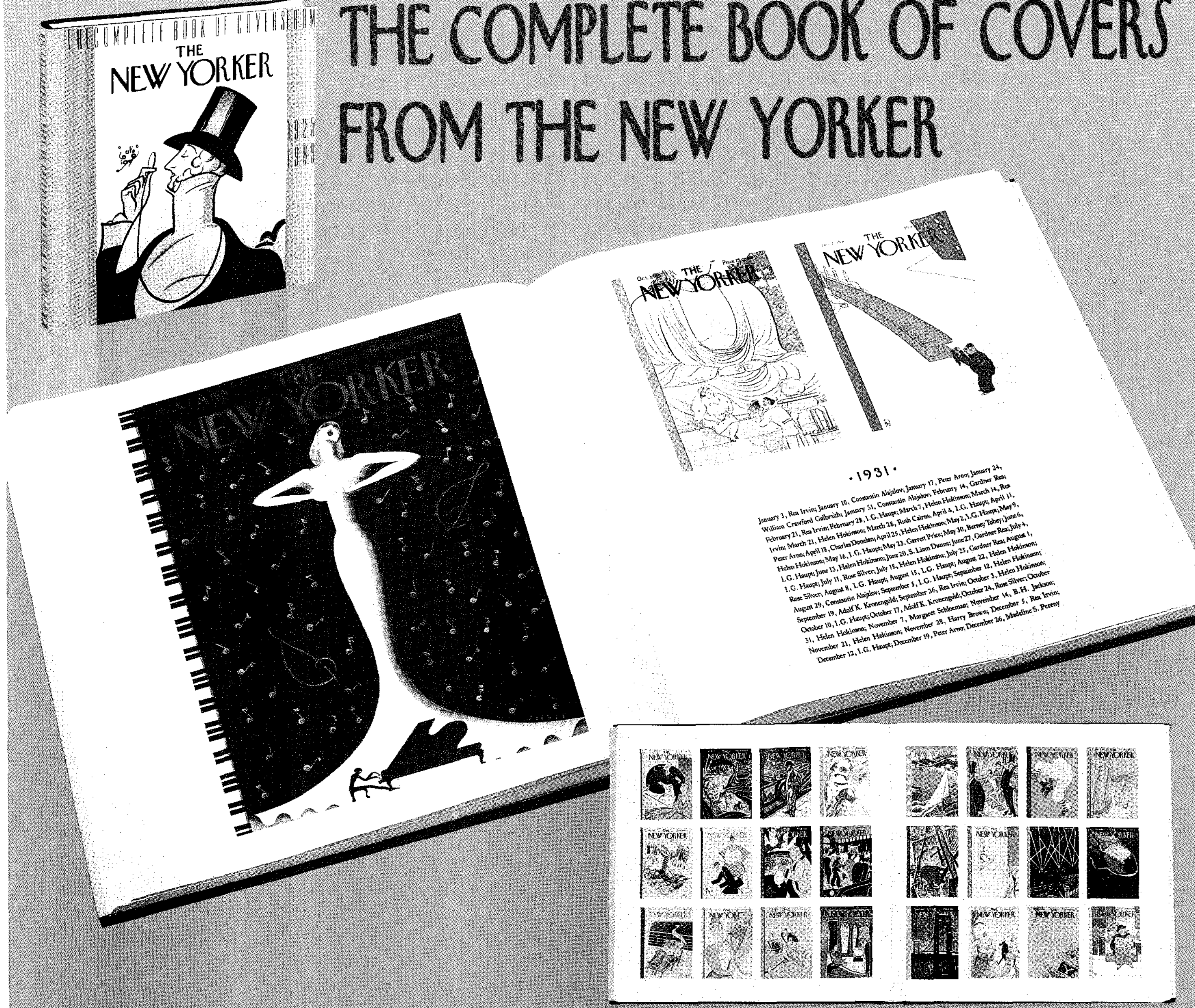

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absolute strangers without losing her nerve.

LYNDON JOHNSON had started the runoff campaign seventy thousand votes behind, and the Peddy votes had at first seemed likely to widen the margin. But almost day by day, it seemed, he was narrowing the gap. And then, suddenly, during the last week or ten days of the campaign, it wasn't narrowing any further.

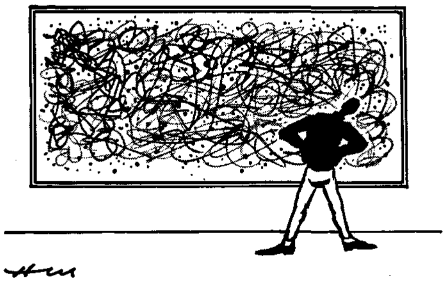
His young aides, like Connally and Herring, weren't aware of this. Amid the noisy bustle in the Hancock House, optimism mounted with each new report from Busby or Woodward of the record crowds Lyndon was drawing, and of their enthusiasm. The young men believed they were going to win. But in the quiet offices on the seventh floor of the Brown Building, where Alvin Wirtz, Ed Clark, and Everett Looney, the senior partners in the law firms for which the young men worked, met with Herman and George Brown (and, whenever he was in Austin, with Lyndon Johnson), there was no longer jubilation. The reports coming into the Brown Building weren't from Buzz or Woody but from more seasoned politicians, men who had watched a hundred campaigns and knew that crowds were only a part—and often a misleading part—of a political story. Furthermore, they were receiving other information not available to the young men: the results of private polls. In these polls, which were being taken almost daily, Johnson had been steadily gaining ground on Coke Stevenson. And then, abruptly, as had been the case in the first primary, he stopped gaining. In a public poll, the Belden Poll, released on August 22nd, six days before the August 28th primary, the two candidates had levelled off: Stevenson was leading Johnson forty-eight per cent to forty-one per cent with eleven per cent undecided; and among voters who had a definite preference Stevenson led Johnson fifty-four per cent to forty-six per cent. These figures, Belden noted, were "practically the same" as in a poll taken the previous month.

Five days later, there was a new Belden Poll: only eight per cent of those polled were now undecided. "Successive surveys . . . indicate that there has been no great change in the potential strength of Stevenson and Johnson since the first primary," Belden concluded. The young men in the Hancock House assumed—some apparently were told—that the Belden Polls were wrong, that Johnson was about to overtake Stevenson; but in fact the results of the private polls were even more favorable to the former Governor than the public polls. And the men in the Brown Building knew what the polls meant: Johnson had chipped and chipped away at Stevenson's strength, but there was a solid core, a bedrock of belief in Coke Stevenson, that had not been touched. Johnson had gained on Coke—but he hadn't gained enough. He was going to come close. But he was going to lose.

For these men it was all on the line now; it was "all or nothing." And they knew what they had to do.

"Campaigning was no good anymore," Ed Clark says. "We had to pick up some votes." Votes in the numbers needed couldn't be picked up by conventional methods, he says. "We needed blocs. Ethnic groups—that was the place to go. . . . That meant going into the Mexican country—the Rio Grande River, the border."

Johnson aides made trips down to the Valley again. They flew in planes owned by Brown & Root, from an air terminal owned by Brown & Root; the name of the company was not on the planes; the terminal was called simply Executive Air Services. Often the man who went was Clark, the "Secret Boss" of Texas. "People went down half a dozen times by plane—by private plane," Clark says. They landed mostly on private airstrips. "I made several trips down there. I didn't stay overnight any time I went down there." There would be no names in a hotel register, no servants in a private home who could remember and, perhaps, testify later to the presence of these couriers. And these envoys didn't see many people. They didn't have to. In Webb County, Clark says, he saw only one man: "Judge Raymond controlled the situation there just like I could take a piece of paper and write my name. He not only appointed the county judge, he appointed the county clerk, the election judges. He controlled the election process. I did not discuss details with him. You didn't have to know what he was going to do or how he was going to do it. You just had to have a diplomatic talk with him, and tell him what was needed." (Clark says he himself didn't give money to Raymond, or to anyone else.)

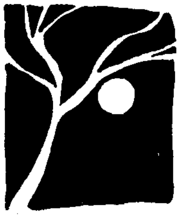


George Parr was left mainly to Alvin Wirtz. Neither man is alive to discuss their dealings, but Luis Salas saw the result. Heavily though Johnson money had been spent before the first primary in the six counties Parr controlled, it was nothing to the way Johnson money was spent now. The Mexican-American political workers soon caught on. "Our people sure were spoiled. . . . They wanted money and more money," Salas says. But his *patrón* told him not to balk at any request. As Salas recalls it, Parr told him, "Luis, do not hesitate. Spend all the money necessary, but we have to have Johnson elected."

The largest single source of "ethnic" votes was, of course, San Antonio. Before the first primary, Johnson money had been poured lavishly into the Mexican-American slums of San Antonio's West Side, but leaders of the West Side machine had been lackadaisical, and Stevenson, a great favorite among Mexican-Americans because of his championing of their causes during his governorship (and, of course, the overwhelming favorite in the city's non-Mexican areas), had beaten Johnson in the citywide totals by more than eleven thousand votes. Johnson's key man in San Antonio had always been Dan Quill, the postmaster. After the first primary, Quill had written Johnson that his organization could do better the second time around, although "we will need some money."

But no one was more skilled in the art of purchasing votes in San Antonio than Lyndon Johnson himself, and he wanted another organization out working for him in San Antonio on the second Election Day as well, an organization that had never worked for him in the past: that of the city's feared sheriff, Owen Kilday. "Dan Quill was a smart little operator," John Connally says, "but the man with the muscle in San Antonio was Owen Kilday."

The Kilday organization bore a very high price tag. "That was a sophisticated organization,” Connally recalls. Election Day work would be handled by Kilday’s numerous deputy sheriffs. They would be responsible for hiring cars and drivers to round up voters and get them to the polls, and they would be responsible for making sure that the voters cast their ballots correctly. And, Connally says, “they had a standard rate for a car and a driver, and they were paid handsomely”—two hundred and fifty dollars for some deputies, five hundred dollars for others. “It takes a hell of a lot of money for an organization like that.”



Did Johnson spend as much as fifty thousand dollars in San Antonio? “I wouldn’t be surprised,” John Connally says. But then he adds that, while that figure might be correct for the Kilday organization, “then, of course, there was Valmo Bellinger,” the black boss in San Antonio—he had an organization, too. “Valmo had to have some help.”

Huge sums of Johnson money were poured into the city. Whatever the price of the Kilday organization—and the Bellinger organization, and the Quill organization—Johnson paid it. Quill received a sum of money far greater than he had expected, and he came to realize not only that “the Kildays” were “not fighting us” but that Kilday and his many deputies were working in Johnson’s behalf, and working hard.

Johnson made sure he got his money’s worth. The final week of his campaign was a week of spectacle in the state’s big cities. Flying into Dallas, Houston, Fort Worth, and San Antonio in a private plane, he was met in each city by cheering, sign-waving campaign workers and a band playing “The Eyes of Texas,” and then was driven—sitting atop the back seat of an open convertible and waving a Stetson—at the head of a caravan of banner-draped automobiles led by police motorcycles with sirens wailing, to greet crowds in the downtown shopping area and to speak at elaborate rallies that featured ten “star” Hollywood entertainers (and, of course, to make the customary three broadcasts a day over the statewide network). In San Antonio, on Friday, the candidate, almost hysterical, shouted at a rally at the city’s Municipal Auditorium that he was forty years old that very day—“You know, life begins at forty, and I hope to be the next junior senator when I am forty years and one day old”—and massed bands played “Happy Birthday.” It was the climax of a week of public pageantry spectacular even in the vivid history of Texas politics. In a motorcade led by police cars filled with dozens of Sheriff Kilday’s deputies, and by jeeps bearing immense photographs of himself, driven by uniformed war veterans, Johnson rode through San Antonio sitting atop the back seat of a convertible, with a Kilday (Congressman Paul) flanking him on one side, and Kilday’s deadliest enemy, former Mayor Maury Maverick, flanking him on the other, symbolizing the fact that he had the support of both sides in the city’s political wars. On his first two days in San Antonio, however, Johnson’s most significant activities were not public but private: quiet meetings with leaders in the Plaza Hotel, where, fourteen years before, he had sat in a room buying votes for Maury Maverick with five-dollar bills. In this election, Lyndon Johnson was going to run the West Side personally.

Johnson had been scheduled to vote in Johnson City on Election Day and then go to his Austin headquarters, but instead he spent the day—his third that week—in San Antonio. He was “riding the polls” on the West Side—on that West Side where “they’d just stuff the ballots in there,” on that West Side where, after polls closed, some poll watchers were paid to leave, and doors were locked, and levers were pulled on voting machines. The city’s street commissioner, Jimmy Knight, who was one of Johnson’s middlemen, was to recall that Johnson gave him a thousand dollars in one-dollar bills for the expenses (“Don’t misunderstand me, it’s not a payoff or anything”) of poll watchers, “because he, Lyndon Johnson, wanted to go around the polls,” and “if the candidate gives the money, it has to be more—the price goes down immediately if somebody else but the candidate gives it to ’em, and the satisfaction is just as great.” So as Johnson jumped out of his car at each polling place and walked among his workers, urging them on, the street commissioner followed him, handing out expense money: “You happen to inadvertently put your hands in your pocket and give ’em a couple of dollars and move on, you understand. You take

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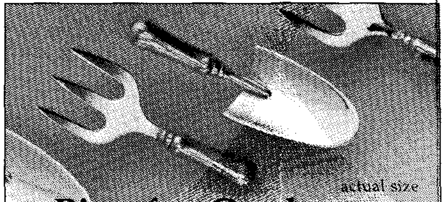

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this and put ten, fifteen, twenty dollars and put this in the crowd." If there was a touch of legitimacy to such "expense money," the touch was less perceptible with other amounts of money handed out by the Johnson entourage in San Antonio that day, and the amounts were much larger. And with the candidate's eye on them Owen Kilday's deputies earned their money. All day, they patrolled the West Side, looking not for crime but for votes. All that broiling-hot Election Day, Lyndon Johnson, with John Connally at his side, rode the polls in San Antonio—and only then did he drive to Johnson City to cast his own vote, Ballot No. 353 in the Blanco County Courthouse, two blocks from the house in which he spent his youth after his father lost the Johnson Ranch.

SOUTH of San Antonio, in Alice, in Jim Wells County, Indio Salas, after a stop at the Election Day tent that had been erected across from the Precinct 13 polling place, in the Nayer School, arrived at the school ready for trouble from the reformers' poll watchers. But, he was to write, "this time had no trouble. They just sit in the place designated by me"—two chairs on the far side of the schoolroom, too far away to see the ballots. When the polls closed and Salas began to count the ballots, unfolding them and calling out a name to his three clerks, Jimmy Holmgreen felt that the election judge was counting for Johnson ballots that had actually been cast for Stevenson—and he was right: "If they were not for our party, I make them for our party," Salas was to reveal almost forty years later. But when Holmgreen jumped up and approached the table Salas snarled at him, "You stay away from that desk. You sit over there. Sit down and don't interfere with my clerks." Holmgreen, not eager for another encounter with a deputy sheriff, sat down. Salas and his clerks resumed calling out the votes: "Johnson." "Johnson." "Johnson."

No Election Day tents had been erected in neighboring Duval County. George Parr didn't need to make any preparations. He was just waiting for the telephone to ring to find out how many votes Lyndon Johnson needed.

THE early returns came mostly from three of the state's four big cities—Houston, Dallas, and Fort Worth—because voting machines were in use in these cities, and they gave Stevenson a lead of more than twenty thousand votes. Returns from the fourth big city that used machines, San Antonio, were unexpectedly slow, but the young men in the Hancock House—and, indeed, almost all observers—anticipated that when those returns came in they would substantially increase Stevenson's lead. The young men were sure that their Chief had been defeated; Lady Bird told a friend, "Well, it looks like we've lost. I guess we'll have to work real hard in the radio business now." Stevenson drove to his ranch with a group of old friends to sit by the South Llano, listen to the falls, reminisce over old victories, and celebrate this new one.

But neither Lady Bird nor the young men knew what the men in the Brown Building knew. Nor did Coke Stevenson. He had defeated Johnson by eleven thousand votes—a two-to-one margin—in San Antonio in the first primary, but when, late that evening, the returns from San Antonio finally came in, he had not beaten him by a two-to-one margin this time. He hadn't beaten him at all. Johnson had beaten *him*. Kilday's deputies and Dan Quill had done their job: provide enough money, Quill had promised, and the West Side could be delivered. It was—and so was the adjoining black area. Some ten thousand Johnson votes had been produced in this vast slum—and, despite Stevenson's previous popularity in San Antonio, the city's total vote this time was Johnson, 15,610; Stevenson, 15,511. ("A remarkable turnaround," one observer was to comment.)

And by that time the Valley was being heard from.

It was heard from all evening—for the most part, late in the evening. Stevenson's lead was holding at seventeen thousand votes—and then Webb County reported 5,554 for Johnson, 1,179 for Stevenson: almost a five-to-one margin, and a plurality of more than four thousand votes, for Johnson. Judge Raymond had delivered. New returns from Hidalgo County gave Johnson a plurality of almost three thousand more; Cameron County's new returns pulled him seventeen hundred votes closer. Then Nueces County was heard from: a gain of thirty-four hundred votes. And those were the counties with cities, and, in at least some precincts, voting machines. That evening, returns were coming in

CHEESE OF THE WEEK
BRIE

also from the Valley's isolated rural counties controlled by George Parr. In Precinct 13, in Jim Wells County, Salas had counted well: in previous elections, he had given the favored candidate eighty per cent of the vote; this time, he had given Johnson more than ninety per cent—765 to 60. Thanks largely to that single precinct, Jim Wells County had given Johnson a total of 1,788 votes to Stevenson's 769. In the other rural counties, where there was no reform strength to speak of, Parr had been able, as subsequent court testimony was to show, to simply have election officials report—up to the limit of names on the poll-tax list—almost any numbers he wanted. Brooks County reported 408 for Johnson, 110 for Stevenson. In Zapata, it was 711 for Johnson, 158 for Stevenson; in Jim Hogg, 723 to 198. But even such overwhelming margins paled before the returns from the two counties in which George Parr's control was absolute. In Starr County, it was 2,908 for Johnson, 166 for Stevenson. And in Duval, Parr's home county, it was 4,195 for Johnson, 38 for Stevenson—a vote of more than a hundred to one. At 1:30 A.M., when the Texas Election Bureau closed for the night, out of almost a million votes cast, Stevenson led by only 854.

BUT he led. And most of the votes were in. The next three days—Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday—would be days of wild confusion; they always were in close Texas elections. Nearly a million votes had been cast, most of them on paper ballots. The judges counting them on Election Day in the precincts were often doing so with representatives of both sides looking over their shoulders and urging them to greater speed, interrupting them with arguments and with pleas for the latest totals. Then the totals were sent in by telephone—or by phone calls to Western Union, whose operators also made mistakes—and were recorded at the Texas Election Bureau in a hectic Election Night scene. One common error was transposition of the two candidates' votes, because some lists had Stevenson's name first and others had Johnson's. Transpositions, however, were merely one of many possibilities for error. "In counting, copying and tabulating, the votes pass through the hands of eight different groups, between the voter and the final declared result," the *State Observer* noted. "With a million votes running the gauntlet of 'the Human Element' eight different times, there will always be mistakes regardless of the honesty and good intentions of the humans involved."

Few persons familiar with Texas politics, though, were confident of the universality of "honesty and good intentions"; there was common knowledge in the upper levels of Texas politics of the precincts that were for sale, the "boxes" in which the county judge wouldn't "bring in the box" (report the precinct totals to the Election Bureau) until the man who had paid him told him what he wanted that total to be. In close elections, precinct results were altered all through the state. Coke Stevenson's supporters included men who were veterans at these practices, and although they had been careless before Election Day, having neglected the preparations needed to assure that the "recounting" would be in their favor, they were working frantically now—and they were on the alert against Johnson's attempt to do the same thing. An axiom of Texas politics held that "the lead in the runoff always wins." In other words, the candidate ahead at the end of Election Day, by which time most of the vote had been counted, almost invariably won, because he could "hold out" (delay reporting) enough boxes to keep a reserve to counter changes made by the other side; since both sides were changing votes, the side with the lead could keep the lead by changing enough votes to offset the other side's changes. Perhaps the only instance in modern Texas political history in which this rule had been broken was Lyndon Johnson's 1941 race, when he had, through overconfidence, allowed all his boxes to be reported early, thereby revealing how many votes his opponent needed to add—and foreclosing his chance to add any more of his own. Now in the areas of Johnson's greatest strength—those whose votes had made the election close—observers felt he was again foreclosed. San Antonio voted by machine and those mechanically recorded tallies had been officially certified, and few changes were possible. And as the dean of Texas political reporters, Allen Duckworth, was to write about Duval County, but in words applicable to the Valley as a whole, "Duval always votes overwhelmingly, one way or the other," but "the county usually reports, practically complete, on Election Night." On Sunday, with Stevenson in the lead, his supporters were telephoning to election judges who had not yet reported their boxes to keep them out until they saw what Johnson would do —and they were confident that they could offset any move Johnson might make.

The "bloc vote" that Lyndon Johnson had received with the help of the men in the Brown Building was substantial, even for Texas. In the areas where George Parr could have election officials write down figures at his pleasure—Duval, Starr, La Salle, Jim Hogg, Zapata, and Brooks Counties, and Box 13 in Jim Wells County—the total reported on Election Day was 10,315 for Johnson, 1,032 for Stevenson, giving Johnson a plurality of more than nine thousand votes. The Parr-controlled Mexican-American and black vote in Corpus Christi added another three thousand votes to Johnson's advantage. And these were not the only "ethnic votes" that Johnson received from the area bordering the Rio Grande. He came out of the Valley —an area which included not only Webb County, where Judge Raymond "just wrote down what he wanted," and the six counties in Parr's domain but also Cameron, Hidalgo, Dimmit, Maverick, and Nueces—with a plurality of more than twenty-seven thousand. The "remarkable turnaround" in San Antonio was achieved largely through the ten thousand votes he received in "ethnic" areas. Although key officials in both camps say that ten thousand was the number of votes controlled—on Johnson's behalf—in that city, the number of votes that were, in a term euphemistically used by these officials, "changed over" between the two primaries is actually only about eight thousand. Even if the lower figure is used, however, eight thousand, added to the Valley's twenty-seven thousand plurality, means that Johnson's plurality from the "bloc" totalled thirty-five thousand votes.

If his totals were impressive, his percentage was more so. In Duval County, Lyndon Johnson received ninety-nine per cent of the vote: in George Parr's domain as a whole, he received ninety-one per cent. He was given eighty-two per cent of the vote in Judge Raymond's Webb County. In the key Mexican-American and black sections of Corpus Christi, his percentage was about eighty. In each of these areas, in other words, at least four out of every five votes were recorded for him. So he received a thirty-five-thousand-vote plurality from areas in which the voting pattern was dramatically out of keeping with the normal patterns in a democracy. How much of that thirty-five-thousand-vote edge can be said to have been "bought"—either by payments to *jefes* and other political bosses who wrote down voting totals with little or no reference to the actual votes that had been cast or by payments to bosses who rounded up men and women and made sure they voted as they were told to or by payments to election judges who counted for Johnson votes that had actually been cast for Stevenson or by payments to individual voters who voted in accordance with the payment they received or by payments to deputy sheriffs who transported to the polls and directed the voting of men and women who did not even know whom they were voting for—and how many would have been cast for Lyndon Johnson even had no money changed hands cannot, after forty years, be determined. But from the descriptions given by men familiar with the voting in the Valley and on the West Side that Election Day in 1948 it is apparent that the overwhelming majority of those votes—not merely thousands of votes but perhaps tens of thousands—fall into the "bought" category.

The dramatic disparity between the returns from the West Side and the Valley and the returns from the rest of Texas indicates the disproportionate significance that this area played in the election. Coke Stevenson carried three counties in the state by a margin of at least eighty per cent, but two of the counties were so tiny as to be of little significance in the election. In one, Kenedy County, the vote was 52 to 8, and in the other, Roberts County, it was 181 to 12. The third county was Gillespie, where the Johnson Ranch is situated: Gillespie gave Stevenson eighty percent of its vote—1,014 to 250. These three counties produced for Stevenson a plurality not of thirty-five thousand votes but of 977; they were a minor factor in the election. Johnson's bloc voting was a major factor—the decisive factor. Without that plurality from the West Side and the Valley, he would have trailed Stevenson by a substantial margin.

Even with Johnson's harvest of these votes, however, he was still behind. His months of ceaseless campaigning and his injection into the Texas political scene of unprecedented

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amounts of money had narrowed the huge advantage that Coke Stevenson enjoyed at the beginning of the long campaign, and had brought him within striking distance of "Mr. Texas." His purchased votes had brought him almost even. But he was still behind by 854 votes, and the men in the Brown Building feared that Stevenson was likely to increase his lead during the blizzard of corrections—honest mistakes and normal Texas "recounting"—that were to come. And if their own candidate didn't make up that narrow margin his loss would be as final as if he had lost by a hundred thousand. Lyndon Johnson's political career was all but over—for want of fewer than a thousand votes.

AT 1:30 A.M., when the Election Bureau closed, Lady Bird begged Lyndon to get some sleep. He went into the bedroom and changed into pajamas, but a few minutes later he burst out, his hair as wild as his eyes. He spent the night in the little panelled den of his home on Dillman Street, in Austin, still in his pajamas, pacing back and forth or sprawled across the daybed, and a telephone was always in his hand. In the Brown Building, Alvin Wirtz and Everett Looney were telephoning, too. Ed Clark was calling from his home. Lyndon Johnson had tried to buy a state, and although he had paid the highest price in Texas history, he had failed.

So now he had to do more.

The telephone calls were to local Johnson managers in thousands of precincts all across Texas. Some of the calls were to ask the managers to be vigilant against any Stevenson attempt to steal votes in their counties. But other calls had a different purpose: the local managers were being asked to "recheck" and, in the rechecking, to "find" a few more votes for Johnson. As far as can be learned—or, at least, proved—forty years later, Johnson personally made no telephone request that votes be added to his totals. Clark explains that the men in the Brown Building did not want the candidate to make such requests himself; when questioned as to whether that was because Johnson "might be *asked* if he had called," Clark nodded. Rather, the purpose of Johnson's calls was to reassure the local leaders that they would be with the winner when all the votes had been counted, and to give them a sense of personal contact with the candidate. "We weren't asking him to say anything illegal, but it was important that he give them recognition, that he tell them everything was going to be O.K.," Clark says. "Because we still needed them—to validate their votes, to stand behind them." Of course, it was not necessary for Johnson to make requests himself; others were making them on his behalf.

Some of the men who received these calls replied that technological considerations prevented them from helping. In San Antonio, Sheriff Kilday's chief deputy, George Huntress, received a telephone call from "the Johnson camp . . . inquiring into the possibility of additional votes." Huntress reminded "the person inquiring" that San Antonio now used voting machines, and that the results had been recorded. For other recipients of these calls, the considerations were ethical. The Johnson man who took the call in San Marcos replied that "of course he couldn't 'find' any more votes; the election was over." But other calls went to a more receptive man—a man who could "find" not just a few more votes but a few hundred more. A politician in San Diego, the county seat of Duval, who took one of those calls says, "It was Lyndon Johnson's office. It was very important that they get hold of George." Early Sunday morning, a rumor began to circulate in Austin, and later that morning the rumor was confirmed. The Valley had already done a lot for Lyndon Johnson—a twenty-seven-thousand-vote plurality—but the Valley was going to do more. In particular, George Parr was going to do more. The Duke of Duval had given Lyndon Johnson a hundred-to-one plurality—more than four thousand votes—in his county alone. Now, on Sunday, with Johnson still behind despite the Duke's efforts, Duval County announced that there were more votes from the county to come. It had just been discovered, Parr's election officials told the Texas Election Bureau, that the returns from one of Duval County's precincts had not yet been counted; it was hoped to have them later in the day.

OUT on the banks of the South Llano, over a telephone that had been installed—on a tree—for Election Night, Stevenson had been hearing rumors of the Johnson camp's ma-

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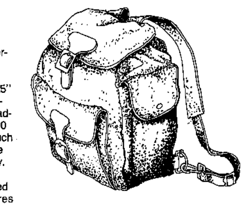

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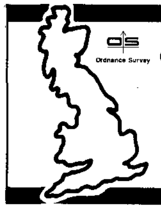

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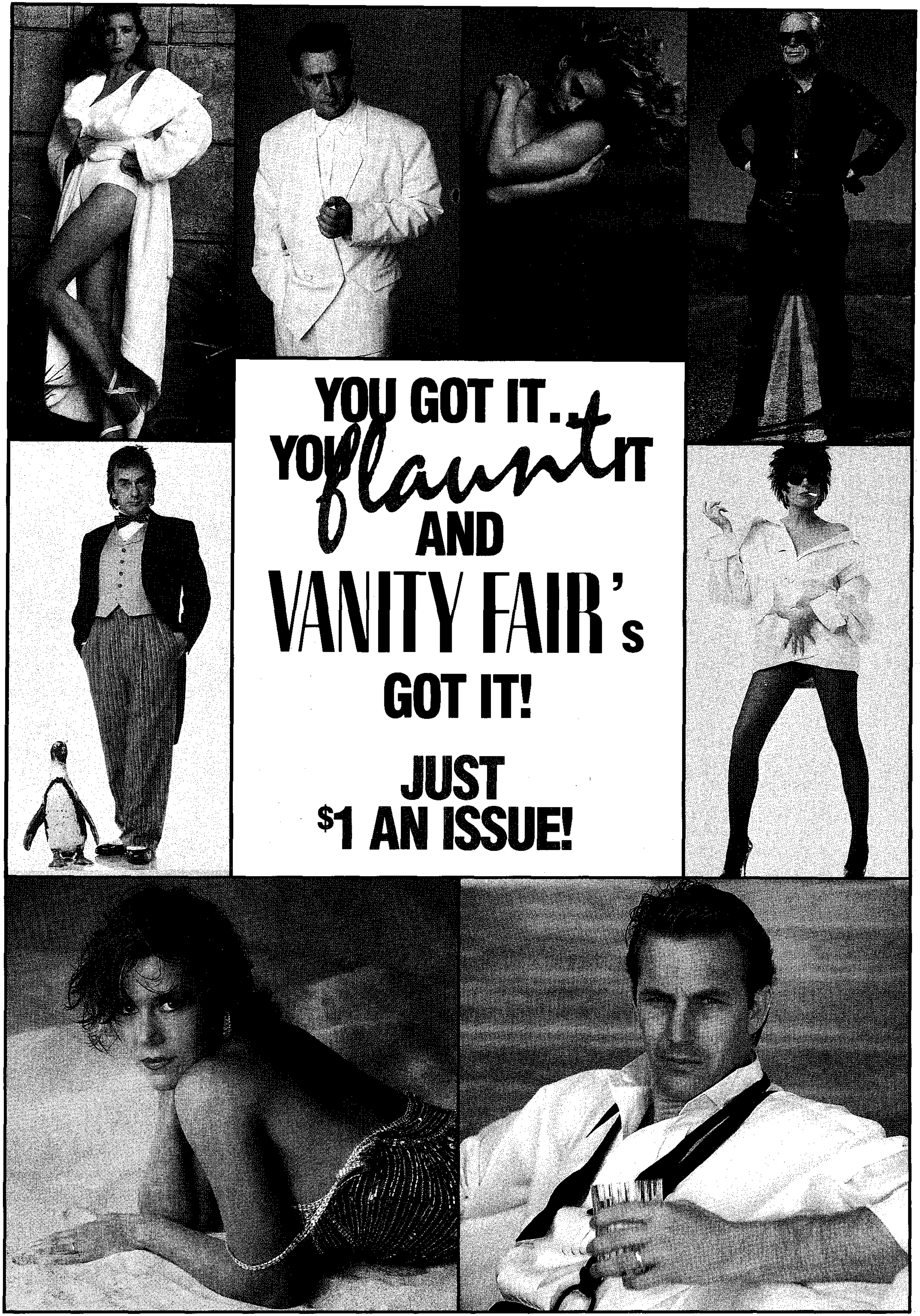
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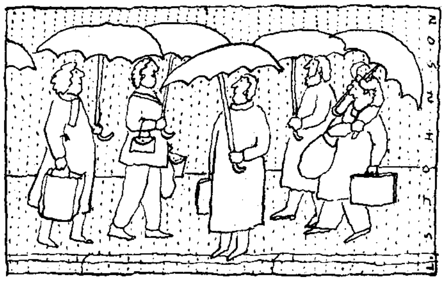
neuvers. Confirmation came from one of his county managers in the Panhandle, who told the former Governor he had just received a telephone call from someone in Johnson's headquarters who was under the impression that he was *Johnson's* county manager, and who had asked him if he couldn't change at least three votes. "That was how we first learned what Lyndon was doing," Ernest Boyett recalls. "When he was behind, he got on the telephone to his managers around the state and asked them if they couldn't change votes."

Stevenson remained calm; he might not be participating in, or even aware of, what his own allies were doing in Austin, but he was certainly aware that such maneuvering was within the normal parameters of Texas politics. But then, early Sunday morning, he heard about the Duval announcement—which went beyond the parameters.

Stevenson and his advisers understood at once the significance not only of the fact that Parr was announcing that new votes would be coming in from the Valley but of the fact that now, more than twelve hours after the polls had closed, those votes had not yet been counted, so no one could tell how many each candidate had received. In later years, Johnson aides argued that such a late finding of votes in the Valley was customary in Texas politics, but it wasn't. Allen Duckworth wrote in the Dallas *News* that day, "The thing that brought protest from the Stevenson camp was the lateness of Duval's final report this time. The county usually reports, practically complete, on Election Night." George Norris Green, whose book "The Establishment in Texas Politics" analyzes Texas elections in the nineteen-forties, notes that Stevenson had won the Valley vote in his previous races, but comments that "all of those votes had at least been turned in on time." Since few constraints limited Parr in the number of votes he reported, the effect of his turning in votes late would be that he could report almost any number of votes needed—which would mean that to a considerable extent the Duke of Duval could decide the result of any close statewide election all by himself, the only limit being the number of names on the poll-tax list. The twenty-seven-thousand-vote margin already given to Lyndon Johnson by the Duke of Duval and his allies in the Valley hadn't been enough to elect Johnson. So now, this Sunday, what, really, was George Parr doing but just waiting to see how many more votes would be needed? Jumping into his car, Stevenson accelerated so fast that he left a plume of dust behind him as he sped to Austin. But there was nothing he could do once he got there. All day Sunday, the Election Bureau was inundated with the usual barrage of vote changes from all over the state, a few large, most small; but all day looming over the counting of these ballots was that missing box down in the Valley.

For Coke Stevenson, Duckworth wrote, "The news came at dusk Sunday. It was bad, as expected." And it came at a strategic moment. All day, minor changes had in general balanced themselves out, and Stevenson had stayed ahead, by approximately the same eight-hundred-vote margin. Then, about seven o'clock, twenty-four hours after the polls closed, upward revisions for Johnson came in from several Houston precincts—revisions in themselves so suspicious that there were immediate calls for an investigation. Suddenly, Stevenson was leading by a bare handful of votes. And then, at this crucial point, Duval announced that it now had its returns ready. The vote it had reported on Saturday night had been 4,195 for Johnson, 38 for Stevenson. Now, Duval election officials said, there had been 427 previously unreported votes in that "uncounted" precinct. Stevenson, they said, had received two of them; Johnson had received 425. Four hundred and twenty-five new votes (Duval's count was now Johnson 4,620, Stevenson 40), and for the first time Stevenson was no longer ahead in the statewide totals. "In the closest major race in the state's long political history," the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* reported, "Lyndon Johnson rode into the lead of the U.S. Senate race Sunday night on a sudden tide of votes from Duval County."

On Monday, however, the Election Bureau received in the mail written returns from counties that had previously reported over the telephone, and there were the usual corrections made necessary by transpositions, discoveries of double counting, and simple mistakes in arithmetic—as well as, perhaps, other kinds of "mistakes." But Monday brought only one new return from the Valley—eighty new votes for Lyndon Johnson in Starr County (final returns from Starr were Johnson 3,038, Stevenson 170; Parr's two key counties alone, therefore, gave Johnson an edge of more than seven thousand votes: 7,660 to 210)—and from all the corrections combined Stevenson received more benefits than Johnson. Hour after hour, all that day and into the evening, Johnson worked the telephone in his den, alternately sprawled, half reclining, on the daybed and pacing back and forth across the little room, telephone in hand, lighting one cigarette from the end of another, the skin on his gaunt face drawing tighter and tighter, the circles under his eyes growing darker and darker—a candidate by El Greco. But by the end of the day Stevenson had 494,396 votes, Johnson had 494,277: Stevenson led by 119 votes, in what Duckworth, in a view echoed in newspapers throughout the state, wrote was "the most exciting Senate race Texas has ever known."



Tuesday brought more transpositions, including a sizable one from Eastland County, in West Texas. When someone at the Election Bureau rechecked Eastland's figures, which had had the higher figure, 2,645, in Johnson's column and the lower, 2,317, in Stevenson's, it was found that they should have been reversed, and that change, of course, pushed Stevenson further ahead. Under Texas election law, 7 P.M. Tuesday (seventy-two hours after the polls closed) was the deadline for precinct election judges to turn over to their county chairmen all ballot boxes, containing not only the actual ballots that voters had cast but the tally and poll sheets kept by the election judges and clerks. At that hour, the Election Bureau announced, it had "complete" returns—complete in the sense that all boxes had reported in all the state's two hundred and fifty-four counties except for one box in sparsely populated Borden County, where about forty votes were supposed to be still unreported (and, of course,

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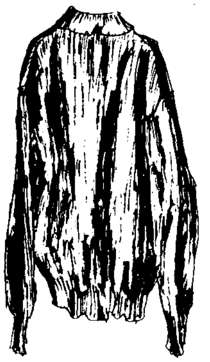

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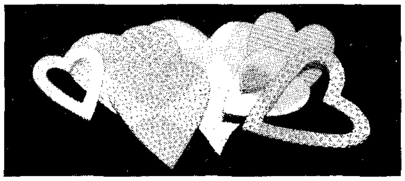

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except for the two "Stevenson" counties, Hansford and Kinney, which hadn't held primaries, because Stevenson's men had not considered them necessary). At seven, the Election Bureau announced its final returns for the day: Stevenson, with 494,555 votes, was 349 votes ahead of Johnson, who had 494,206. The Election Bureau manager, Bob Johnson, told a reporter that "there was little doubt the bureau's unofficial count would give Stevenson a majority." And the Houston *Chronicle* pointed out, "The Bureau, although it cannot actually elect an officeholder on the basis of its unofficial returns, has been consistently accurate during the thirty-two years of its existence. It has never missed naming the eventual winner." Indeed, the returns from each county had been checked and rechecked so many times by both sides that no further major changes were expected. And indeed there were no significant changes on Wednesday, the fourth day after the election, or on Thursday, the fifth day after the election. Stevenson's lead on Thursday night was 351 votes. Lyndon Johnson's second Senate race apparently had ended like the first. "Should Johnson lose by a few hundred votes," as Duckworth wrote, "it would be the second time he has been nosed out on his quest for a seat in the upper house." The blaring headlines—"STEVENSON HOLDS FINAL VOTE LEAD"—seemed to trumpet the death of Lyndon Johnson's dreams. —ROBERT A. CARO

(*This is the third part of a four-part article.*)

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*Letter to the editor of Country Life*]

I recall being told years ago that, while Prof. G. D. H. Cole was writing a book in his study at Oxford, he gradually realised that a bird persistently repeating its song in the Fellows' garden below his window was addressing him personally. The words he heard, happily welcome to him, and spoken in English, were the trio of imperatives, "Inculcate, indoctrinate, educate".

While in Siena last spring, I had a similar experience: but there, appropriately for a town traditionally founded by Romulus, the song was in Latin, and the message more resounding. The Sienese bird proclaimed the principal qualities which characterise that incomparable townscape, the words "Dignitas, austeritas, gravitas" being easily distinguishable.

Have birds anywhere else been known to declaim like those of Oxford and Siena?

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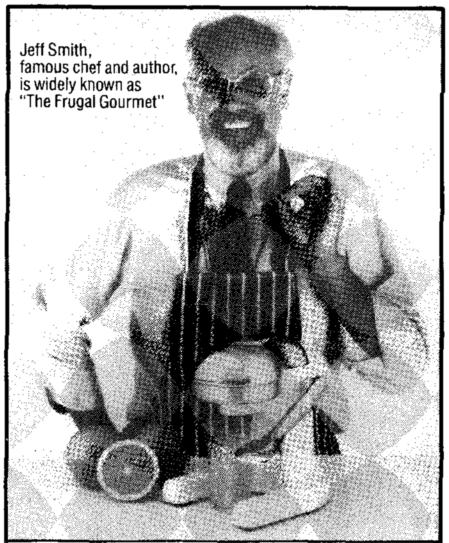

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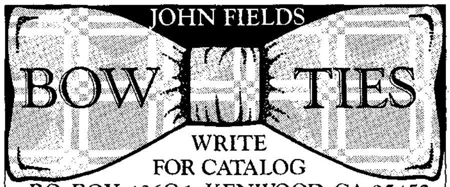

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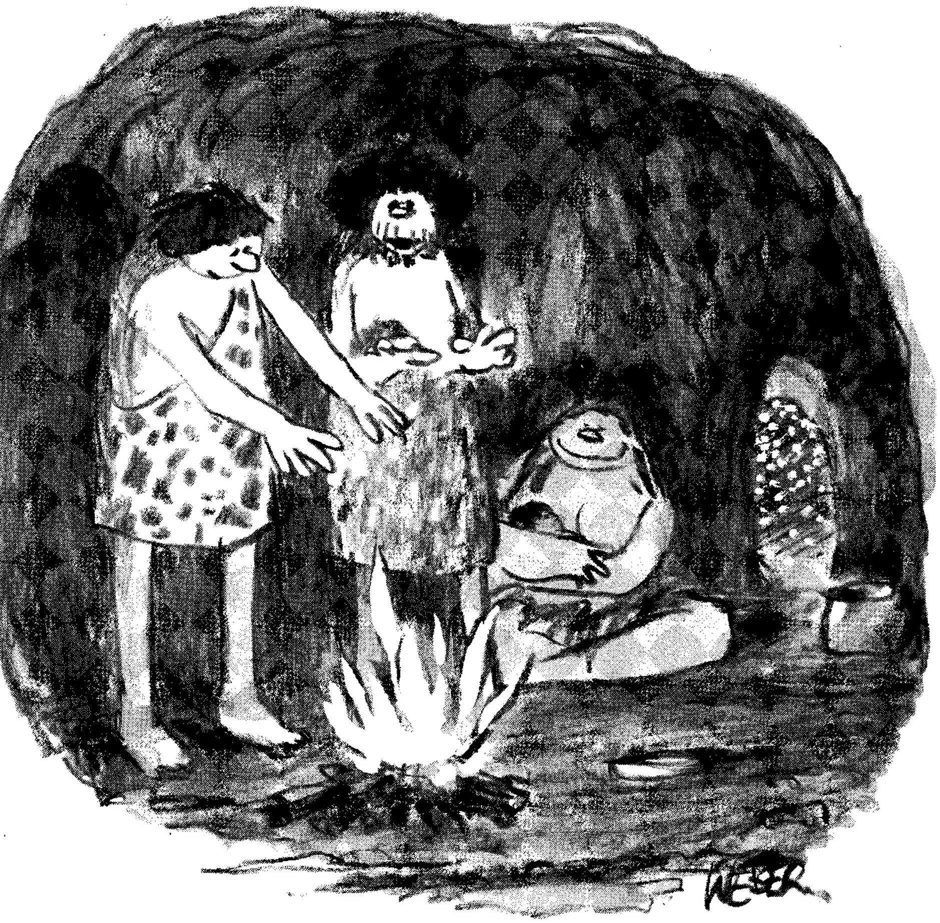
THE THEATRE

Post-Bellum

THE Negro Ensemble Company opened its season last week with "Jonquil," by Charles Fuller, at Theatre Four. In the first scene we see three hooded members of the Ku Klux Klan roughly abusing some black women and raping one of them. Shortly after that, someone says, "We free, brothers," and then speaks of voting as an "inalienable right," thus setting forth the themes of this sometimes awkward, sometimes murky play. It is the third in a proposed series of five or six plays about released slaves during and immediately after the Civil War, and perhaps the reason "Jonquil" often seems hard to track is that Mr. Fuller has set himself the difficult task of making order out of chaos—dramatic order out of historical chaos. The woman who was raped is Sally, the heroine of Fuller's first play, and she has discovered the rapist to be a judge known for his benevolence toward slaves and malignance toward those who have been freed. He is the villain of the piece, and Sally tries to persuade her husband, Calvin, a man with political aspirations, to kill him. Calvin's aspirations do not include killing white judges. It is he, however, who, near the end, convinces his fellows that only by sticking together can they make any headway against the thuggish whites. A black militia is formed, and goes into action, with sad consequences. Calvin's story is one of several, and many of the characters are familiar from the first two plays. Jonquil is a young woman who is blind, and is all the more acute for that—she is the one who recognizes the judge, by his voice. Her husband, Daniel, is another who hangs back at first and then comes through.

I'm sorry to say that I found "Jonquil" disappointing, perhaps because of too great expectations. Charles Fuller is one of the most proficient dramatists and, line by line, one of the best writers around. Among his other, highly esteemed plays are "The Brownsville Raid," "A Soldier's Play," and "Zooman and the Sign"; and "Sally" and "Prince," the openers in this series, created high hopes. Under Douglas Turner Ward's direction, the acting is good, if not spectacular. Iris Little is Sally; Charles Weldon is Calvin; Cynthia Bond is Jonquil; Samuel Jackson is Daniel. Except for Ms. Little, a newcomer, all are old N.E.C. friends, as are Graham Brown and William Jay, who also appear to advantage. William Mooney is credible as the judge, and so is Rebecca Nelson as a white woman from the North who has come down to help the newly freed slaves. Scenery, costumes, and lighting, all admirable, were designed by Charles McClennahan, Judy Dearing, and Sylvester A. Weaver, Jr.

EXCEPT for Raul Julia's commanding presence and natural eloquence (sizable exception), there's little to praise in the Public Theatre's new "Macbeth," the most recent production in its Shakespeare cycle—a production without the supernatural, without tragedy, without horror, without spirit. After a look at the witches cavorting in the opening scene, one cannot say that it's a production without hokum. There are in the supporting company a number of actors with excellent credentials—Larry Bryggman (Banquo), William Converse-Roberts (Macduff), Mary Louise Wilson (witch and gentlewoman)—who appear at less than their best, though who can blame them in this feckless production? On the other hand, Harriet Harris makes a light and poignant Lady Macduff; Jesse Bernstein is good as her son; and the enunciation is clear throughout, if occasionally nonvintage ("*scorched* the snake, not killed it," "all the puh*fumes* of Arabia"). Oh, well, "Macbeth" will run only until February 4th, with no serious damage to anyone concerned. Out of sight, out of mind, and one can always take comfort in the memory of Mr. Julia, indelible and triumphant, in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "The Taming of the Shrew," and hope to see him soon under more dynamic circumstances. Direction by Richard Jordan, setting by John Conklin, costumes by Jeanne Button, and lighting by Brian Gale. —EDITH OLIVER



"It's the latest thing—warmth without weight."

IN FASHION

Modest Expectations

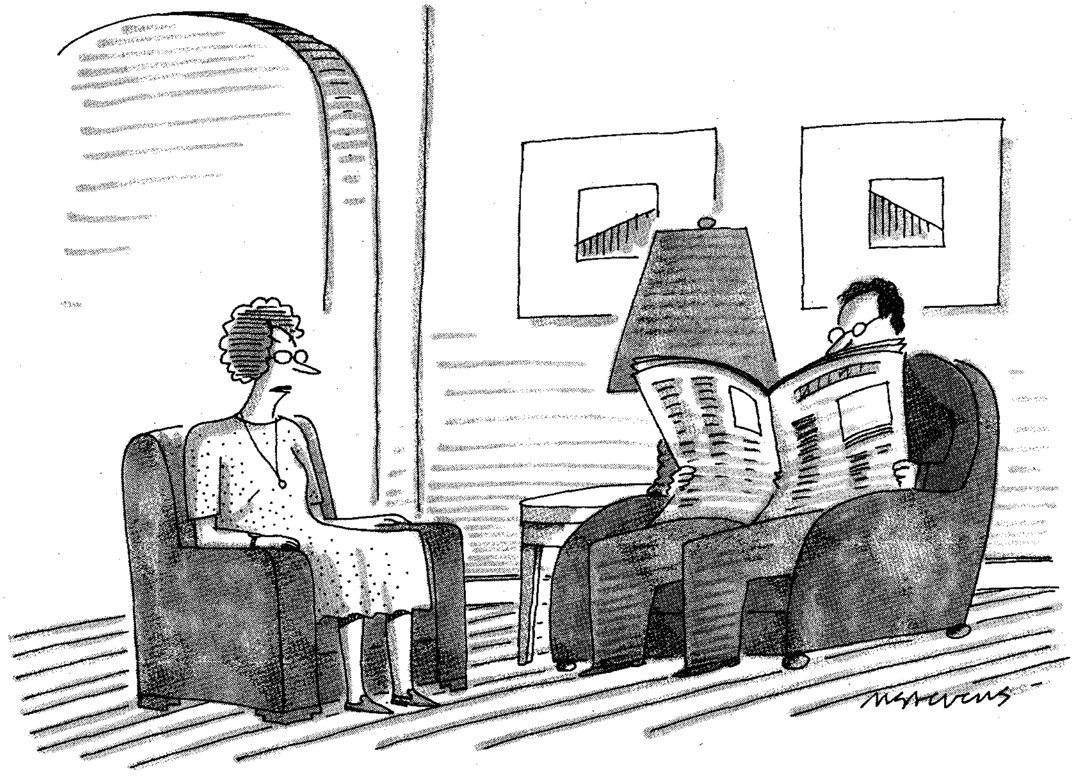
THE foot soldiers of fashion, who make the rounds of Milan, London, and Paris (where the major-league Japanese designers present their collections), inevitably get the impression that the fashion enthusiasts in those cities form one big community, held together by an interest more cohesive than nationality and by a language more universal than anything spoken. But, apart from Ralph Lauren's highly conspicuous stores on New Bond Street and the Place de la Madeleine, the American presence abroad is paltry. While Madison and Fifth Avenues are lined with the outposts of nearly every major European designer, New York has been slow to export its fashion. (And, for that matter, the rest of the world has been in no great hurry to import it.) Travelling the circuit, one can't help wondering whether we have a place in that international fashion community and, if so, just what it is.

In fashion, as in the arts, Americans initially had to find their identity in relation to a European tradition that was long-standing and distinguished. The fashion that invoked that tradition was sometimes accused of being pretentious or presumptuous or, at best, innocently derivative. Culture and sophistication were essentially European; wealthy New Yorkers built châteaus on Fifth Avenue. What came to be thought of as the American style was in most cases something completely apart, and what it was—namely, exuberant and vernacular—had frequently been arrived at by way of all the things it had set out not to be: it wasn't ceremonious or allegorical or lavish or precious or élitist or preoccupied with the past. Eventually, imitation gave way to renunciation. People who thirty years ago would have surrounded themselves with reproductions of French Provincial or Regency furniture—alluding to the Old World, if not aspiring to it—today decorate their homes in the Santa Fe or Shaker style, with rag rugs on the floor and folk art on the coffee table.

Now that New York is no longer merely the capital of American fashion but one of the main stations on the international circuit, the issue isn't so much how we see ourselves as how the rest of the world sees us. Though the French, the Italians, the Japanese, and the English produce a fairly wide range of clothes for their own domestic markets, their contributions to the international forum are, for the most part, fairly specific, if sometimes overlapping: the French, a tradition of custom dressmaking; the Italians, tailoring; the Japanese, experimentation; the English, eccentricity (I'm sorry to perpetuate the cliché, but I can't think of another word for the likes of Vivienne Westwood). And how about us? What is it that Americans do better than anyone else?

These days, the answer is a little too obvious: sportswear. The ideal American woman, to the minds of most Europeans, is an outdoorsy ingénue, and the American clothes that Europeans prefer tend to be not the embroidered and beaded ball gowns at Oscar de la Renta or the smart day suits at Bill Blass—the sort of clothes they think they can find in Paris or Milan—but the clothes that play directly into their preconceptions about American fashion: Ralph Lauren's chamois jackets and Calvin Klein's denim skirts. And it seems to us as we look at these clothes that this is our heritage: what the House of Worth was to the tradition of French dressmaking, Sears, Roebuck is to our tradition of mass-marketed ready-to-wear. Sportswear is what we understand. Sportswear, we imagine, is what American fashion, whenever it stood on its own two feet instead of taking its cue from Paris, has always been, and it has taken all this time for the rest of the world to come around to acknowledging the integrity of sportswear. And yet, in the past few rounds of collections here in New York, there has been increasing evidence that American fashion, instead of following a natural course, is in fact becoming what's expected of it.

Even clothes for evening seem to take sportswear as their point of departure. Last fall, Isaac Mizrahi showed fur-trimmed satin anoraks, and Marc Jacobs showed sequin-striped T-shirt minidresses; for spring, Mizrahi offers jewel-studded madras sports coats, and Jacobs,



"I married you for your money, Leonard. Where is it?"

handmade sweaters with clear sequins knit into every stitch. (Mizrahi's clothes, in particular, have been readily acclaimed by the foreign fashion press, not only because he's talented but also, it seems to me, because they fulfill all the requirements for "Americanness"—they're spirited and casual and youthful-looking.) Evening outfits like these, and daytime clothes like Rebecca Moses's lace jeans and Calvin Klein's cashmere polo shirts, represent the height of the genre I call "fancy casual." The materials are luxurious and aggrandizing, certifying that the wearer is a success by American standards, but the form the clothes take is modest, even functional—as in Jacobs' navy satin trenchcoat, for Perry Ellis, or Calvin Klein's white silk-crêpe hunt suit. Sometimes the contrast is slightly preposterous, as in black suède running shoes. (At its most perverted, the fancy casual degenerates into the "casual baroque"—the nailheads-and-snakeskin-appliqué look that was unleashed on Rodeo Drive ten years or so ago and is still at large.)

Though designers elsewhere in the world may at times adopt this tongue-in-cheek approach (Christian Lacroix did his own satin anorak, Versace did satin jodhpurs), the outcome is oddly flat; it doesn't resonate the way it does when it's used by Americans. But the gist of this style is self-satisfaction, and in practice, depending on the context, it can come off either confident and self-effacing or smug and coy. The person wearing fancy-casual clothes clearly has the means to pretend to a background or a way of life that's grander or more refined or worldly-wise but instead has chosen to represent himself or herself truthfully: I am content to be who I am, and I take a certain pride in it. The very opposite of dressy clothes in cheap fabrics, which are almost invariably seen as "lower-class," fancy-casual clothes assert social supremacy in their laid-back display of wealth: this is someone who doesn't need to try to make an impression.

At other times, in other instances, it seems as if the person dressed in fancy-casual clothes were making a grudging concession to the occasion—an opening night or a charity ball or a dinner—by refusing to wear something more decorous, which he or she wouldn't be comfortable in (and the comfort may be either physical or psychological), and opting instead for a souped-up version of the clothes he or she usually wears. Hey, this isn't just any sweatsuit—it's a *velvet* sweatsuit. Reverse snobbery is at work here, perhaps encouraged by the old notion that it's better to be underdressed than overdressed. If you have only two invitations per year, for instance, you must nevertheless dress as if they were only two of *hundreds*. The message is: I don't take these events seriously.

Young professional men dismiss the suits they wear to work every day as their office "costumes," put on to play the game until they get home and change into something more casual, like jeans or khakis—clothes in which they can be themselves (as if the guy in the suit were somebody else). Protests against the conventions of formal attire are by now routine among men: every black-tie party has at least one dissident dressed in a smoking jacket and jeans or a tuxedo and cowboy boots, or outfitted with all the standard trappings but complaining. In any case, the theme is the same: this uniform is for a man of the world, someone like Fred Astaire or Noël Coward or David Niven, the kind of guy who knows his way around a wine list—and that's not who I am. Among women, these misgivings take a different, usually more subtle twist. Formal occasions are an adult version of the dress-up game that little girls play, and so even women who live in jeans can wear an evening gown and not feel misrepresented by it. Still, for women, too, the feeling is that the clothes we're obliged to put on for work or for special occasions are not our second skins—that when we wear them there is a discrepancy between us and our clothes.

In the course of a recent lecture, Anne Hollander, the author of the book "Seeing Through Clothes," remarked on the infantilism now widespread in American culture, from the cookie boutiques in every shopping mall to androgynous clothes, which neuter the person wearing them and transport him or her back to the condition of childhood, before sexual awareness and all its attendant responsibilities. It is, alas, no longer fashionable to be a grownup. What magazines called the youthquake of the sixties was attributed to the baby-boom generation's reaching adolescence, as if our sudden national penchant for long hair and baby-doll minidresses could be explained away by demographics. Now that same generation is in its thirties, with mortgages and children of its own, but though our notion of what's attractive in a woman has passed from the wide-eyed, stick-thin, flat-chested moppet to the more knowing, big-breasted, aerobicized mother, the fact is that the ideal is still young-looking and sexy, defying the standard attributes of middle age. It used to be that little girls were dressed in miniaturized versions of the clothes their mothers wore; today, mothers wear grownup editions of their children's play clothes. The young-matron look—a style that flowered in the fifties at the hands of Mainbocher and other designers—is extinct. Motherhood may be back in style, but no woman today aspires to *look* like a mom.

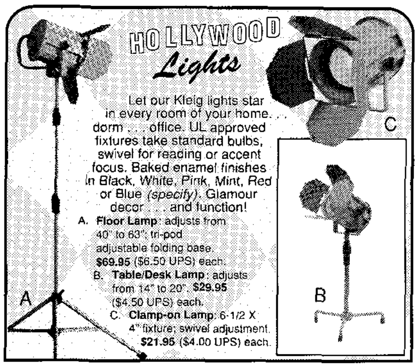
WITH sportswear now ubiquitous on the American runways, it comes as something of a surprise to see in Caroline Rennolds Milbank's new book "New York Fashion: The Evolution of American Style" (Abrams) that sportswear has been just one of many strains, and not even the dominant one, in American fashion—that the tradition of American fashion is a lot broader and richer than most people now imagine. For one thing, personality journalism and the current tendency to filter all fashion through designer names give short shrift to our fashion history, particularly in its early stages, when most of the clothes were unattributable and it was the manufacturers and the stores that were really responsible for their design. The course of American fashion is inextricable from the course of American retailing (an irony that is striking at this moment, with B. Altman closing and Bloomingdale's bankrupt), and Milbank, in focussing on such once famous New York stores as Demorest, A. T. Stewart, Hattie Carnegie, and Siegel-Cooper, turns up designers whose names are by now covered with a thick layer of dust: Carolyn Schnurer, Tom Brigance, Miss E. M. A. Steinmetz, M. C. Blanck, to say nothing of an entire subset of women who billed themselves as Madame—the Mesdames Helene, O'Donovan, Rallings, and Eta.

Milbank's introduction is illustrated with pictures of clothes made from gingham, and these alone would be enough to convince most skeptics of the integrity of American fashion: a drop-waisted coat in a gingham check, circa the First World War, by Max Meyer, a manufacturer that Milbank identifies as one of the first to specialize in fine ready-to-wear; Adrian's patriotic bustle-backed evening dress, from 1944, combining red-and-white and blue-and-white checks; a Rudi Gernreich tablecloth-checked suit lined in gingham and with a gingham blouse, from 1962; and a short taffeta strapless evening dress, by Bill Blass, tucked the length of the torso to conceal the vertical bands in the check and give the impression of horizontal stripes. (In the most recent entry in this genre, Marc Jacobs, in his spring collection for Perry Ellis, presented gingham-patterned cotton-knit sweater vests and a tablecloth-checked jacket with a trail of beaded black ants making its way across the front.) In these cases, a humble fabric is elevated to sophistication by means of the design. The very opposite happens in fancy-casual clothes, in which a humble prototype is elevated by the fabric, and the design is just a parlor game for fashion types—an exercise in "what if . . ." that requires no real dressmaking skill and not much imagination.

Milbank's book reminds us that, in the process of consolidating the so-called American style, we have caused our awareness of our own fashion history to become narrowly revisionist. Claire McCardell's reputation, founded on madras-plaid shorts and halter-neck sundresses and jersey bathing suits, is undergoing a revival, while designers of more ladylike suits and coats and ball gowns—Mainbocher and Charles James and Norman Norell—are receding into the background of our memories.

Even now, there are American designers whose work is, if not unnoticed, often unappreciated, because they aren't making the sort of clothes that we consider fashion or—more to the point—the sort of clothes that we consider *American* fashion, which is to say that they're not making sportswear. Pauline Trigère, for one, works quietly on the sidelines, and the clothes she designs require close scrutiny: in their cut and their details, they are more solidly inventive than the clothes produced by many more celebrated designers. James Galanos, who is based in California, is unanimously respected but seldom discussed. With the death of Giorgio di Sant'Angelo, last August, New York lost a designer who was one of the most inventive anywhere. His clothes, made from stretch fabrics that drew on the latest in modern technology, and draped along ancient lines, eluded all categories. While we wait for the full force of his ideas to be absorbed, they are being carried on by his assistant, Martin Price, whose collection for spring reaffirms the Sant'Angelo Design Studio's status as a fashion landmark.

To the American way of thinking, however, the glamorous woman has traditionally been an active woman, whose image has been most obviously epitomized in sportswear. And yet the glamour is beginning to wear a little thin. In 1974, when Geoffrey Beene designed a floor-length sequinned football jersey and called it an evening gown, it stood as a remark about how casual life, even night life, had become—about how the old categories were breaking down. But the other designers who have since echoed his idea now appear to be trapped in a new category—a hybrid of casual, functional clothes in fragile, luxurious fabrics—which seems more crowded and confining as time goes by. Meanwhile, Beene has moved on, forging ahead on the strength of his commitment to the future. No one else designs clothes that are so relentlessly unsentimental. His only trace of nostalgia, discernible this spring in a minidress paved with sequins in a miniature Op-art pattern, black on white and white on black, is for the space-age optimism of the sixties. In his collection, he continued to carve away at the shape of the clothes, encouraging us to see the form of a woman's body in a new way—slashing crescents at the shoulder blades or setting in a sheer narrow band just below the waist in back. Beene's evening gowns manage to combine layer upon layer of lace, silk brocades, sequins, and tulle without seeming at all grandiose; the woman wearing them looks dressed but not dressed up, the way a woman in Ungaro does, and not dressed down, the way a woman wearing Calvin



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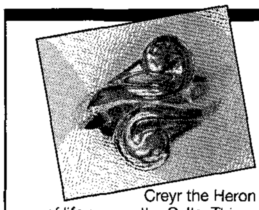

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Klein does. In the past few years, Beene has made the transition from his longtime position as first among equals to that of the newly proclaimed master of American fashion. It is his rigor that sets him apart, and his refusal to trade in received ideas—no matter whether they come from L. L. Bean or the French haute couture—that inspires such respect at this moment.

In a recent conversation, Christian Francis Roth, a quiet-spoken twenty-year-old designer now in his fourth season, talked about the current fashion climate in New York. "It seems that everybody is inspired by rugged sportswear," he said. "But that's too easy, because you're not starting from scratch—you're starting from something else. It's great to make a pair of fur jeans and start with the Levi's pattern—if you want to call that designing. But it's not what I want to do." Last fall, he made news with an orange wool jacket appliquéd with oversized brown-and-white leather M&M's packages spilling orange, yellow, red, and green covered buttons, in which the Pop-art pictorial effects were integral to the design. His new collection for spring includes a "scuba suit," which features a trompe-l'oeil silver tank at the back of the jacket, "strapped on" with bands at the waist and, following the raglan line of the sleeves, at the shoulders. A sea-green cotton strapless dress is infested with a shark spiralling around the torso; the shaping that would otherwise be achieved with darts is worked out in gradations of color in the shark's body. "The honest truth is that I have a very strong dressmaking and tailoring background," Roth explained. "And when you know how to drape you want to do it, because it's from there that your ideas come. I like seams. Once you get into it, you want to reinvent the wheel." This spring, he has turned for inspiration to cartoon animation in an attempt to bring a loose, freehand sort of line to the edges of his clothes—to the bottom of a "scribble" bolero, for example, that looks as if it had been doodled into existence. These clothes would look first-rate in Paris or Milan or Timbuktu. The downhearted reporter who has seen one too many anoraks comes upon Roth with relief and delight. It is already too late to call him promising. There is in his clothes nothing more to wait for. —HOLLY BRUBACH

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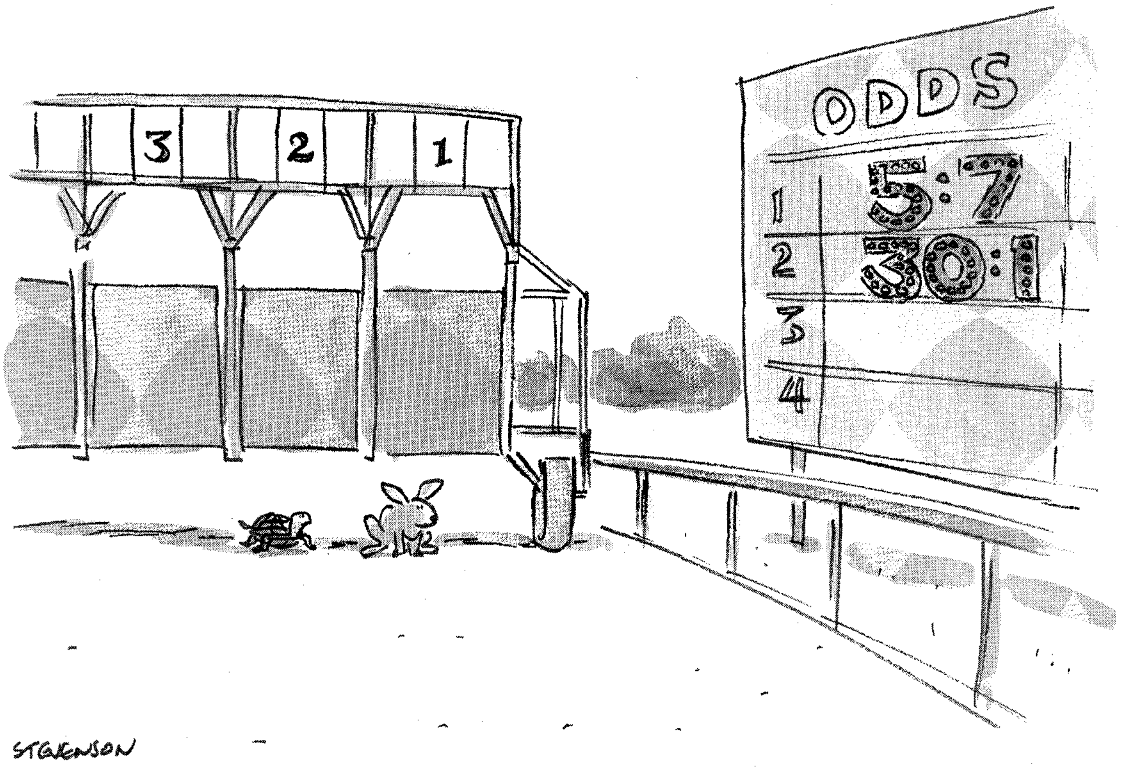
JAZZ

Home

A QUIET, august event is taking place at the Café Carlyle. The Modern Jazz Quartet has moved in for the first time, and will be there through February 3rd. Listening to the M.J.Q. in that small, elegant space, with its comfort and excellent acoustics, is like having the group in your living room. At eye level (there is no dais) and just a few feet away are the four famous musicians: John Lewis, seated not too close to his piano, his back Scout-straight, his mouth working, his eyes pained; Milt Jackson, his lowered head swinging from side to side, his hands moving like crabs over his vibraphone; Connie Kay, the drummer, tall and statuesque and secret behind his shades and cool Sidney Catlett motions; and Percy Heath, the bassist, his chin slightly lifted and his Egyptian profile intact. And there, unamplified, is the quartet's precise, high, contrapuntal sound, its upper-register piano and vibraphone anchored by Heath's bass and Kay's rich, midrange drums. In the large halls where the group generally plays these days, its sound can grow distant and vaporous. At the Carlyle, the carpets and the low ceiling trap the sound: its complexity and subtlety can be savored—almost handled. It is fitting that the quartet, as lordly as the Ellington band, appear in such haute surroundings. It has, in a way, come home.

The quartet has been together for thirty-one years. It grew out of the rhythm section of the Dizzy Gillespie big band in 1952, but its personnel did not become fixed until 1955. Before that, for various lengths of time, Kenny Clarke was on drums, Horace Silver on piano, and Ray Brown on bass. Its continuity has been interrupted twice. At the wish of Milt Jackson, who wanted to make his mark on his own, the group disbanded in 1974. (All twenty-two numbers from the celebrated "last concert," given in November of that year in Avery Fisher Hall, have been released on two Atlantic CDs.) The M.J.Q. reunited briefly in 1976 and 1977, disbanded again, and then re-formed in 1981.

John Lewis talked about the quartet a day or two after its opening at the Carlyle. "The engagement at the Carlyle came about through Ahmet Ertegun and Bobby Short," he said. "They're both friends of ours and of Peter Sharp, who owns the hotel. I think they wanted music of the same quality as Bobby's in the Café. The people who started listening to us in the fifties will come in, and so will the younger people who began listening to the quartet in the early eighties. It's a shock when someone tells you, 'My father introduced me to your music.' And once it was even 'my grandfather.' We have not played a room as small as this since the Downbeat, thirty or more years ago—it was on the West Side in the Fifties. We play at universities and in concert halls, rarely in clubs. We don't use any amplification at the Carlyle, and we try and avoid it no matter where we are. I think we are better musicians than we were before we broke up. I know I am. The challenge of doing my Bach prelude and fugue records made me practice constantly. I had never done that before, and I'm sure it changed my abilities. Connie Kay had the experience of playing with Benny Goodman, and with every sort of musician at Condon's all those years. Percy worked a lot with his brothers, and Milt had his own groups. Taking that rest from each other in the seventies refreshed us. Not that much has changed in our lives. Connie Kay still lives near Lincoln Center, but now you don't have to wait twenty-five rings before he picks up the phone, because he has an answering machine. Percy has moved to Montauk. He has a boat and still fishes all the time. Milt has moved to Teaneck, and his passion is his Mercedes cars. I think he has three of them. Mirjana and I are in the same apartment on East End Avenue, but our Sasha graduated from Harvard a few years ago, and Nina gets out of Brown next spring. Of course, my friend Nesuhi Ertegun, Ahmet's brother, died last summer, and that devastated me. He produced most of our records for Atlantic, starting in 1955, and they were always topflight—in recording techniques, recording conditions, even the covers and liner notes.



"I don't mind all the travelling we have to do. We go first class, because to make the best music you can't be worn out. The quartet has no plans for retiring. We'll get cut off naturally, by nature."

That the M.J.Q. has worked together for so long and never deteriorated is one of the marvels of jazz. (Kay, at sixty-two, is the youngest member of the group, and Lewis, at sixty-nine, is the oldest.) Perhaps the secret of its immaculate chemistry is its diversity. John Lewis was raised in New Mexico and has American Indian ancestors. He listened to Lester Young and Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge, and to the heavy blues of the Southwest, and then came up with Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker. Milt Jackson was born in Detroit, an extraordinary jazz crucible, which in the forties and fifties produced the three Jones brothers, Barry Harris, Tommy Flanagan, Lucky Thompson, Betty Carter, and Kenny Burrell. Parker and Gillespie were Jackson's idols; he is a true bebop baby. Heath grew up in Philadelphia, somewhere between swing and bebop. He became a pilot during the Second World War, and fell into music because there were no jobs for any black commercial pilots after the war. Kay had West Indian parents and was born in Tuckahoe. He was raised in New York City, and came under the sway of Sidney Catlett, a drummer who could play with everyone from Sidney Bechet to Dizzy Gillespie.

The Modern Jazz Quartet has long exerted a kind of moral force, for its collective nature offsets the long-winded soloists who came into jazz in the fifties, after the LP supplanted the old 78-r.p.m. disk. Lewis's and Jackson's solos, rarely more than two or three choruses long, are like the sounds of flying geese—authoritative and individual but always driving the flock. Lewis builds intricate lines behind Jackson's solos, and Jackson plays cirrus chords behind Lewis, while Heath and Kay keep the beat six inches off the ground. Lewis and Jackson are inspiriting opposites. Jackson is a ringing soloist, whose melodic lines undulate, feint right and left, whisper and reverberate. Lewis is a fervent, introspective logician, who lays out miniature squares and rectangles of sound. Jackson's solos roll and chant, and Lewis's stump steadily down the hall. (Some of John Lewis's extended compositions, though of considerable musical interest, tend to damp the group's forward motion.) Kay's great Catlett four-four beat on his ride cymbals pushes the quartet relentlessly, but all four men swing very hard, with a mysterious tensile skill that has to be relearned by each new generation of jazz musicians.

The M.J.Q. is at the top of its bent at the Carlyle. Lewis has said that the two sets the quartet plays every night will continue to be different, and that he will change the program in each of them every two or three days. (The quartet has over four hundred pieces in its repertory, many of them by Lewis or Jackson.) The early show on the group's second night at the Café included Sigmund Romberg's "Softly, As in a Morning Sunrise"; John Lewis's handsome anthem "Django," taken at a faster tempo than of old; Milt Jackson's "True Blues"; Lewis's lovely waltz "Skating in Central Park," done almost at a dirge tempo; Duke Ellington's "Jack the Bear," a vehicle for Percy Heath; Lewis's "Odds Against Tomorrow," written as part of a score for a movie of the same name; Charlie Parker's "Confirmation"; and Lewis's long, somewhat gangling "A Day in Dubrovnik." There were delights everywhere: in Jackson's solos in "Sunrise" and "True Blues," and in his subtle melodic asides in "Skating in Central Park"; in Lewis's solos in "Django" and "True Blues"; in Heath's Jimmy Blanton statements in "Jack the Bear"; and in all of Kay's work—particularly in "Dubrovnik," which moves in and out of various tempos and rhythms.

When Bobby Short is in residence, the Café audiences, taking for granted his enduring skills, often talk and carry on. But they became part of the quartet's music that night; even the youngest, looking slightly puzzled, paid close mind to this serene, fastidious, swinging music.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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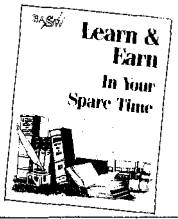
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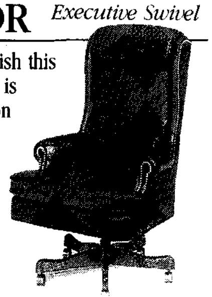
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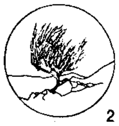
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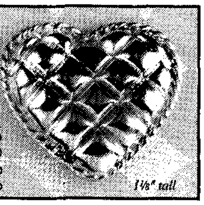
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BOOKS

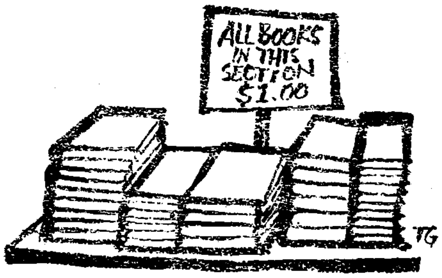
Seeking a Likeness

IF ever a cliché may be said to have increased in applicability over the years, it is "long-awaited" when employed to describe a satisfactory biography of Stanford White. More than eighty years after his death, there have still been only a few halfhearted attempts to analyze his vexingly contradictory nature. One of the most gifted of all American architects, White was also one of the busiest, rushing from task to task before the astonished eyes of colleagues, clients, and friends; at the same time, he was expending an equal amount of energy on a not altogether secret life of insatiable libertinage. White's partner Charles McKim used to tease him affectionately for making a hasty entrance into a room only in order to be seen to make an equally hasty departure from it; for the same reason of affection, McKim, a chaste Quaker, appears never to have uttered a word of protest against White's sexual license.

White was irresistible. Nothing that he wanted for himself or sought for a client (naturally, at the client's expense) could be withheld from him for long. Tall and handsome, with spiky, graying red hair and speckled gray-brown eyes, he was adored by men and women alike. Many of them were aware that he was leading a double life, and were therefore not really astonished to learn that on a pleasant summer's evening in 1906 both lives were brought to a horrifying end, when he was shot and killed by the Pittsburgh millionaire Harry K. Thaw.

Charles C. Baldwin, a family friend, published a mealymouthed account of White's career in 1931; there have since been a couple of unscholarly accounts of White's life as a womanizer, dwelling with relish upon his affairs with adolescent girls. The most bewitching of the girls was a musical-comedy actress, Evelyn Nesbit, who became White's mistress, left him in order to become Thaw's mistress, and then, in pursuit of wealth and social position, married Thaw. Exceptionally pretty—she posed for Charles Dana Gibson's celebrated drawing "The Eternal Question"—and exceptionally intelligent, Nesbit was herself a victim of Thaw's sadism (inflicting whippings and beatings, and squeezing to death small animals, gave him pleasure throughout his life); nevertheless, and for whatever perverse reasons, she encouraged Thaw's mortal grudge against White by contrasting White's social and professional eminence with Thaw's lack of those things. At the trials—there were two, because the first ended in a mistrial—that followed White's murder, Nesbit testified in behalf of her husband, perjuring herself with an air of schoolgirl demureness that the hardboiled prosecutor, William Travers Jerome, was unable to penetrate. Lawyers for the defense successfully argued that Thaw was insane, and he escaped going to the chair. For her courtroom perjuries Nesbit was rumored to have been promised a large sum by the Thaw family. It was further rumored that the sum was never paid in full, perhaps because Nesbit had a child who, though given the name of Thaw, was generally assumed to have another father.

The sheer vulgar melodrama of White's violent, early death—he was only fifty-two when he was killed—has appeared to stand in the way of a biographer's taking White as seriously as he deserves. It is bad enough to be famous for having been infamous rather than for having been a first-rate architect and a much admired and much loved citizen of New York; worse still to have those aspects of one's private life least subject to accurate documentation monopolize the world's attention, while those aspects of one's professional life for which abundant documentation exists are left largely unexamined. The seemingly ineradicable advantage that private scandal holds over public achievement has been such that several writers who chose White as the subject of a biography found themselves unable to be what they called "fair" to him and so gave up the project. The problem of "fairness" became a formal literary problem: how to establish a just balance between the two opposing sides of the man—to produce an accurate portrait of him that didn't hint at a bloodcurdling Mr. Hyde lurking behind an amiable Dr. Jekyll. White was no monster, and yet there was certainly something monstrous in his insatiability, in the way he allowed his life to go careering out of control between the ballroom and the gutter. Writers who had begun their researches filled with admiration for White often came to dislike him, but their dislike was based not so much upon the obvious defects in his character—for the sake of a lively narrative, the more defects the better—as upon their reluctance to admit that his amoral multifariousness had defeated them.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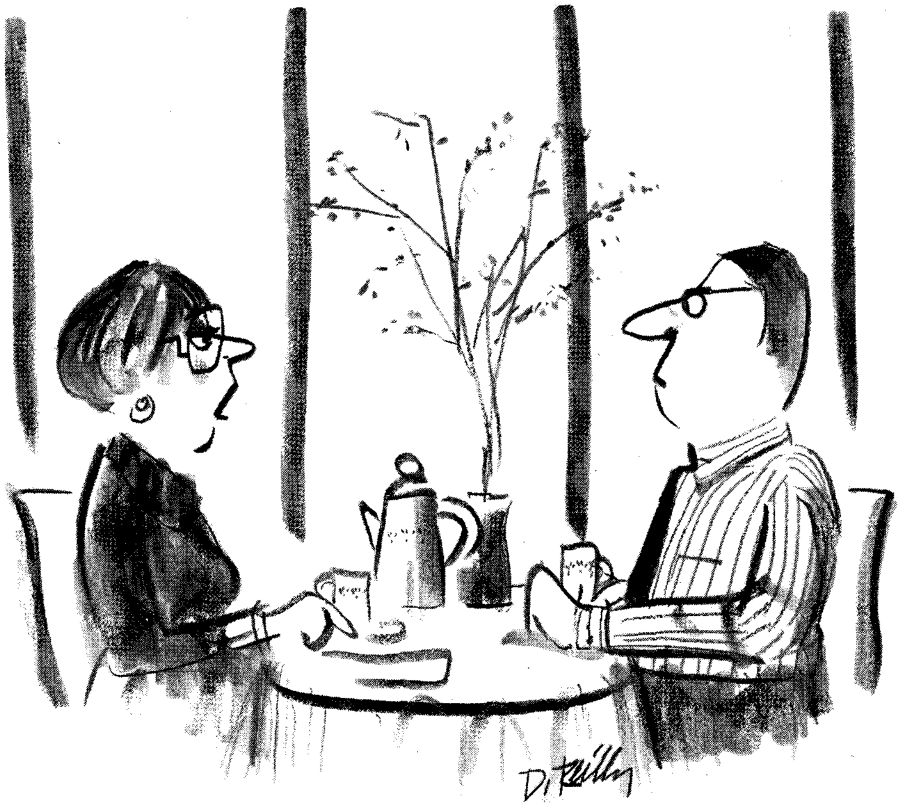
TG

For a number of years, I gathered material for a possible biography of White. Fortunately, in the course of doing so I never reached the point of disliking him, perhaps in part because, having known several members of his family, I felt with them a sense of history's having paid more heed to his amorality than to his multifariousness. I was a friend of his son, Lawrence Grant White, a genial, scholarly man, who spent his professional career as a partner in McKim, Mead & White. I am a friend, too, of several of Stanford White's grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and have often visited Box Hill, his country place in St. James, Long Island, which remains in the family and where his presence is still so strong that one half expects him to come scorching up the gravel driveway in the latest-model motorcar. I ended up writing about White only in the Macmillan Encyclopedia of Architects; in that limited context, I was able to look "neither out far nor in deep." Had I attempted more, I might have shared the plight of the late Aline Saarinen, who undertook some years ago to write a biography of White. She made notes of interviews, she made innumerable false starts, and these and her correspondence with her literary agent, Bernice Baumgarten (material now in the possession of the Archives of American Art), reveal the frustration that Saarinen felt as this peacock of a man refused to sit for his portrait.

How lovable he was, how talented, how generous! And yet how gross he was in his appetites, how hard he was on his wife, poor Bessie, who passed from nymphet to matron with tragic speed, and whose one parlor trick—that of being able to sing and whistle at the same time—failed to keep her errant husband by her side. Year after year, Saarinen wailed to Baumgarten that she was making no progress on the book, and one observes that the burden of responsibility for her lack of progress shifts little by little from her shoulders to White's. Saarinen died of a brain tumor while her struggle to come to terms with White was still under way; in looking over her heaped-up boxes of material, one has no doubt that she was losing the struggle, and knew it.



"You'd better cut back on Channel 13. You're beginning to say 'fortnight' a lot."

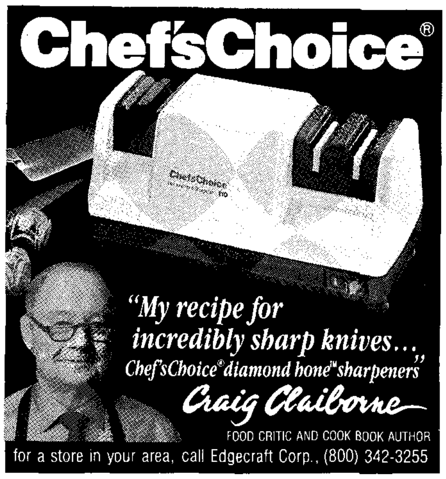
THE latest attempt at a biography of White that would send the cliché "long-awaited" into honorable retirement has recently been published. Paul R. Baker, a professor of history at New York University and the author of a well-received biography of the nineteenth-century architect Richard Morris Hunt, has now written a life of White—"Stanny: The Gilded Life of Stanford White" (Free Press; $24.95). If the likeness that Mr. Baker draws, for all that it is full-length, fails to convey White's presence—the way he lifted people out of themselves, causing them to feel a quickening of the senses which, when they looked back afterward upon the experience of having been in his company, they recollected as a never-to-be-equalled happiness—the fault may lie in the literary method with which Baker has succeeded in immobilizing the hyperactive White. It is the simple, old-fashioned method of recounting a man's life in strict chronology, preserving a scholarly calmness of demeanor while remaining at a wary (though not unsympathetic) distance from the man.

Mr. Baker traces White's ancestry: White's father's distinguished place in the cultural life of New York City, White's birth and schooling, the early discovery of his talent for drawing, and his securing, through potent family friends, of a place in the architectural office of the great H. H. Richardson. When he joined Richardson, White was a lovable, gangling youngster of sixteen, whom both of his parents all too obviously favored over his only sibling, an older brother named Richard. (Richard was a hapless figure throughout his life, failing ruefully at everything he attempted.) For almost forty years, White soared higher and higher, and his sudden extinction occurred at a moment when, though his private life was in a state of flagrant disorder, he had just reached the bedazzling apogee of his professional career. Literally bedazzling, for the architectural work that was just a few weeks short of reaching completion when White was shot dead, in the roof garden of Madison Square Garden (an earlier masterpiece from his hand), was the domed, many-colored Madison Square Presbyterian Church—a consummately pagan work of art that, built to last for centuries, was torn down after only thirteen years, to make way for an office skyscraper.

Having marshalled the facts of White's bizarrely convoluted life and having taken care to set them down with as few judgments as possible, Baker offers on the last page of his book a summary of the preceding three hundred and ninety-nine pages. The summary, upon which the author may be assumed to have spent a good deal of effort, makes plain almost from sentence to sentence what it is that the book as a whole lacks: a breadth of illumination worthy of its subject. For if as readers we are grateful for being thoroughly informed of the details of White's life, we are bound to feel a disappointing sense of exclusion as well: the facts of a life are not a life. The price that the author pays for keeping White at a distance—for not risking a close examination of the nature of that haunted man whom we sense racing ever more frantically to his doom—is to be left with the White of conventional gossip, a bounder who happened also to be the favorite designer of arriviste plutocrats.

Astonishingly, in his valedictory paragraphs Baker is satisfied to say of White:

> Like Teddy Roosevelt, White is remembered not only for his achievements but even more for the more colorful aspects of his life, and because he represented the times in which he lived.
>
> The popular portrait has considerable truth in its lineaments, for White was obviously colorful as an individual and did embody significant currents of American life during his times. . . . His life-style, and his talent for self-promotion, were charac-



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> teristically American. His passion for beauty and aesthetic enjoyment was within a current of American life increasingly important since the mid-nineteenth century. His extravagance, his self-indulgence, his compulsive pleasure-seeking were characteristic of segments of American society at the turn of the century and after. With those traits and his artistic talents he was well-suited to be the interpretor [sic] of his age.
>
> With his talents as a decorator and designer as well as an architect, White could lay out the materials for a whole way of life for his clientele. Architect, designer, decorator, impresario, showman, tastemaker, he more than anyone else orchestrated the conditions of living for the rich and powerful of the times.... Tastemaker for his times, he became a casualty of the way of life he so brilliantly served.

In its careless writing and its innumerable reiterations, in its echoes not only of Sunday-supplement newspaper writing but also of show-biz gibblegabble ("his life-style, and his talent for self-promotion . . . conditions of living for the rich and powerful"), this passage is regrettably typical of the style of the book. Throughout the book, for instance, Baker, seeking to avoid a harmless duplication of his subject's surname, goes, with the tiresome regularity of a tic, from "White" to "Stan" and from "Stan" to "Stanny." He dares to practice an even more unwelcome colloquial heartiness with the august McKim, who often appears as "Charley." Serious readers are also likely to feel that "Stanny: The Gilded Life of Stanford White" is a patronizing title; obviously intended to catch the eye of people seeking a "good read," it diminishes both the big, bluff, open, lovable man of superb talent and the predatory, prematurely aging, and, at the time of his murder, perhaps already dying satyr. (An autopsy revealed that his kidneys and liver had deteriorated badly.) A Stanford White that we would ever presume to think of as Stanny has eluded Baker; consequently, he eludes us as well. To our chagrin, the cliché "long-awaited" remains in force.

IN the academic world, historians who possess a seductive literary style are apt to be regarded with suspicion. They give a bad name to scholarly dullness. When such historians seek to convey to readers the joy with which they have uncovered unknown or little-regarded aspects of the past, they reveal, it is said, the inexpungible taint of the amateur. Austerely humorless, the professional remains at a fastidious distance from his sources; the amateur plunges in and out of his footnotes as lightheartedly as if he were engaged in the running of the bulls at Pamplona.

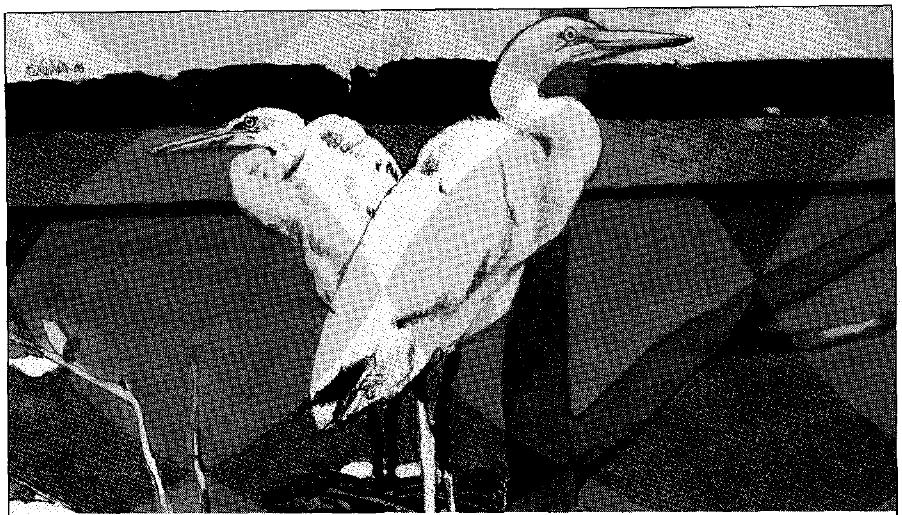
Roger G. Kennedy is, in this sense, the ideal amateur historian. In recent months, he has brought out two big bowwow books on architectural topics: "Orders from France" (Knopf; $39.95), a title that involves three puns, and perhaps four, and "Greek Revival America" (Stewart, Tabori & Chang; $85), a volume whose only defect is its weight. Heavy enough to reduce a coffee table to splinters, it contains almost two hundred luscious color photographs by several hands and a text in which Kennedy's cranky, insouciant voice bounces up off every page.

Like that "amateur" of an earlier day, Lord Macaulay, Kennedy is able to throw sinewy cat's cradles of sentences across formidably wide spans. His participial adjectives can be startlingly acute: "In 1795 . . . John R. Livingston commenced construction of a country villa, seven bays wide and five deep, with an octagonal tower impaled upon the back." "Impaled"—how admirably it evokes the awkwardness with which the tower has been affixed to the body of the house! Kennedy goes on to say that Livingston "called the place after André Masséna, a soapmaker, West Indies trader, smuggler, fruit dealer, and military genius who became a marshal and duke of France." That sentence, too, is in the characteristic Kennedy vein, agreeably piquing our interest with a throwaway reference to a personage about whom it is evident that a great deal more could have been said if Kennedy had chosen to say it.

"Orders from France" will astonish not only students of American architecture but also ordinary readers of American history, for it demonstrates how much more we have always owed to French culture and French business acumen than our textbooks have led us to perceive. Because our Colonial ancestors, once they had thrown off the transatlantic yoke, remained English not only in language but also in many other crucial aspects of daily life (in Frost's words, remaining "possessed by what we now no more possessed"), it is hard for us late-twentieth-century Americans to recall how much of the continent still belonged to France and Spain in 1800. Ironically, the very events that prompted the French to give up their vast holdings in North America simultaneously prompted a substantial expansion of French influence here. Scores of French nobles came to America seeking refuge and a new way of life, and hundreds of French businessmen came seeking profits from land speculation. It is the story of that pervasive French influence, especially in the period between 1780 and 1820, that Kennedy tells—a story spellbinding partly because so much of it has been freshly plucked from obscure archives and partly because the story boasts a vivid and venal cast of characters.

Visiting Boston or Philadelphia or New York, we can imagine encountering on their cobbled streets Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and the like, but can we imagine encountering among those pedestrians Chateaubriand, Talleyrand, Joseph Bonaparte, Lafayette, Rochambeau, and Brillat-Savarin? They were all here. Even a future king of France—Louis Philippe, the eldest son of the Duc d'Orléans—spent a couple of years touring America, under the name of Mr. Orleans. (Kennedy recalls that on occasion His Highness cheerfully consented to the democratic American custom of sleeping three or four to a bed.)

One of the plays on words in the title "Orders from France" concerns the classical orders in architecture. In one of his agreeably chatty footnotes, Kennedy admits, "I use this term very loosely, to include any architectural ideas derived from classical antiquity implying solidity of structure and balance, though this may offend those who insist that I produce at least the implication of a column and entablature." Several well-trained young French architect–civil engineers brought to America an accurate knowledge of the orders as Kennedy defines them, and employed them in the designs of private houses, public buildings, utopian communities, and, in one case—Washington, D.C.—an entire city. The site chosen for that city was a swampy wilderness, boasting a single hill worthy of the name; fearlessly, Pierre L'Enfant imposed on the wilderness the plan of an immensely magnified Versailles. Thanks to his design for Washington, L'Enfant enjoys a certain fame outside his profession (al-



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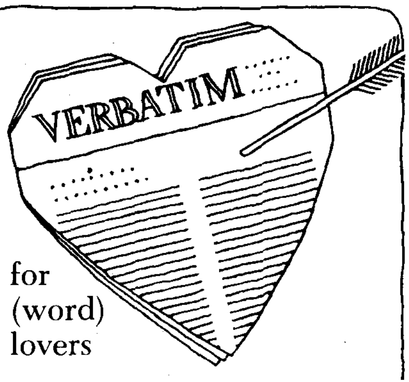

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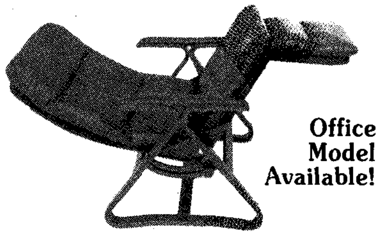

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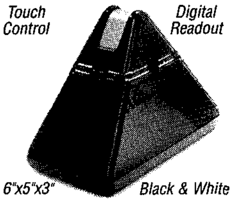

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though, as Kennedy points out, he has yet to be given a full-length biography); some of the other French émigré architects whom Kennedy has disinterred have little or no fame either within the profession or outside it. In upstate New York, in the last decade of the eighteenth century, for example, an enchanting young man named Pierre Pharoux prepared plans for two or three model townships and for two grand estates (one belonging to Baron von Steuben, the other to a wealthy French merchant from Nantes, James Leray). Most of Pharoux's American projects were realized only in part or not at all. He might well have become one of the most influential architects in America if he had not died in his early thirties, when his raft capsized in the waters of the Black River.

Another French architect much admired by Kennedy is Joseph-Jacques Ramée, whose best-remembered feat is the design of the campus of Union College, in Schenectady. (Kennedy: "Union was to be formed about a rotunda in linked wings like those shown from the 1770s onward in many French competition designs for the Ecole des Beaux-Arts; its design preceded by five years a similar concept, that of Mr. Jefferson's University of Virginia at Charlottesville.") It is plain, however, that Kennedy's favorite among our early architects is Benjamin Latrobe, followed—at a measurable distance and with Kennedy taking care to remain this side idolatry—by Jefferson. Latrobe, born in England to an American mother and a French-descended father, and educated in Germany, began his architectural career in London and emigrated to this country in 1795. He drew his inspiration from buildings that he had known firsthand in the Old World, and whose exterior massings and volumes of interior space he had responded to with emotion. Among his best-known buildings are the Bank of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia; the Louisiana State Bank, in New Orleans; Decatur House, in Washington, D.C.; and the Roman Catholic Cathedral in Baltimore. Jefferson tended to draw his inspiration from books, "out of which he fishes everything," his good friend Latrobe once complained. Kennedy hints that the relationship between the severe restrictions Jefferson imposed upon himself as a designer and the restrictions he imposed upon himself as a man of volatile passions would require a separate book to describe and explain. One welcomes the hint, and awaits the book.

Meanwhile, we have "Greek Revival America," in which Kennedy, so often puckish in the aperçus that enliven "Orders from France," assumes a more magisterial role, telling us exactly what Greek Revival architecture in this country is and—with some rapping of the knuckles of earlier historians of the style—what it is not, why it is unlike the Greek Revival architecture practiced on the Continent, and how it fared as a style according to the local cultures of a country. Kennedy magister begins by stating certain dicta:

> Architecture is always a public utterance. Willy-nilly, it conveys ideas. The American Greek Revival, however, was unusual for the forthrightness of its political statement, and unique in that it was so widely popular that it entered the vernacular. . . . This is a book about the American Greek Revival, which flourished from 1825 to 1855; it is also about the political and psychological circumstances of a nation struggling to assert itself—and about *the way in which it borrowed the means to* make that assertion. Classical Architecture was deployed to proclaim American pride.

Next come the knuckle-rappings:

> The American Greek Revival was not an expression of the founding fathers; it did not arise from any desire on their part to emulate the institutions of Greece or Rome. It was a statement on the part of the successors to the founders that was at once political and intimate, public and intensely private. The American Greek Revival arose as many Americans sensed the nation to be adrift after its heroic revolutionary accomplishments, feared its centrifugal disorder, but at the same time celebrated triumphs of their own. While their partisan battles became increasingly savage and were stated through the choice between classical forms, that partisanship did not prevent participation by people of all parties in a general classical revival that carried other more general messages. When the circumstances arousing these feelings dissolved or resolved themselves, the Revival passed away, as quickly as it had come.

The events that provide the occasion for the rise and fall of a particular architectural style are, of course, indispensable to our understanding of it, but the buildings that embody the style can be enjoyed—by most of us, *are* enjoyed—for themselves alone. How gratifying classical buildings are in their pillared shapeliness, how reassuring in their solidity! And yet there is something more to them. Though the Greek Revival was cast aside, many thousands of specimens of it remain, and go on being cherished by us, while specimens of other styles are not. Large or small, and whether in the form of churches, banks, courthouses, capitols, college halls, or private dwellings, these temples purged of their gods and goddesses induced in our ancestors as individuals (and in the presumptive loneliness of their individuality in a vast and thinly populated country) the sense of a shared condition and perhaps also of a shared purpose; a portion of that sense of something shared evidently persists in us. One might as well give it the name of sacredness.

—Brendan Gill

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Lives of the Saints, by David R. Slavitt (Atheneum; $19.95). This is the second novel of the decade to bear this title, and the third or fourth in that time to concern itself with *National Enquirer*-type journalism; it may also, in its modesty, be the best in both categories. It concerns the researches of the narrator, a hack writer with a poetic sensibility, into the lives of the victims of a gunman's killing spree. The novel is philosophical in that it thoughtfully circumscribes events instead of dramatizing them. Usually, that is a formula for boredom, but dramatization of unbearable loss would be melodramatic: the narrator's wife and daughter have been killed by a drunken driver. "How can I bear this? And why should I?" he asks, while feeling that "too great a reliance on rationality is only another kind of superstition." Being a martyr without faith, not a saint, he is all the more startled to find himself praying, and his prayer being instantly answered. The inquiring journalist does not learn why to live, but he does find a way to do so, and finds, also, that this may in the end be exactly the same thing.

Black Baby, by Clare Boylan (Doubleday; $18.95). The Miss Havisham of this brief and delightful comic novel is sixty-seven-year-old Alice Boyle, a permanently depressed spinster who inhabits a bleak museum of a suburban Dublin house; it is haunted by memories of her dead parents and by the oppressive propriety that has trapped her in a narrow, loveless life. The unlikely Pip who

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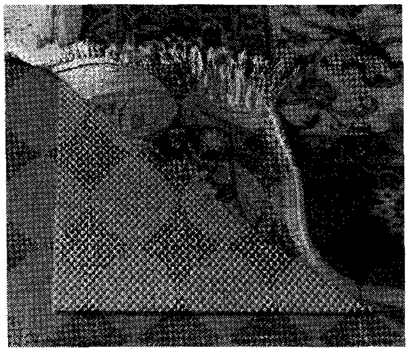
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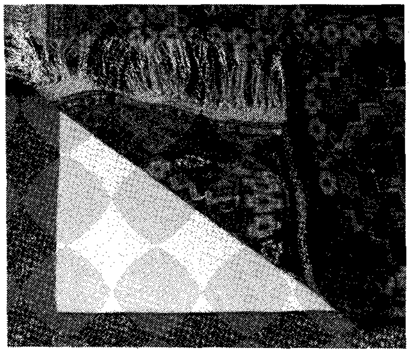
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lets in the light is Dinah, a temporarily indigent young black woman who may or may not have come from Africa and may or may not be the infant whom Alice adopted from missionary nuns for two and sixpence when she was twelve. It is the holiday season, the coldest time for the lonely hearts of Dublin, but the Alice-Dinah alliance starts to become a kind of Christmas miracle for other lost and forgotten souls —at least, until the problems of assumed identities begin to conflict with reality. The author has a satirical touch that is both gentle and devastating.

Note: "The Predator," a collection of stories by Linda Grace Hoyer, has been published by Ticknor & Fields ($15.95). Most of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

Hostage of the Third Reich, by Fey von Hassell, edited by David Forbes-Watt (Scribners; $22.50). The author is a daughter of Ulrich von Hassell, the former German Ambassador to Rome who was implicated in the July, 1944, officers' plot to kill Hitler and was hanged. After his death, Fey von Hassell, who was married to an Italian and was living in the north of Italy with two baby sons, was arrested by the S.S. Her children were taken from her, and, on the basis of a Nazi doctrine, revived from ancient German law, of guilt by kinship (*Sippenhaft*), she was jailed, with relatives of others involved in the conspiracy. Then began a harrowing seven-month ordeal: the prisoners, in crowded trucks or unheated railroad cars, were convoyed from one concentration camp to another and subjected to humiliations and persecutions by the S.S., from insults to deprivation of all creature amenities. With remarkable immediacy, Ms. von Hassell describes these wanderings, and the camaraderie of her fellow-*Sippenhäftlinge*. She ends her book with a suspenseful account of the search, after her liberation by the American Army, for her sons. An extraordinarily moving narrative. Photographs and a map.

Valsalva's Maneuver: Mots Justes and Indispensable Terms, by John Train (Harper & Row; $12.95). A lively and instructive lexicon that seems to demonstrate that there is, in one language or another, a precisely definitive term for practically everything within the comprehension of mankind. Take, for example, Mr. Train's title: it is the procedure by which we relieve pressure on the ears in an airplane or an elevator. A word such as "buckle," which has two opposite meanings (to secure and to break), is an "antilogy." Purists distinguish between "wet" and "dry" pogroms: one involves human life, the other merely property. When an adulterous husband brings his wife a present, it is called, in German, *Drachenfutter*, meaning "dragon fodder." Tennis players call a right-to-left spin service a "railroad." A partly non-Italian mafioso is a "tuna." A multitude of rats is called a "route." And so on and on, including a sampler of preferred usage: "curtains" are preferred to "drapes," "sweat" to "perspire," "die" to "pass on." Illustrated with appropriate drawings by Pierre Le-Tan.

The Examined Life: Philosophical Meditations, by Robert Nozick (Simon & Schuster; $21.95). These essays by the Harvard philosopher deal with issues that twentieth-century philosophy has tended to shun, such as death and immortality, the nature of happiness, the reasons that evil exists, the nature of God and of religious beliefs. Mr. Nozick's work differs from the inspirational books that clergymen and therapists turn out on these subjects in two ways: he takes up some difficult issues (what do we mean by "reality"?), and he offers no prescription or directions. "I cannot take the step . . . of placing the negative on a par with the positive" is as severe as his opinions and rejections get. The effect is that of an intelligent man sharing his thoughts and second thoughts, and encouraging his readers to go on thinking by and for themselves.

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[*From "Eyewitness to History," edited by John Carey*]

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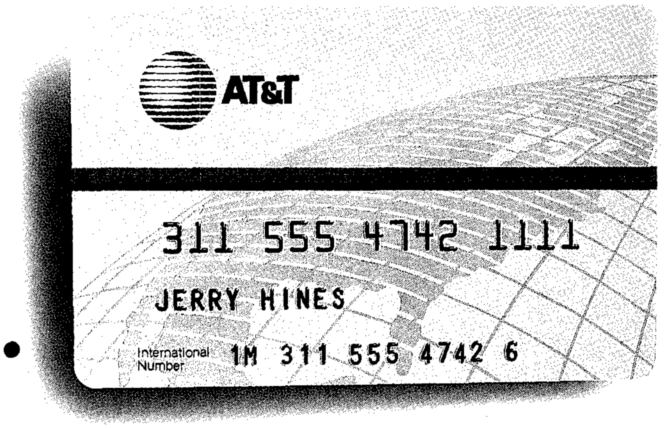

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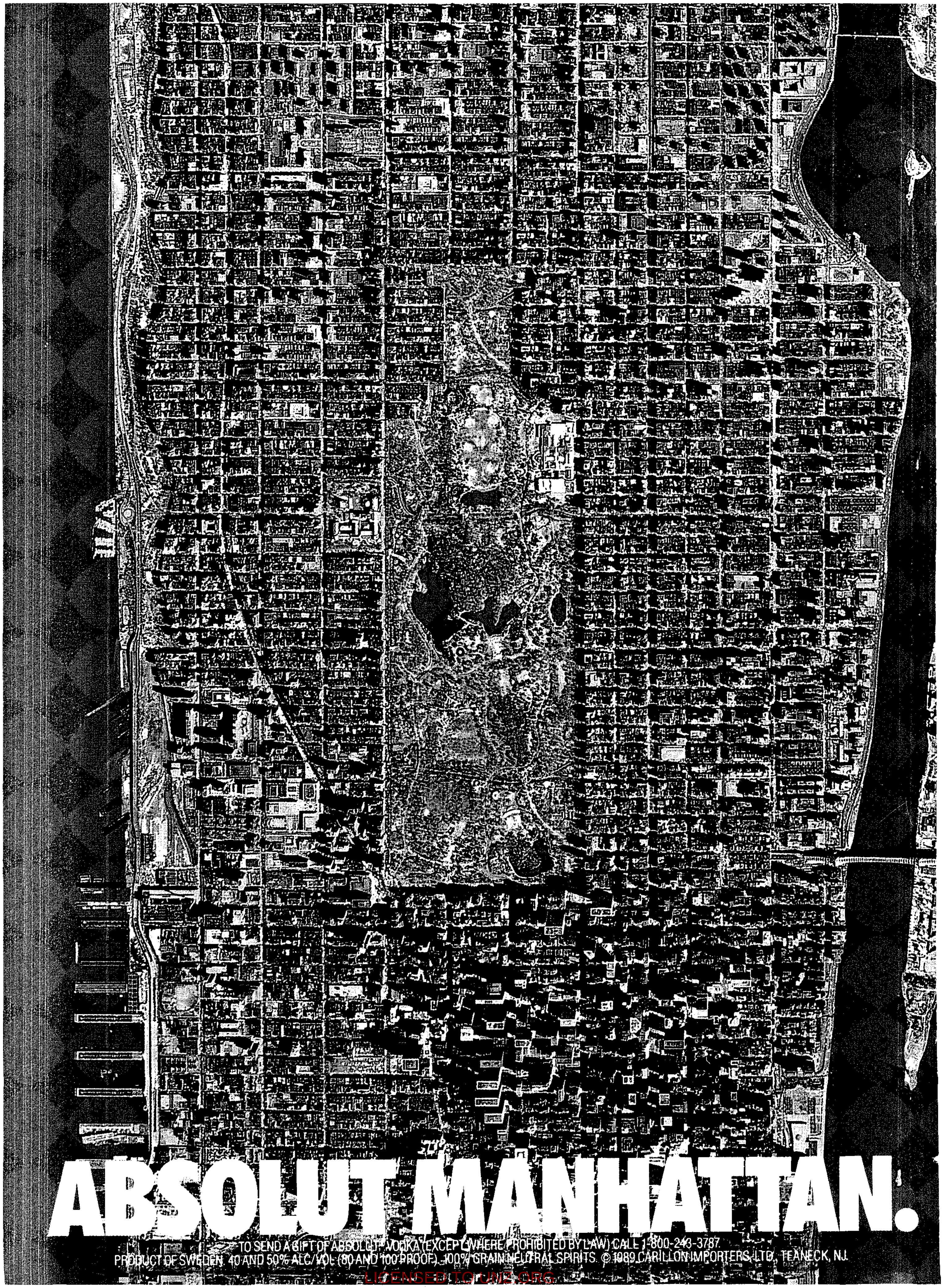

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